







FRANK MUNI '27

SEP 20 1923





# SCHOOL AND COLLEGE SPEAKER

EDITED BY

WILMOT BROOKINGS MITCHELL

*Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory  
Bowdoin College*



NEW YORK  
HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

Copyright, 1901,  
BY  
HENRY HOLT & CO.

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.



## PREFACE

THIS book is designed for the use of classes in Public Speaking in colleges and secondary schools. It seeks to give instruction in the essentials of Elocution, and to furnish declamations adapted to school and college boys and girls. In compiling these declamations I have sought those which furnish exercise in the various elements of expression and at the same time appeal to students,—those which present a vivid picture, tell an interesting tale, deal with a concrete situation, or advocate principles and policies fervently and eloquently.

Many of these selections are new; they deal with live subjects; a large number of them have never before been printed as declamations. Nearly all of them, however, have been tested in prize-speaking contests and classroom work in Bowdoin College.

To encourage the wide reading that is essential to intelligent and appreciative speaking, I have given in nearly all cases definite references to the whole speech, oration, poem, or story from which the selection is taken.

I wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to many of the authors of these declamations for valuable suggestions, and to the publishers mentioned in the prefatory notes for generous permission to use copyrighted selections.

W. B. M.

BOWDOIN COLLEGE,  
BRUNSWICK, ME.



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2025

[https://archive.org/details/bwb\\_T5-CUV-255](https://archive.org/details/bwb_T5-CUV-255)

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

|                                                      | PAGE  |
|------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| PREFACE .....                                        | iii   |
| BREATHING.....                                       | ix    |
| EXERCISES IN BREATHING.....                          | xiii  |
| PRONUNCIATION .....                                  | xvii  |
| ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION.....                          | xxxiv |
| QUALITY .....                                        | xxxiv |
| FORCE.....                                           | xlv   |
| PITCH.....                                           | li    |
| TIME .....                                           | lxiv  |
| EMPHASIS.....                                        | lxxii |
| GESTURE .....                                        | lxxxi |
| PREPARATION FOR READING AND SPEAKING.....            | xcv   |
| PROPER NAMES FOUND IN THE SELECTIONS AND WORDS OFTEN |       |
| MISPRONOUNCED.....                                   | 345   |
| INDEX OF AUTHORS.....                                | 353   |
| INDEX OF TITLES.....                                 | 355   |

## SELECTIONS FOR SPEAKING

|                                     |                             |    |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------|----|
| RAY'S RIDE.....                     | Charles King.....           | 1  |
| NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION.....       | William Pierce Frye.....    | 5  |
| THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE NINTH..... | Maude Moore .....           | 7  |
| THE TRADITIONS OF MASSACHU-         |                             |    |
| SETTS.....                          | Henry Cabot Lodge.....      | 11 |
| GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.....      | Edwin Oliver Wolcott .....  | 15 |
| MR. TRAVERS'S FIRST HUNT.....       | Richard Harding Davis.....  | 17 |
| OUR DUTY TO THE PHILIPPINES.....    | William McKinley.....       | 20 |
| THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE.....  | Benjamin Franklin Taylor... | 23 |
| THE BIBLE.....                      | Newell Dwight Hillis.....   | 26 |
| A PLEA FOR CUBA.....                | John Mellen Thurston.....   | 28 |
| THE HEART OF OLD HICKORY.....       | Will Allen Dromgoole .....  | 31 |
| THE FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO.....         | Henry Cabot Lodge.....      | 36 |
| THE LARK.....                       | Charles Reade.....          | 38 |
| MAINE AT GETTYSBURG.....            | Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain | 39 |
| BANTY TIM.....                      | John Hay.....               | 43 |



|                                               | PAGE                             |
|-----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| AGAINST EXPANSION .....                       | Henry U. Johnson..... 45         |
| THE BOAT-RACE.....                            | Robert Grant..... 48             |
| WHAT THE FLAG MEANS.....                      | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 51        |
| AGAINST THE SPOILS SYSTEM.....                | Henry van Dyke ..... 53          |
| NEW AMERICANISM.....                          | Henry Watterson..... 55          |
| THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY....                 | Edward Everett Hale..... 57      |
| OXFORD COUNTY.....                            | John Davis Long ..... 59         |
| FROM "EVANGELINE".....                        | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 62    |
| THE MONROE DOCTRINE.....                      | John Mellen Thurston ..... 66    |
| THE DEATH PENALTY.....                        | Victor Marie Hugo ..... 69       |
| AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.....                    | Carl Schurz..... 71              |
| THE BELL-RINGER OF '76.....                   | Anonymous ..... 73               |
| THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE.....                     | Edwin Hubbell Chapin..... 75     |
| GREEK REVOLUTION.....                         | Henry Clay..... 78               |
| THE PATH OF DUTY.....                         | George Frisbie Hoar..... 80      |
| THE MAIDEN MARTYR.....                        | Anonymous..... 83                |
| THE STATE OF MAINE.....                       | William Pierce Frye ..... 86     |
| DANIEL WEBSTER.....                           | George Frisbie Hoar..... 88      |
| THE WAR WITH AMERICA.....                     | Lord Chatham ..... 91            |
| BRIER-ROSE.....                               | Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.... 92    |
| LET US HAVE PEACE.....                        | Henry Watterson..... 96          |
| THE MISSION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.             | William De Witt Hyde..... 98     |
| THE SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER..               | Henry Watterson ..... 101        |
| THE FOOL'S PRAYER .....                       | Edward Rowland Sill..... 103     |
| THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUT-<br>TON.....        | John Mellen Thurston ..... 105   |
| LIBERTY AND UNION.....                        | Daniel Webster..... 106          |
| THE SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE.....                | Thomas Nelson Page..... 108      |
| OUR NATIONAL FLAG .....                       | Henry Ward Beecher..... 112      |
| OUR PLEDGE TO PUERTO RICO. ....               | Charles E. Littlefield... .. 114 |
| HORACE GREELEY.....                           | Henry Ward Beecher..... 116      |
| INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP....               | Robert Browning. .... 118        |
| SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS ..              | Lydia Maria Child..... 120       |
| THE SOLUTION OF THE SOUTHERN<br>PROBLEM ..... | Booker Taliaferro Washington 122 |
| THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SPANISH<br>WAR.....   | John Davis Long..... 124         |
| KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.....                        | James Whitcomb Riley ..... 127   |
| LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD..                | John Mellen Thurston..... 130    |
| THE TRUE WAR SPIRIT.....                      | George Frisbie Hoar..... 133     |
| CHARLES SUMNER .....                          | George William Curtis..... 136   |
| THE VAGABONDS.....                            | John Townsend Trowbridge.. 138   |
| THE DEATH OF GARFIELD .....                   | James Gillespie Blaine ..... 142 |

|                                 | PAGE                              |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| CUBA.....                       | William Pierce Frye..... 145      |
| PIETY AND CIVIC VIRTUE.....     | Charles Henry Parkhurst.... 146   |
| ON THE OTHER TRAIN.....         | Anonymous..... 149                |
| OPPORTUNITY TO LABOR,.....      | Thomas Brackett Reed..... 152     |
| THE BENEDICTION.....            | François Coppée..... 153          |
| SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS.  | Epes Sargent..... 156             |
| AGAINST THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW. | Theodore Parker..... 158          |
| A MESSAGE FROM THE SOUTH.....   | Booker Taliaferro Washington 160  |
| THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING.....   | Thomas Buchanan Read.... 163      |
| COLUMBIAN ORATION.....          | Chauncey Mitchell Depew... 166    |
| MASSACHUSETTS.....              | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 170        |
| THE DEATH BRIDGE OF THE TAY...  | Will Carleton..... 172            |
| AGENCIES IN OUR NATIONAL PROG-  |                                   |
| RESS.....                       | Alexander Kelly McClure.... 177   |
| THE POWER OF HABIT.....         | John Bartholomew Gough.... 179    |
| O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!.....     | Walt Whitman..... 181             |
| THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE    | George Lippard..... 182           |
| AGAINST IMPERIALISM,.....       | George Frisbie Hoar..... 185      |
| OUR RICH HERITAGE.....          | John Mellen Thurston..... 187     |
| HERVÉ RIEL.....                 | Robert Browning..... 189          |
| TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE RE-    |                                   |
| PUBLIC.....                     | Thomas Brackett Reed..... 194     |
| DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEME-  |                                   |
| TERY.....                       | Abraham Lincoln..... 196          |
| TRUE AMERICANISM.....           | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 197        |
| THE PILOT'S STORY.....          | William Dean Howells..... 199     |
| AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE.....    | John Bright..... 205              |
| A TRIBUTE TO GEN. SHERMAN.....  | Horace Porter..... 206            |
| MOTHER AND POET.....            | Elizabeth Barrett Browning.. 208  |
| FOREFATHERS' DAY.....           | John Davis Long..... 211          |
| DANGEROUS LEGISLATION.....      | James McDowell..... 214           |
| THE PURITAN SABBATH.....        | Henry van Dyke..... 217           |
| THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER....  | Anna Elizabeth Dickinson.... 220  |
| A TRIBUTE TO THE MEN OF THE     |                                   |
| MAINE.....                      | Robert G. Cousins..... 223        |
| THE SOLDIER'S FAITH.....        | Oliver Wendell Holmes..... 225    |
| THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ.....     | Richard Harding Davis..... 228    |
| THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHU-   |                                   |
| SETTS... ..                     | William Eustis Russell..... 232   |
| THE TRAVELER'S STORY.....       | James Whitcomb Riley..... 234     |
| THE TRUE POWER OF A NATION....  | Edwin Hubbell Chapin..... 239     |
| REVERENCE FOR THE FLAG.....     | Horace Porter... .. 241           |
| THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW,.....     | Robert Traill Spence Lowell . 243 |

|                                                         | PAGE                             |
|---------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.....                              | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 246       |
| THE SOUTHERN NEGRO.....                                 | Henry Woodfen Grady..... 248     |
| THE CHARIOT RACE .....                                  | Lew Wallace..... 251             |
| REPLY TO MR. CORRY .....                                | Henry Grattan..... 254           |
| ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.....                              | Elihu Burritt..... 256           |
| GRANT .....                                             | William McKinley..... 260        |
| UNTER DEN LINDEN.....                                   | Emma Huntington Nason.... 262    |
| THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF OUR<br>COUNTRY .....        | Charles William Eliot..... 263   |
| AGAINST FLOGGING IN THE NAVY...                         | Robert Field Stockton..... 265   |
| CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.....                               | Maurice Thompson..... 267        |
| ON RECEIVING THE MASTER'S DE-<br>GREE FROM HARVARD..... | Booker Taliaferro Washington 271 |
| THE SOLDIER BOY.....                                    | John Davis Long..... 273         |
| THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER.....                                | George Lippard..... 275          |
| THE CITY OF NEW YORK.....                               | Frederic René Coudert .....      |
| THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.....                          | Will Carleton..... 280           |
| THE PURITAN SPIRIT.....                                 | Richard Salter Storrs..... 286   |
| THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS ..                           | Henry Woodfen Grady..... 289     |
| THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.....                              | Anonymous..... 292               |
| THE PROTECTION OF AMERICANS IN<br>ARMENIA .....         | William Pierce Frye .....        |
| NOT GUILTY.....                                         | Adapted..... 296                 |
| SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS...                          | Elijah Kellogg..... 299          |
| NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.....                              | James Gillespie Blaine..... 302  |
| MEAGHER'S DEFENSE.....                                  | Thomas Francis Meagher.... 304   |
| A CITIZEN'S RESPONSIBILITY.....                         | William McKinley..... 306        |
| TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE. . . . .                          | Wendell Phillips..... 307        |
| PHEIDIPIDES.....                                        | Robert Browning..... 309         |
| THE NEW SOUTH.....                                      | Henry Woodfen Grady..... 313     |
| THE RESCUE OF LYGIA .....                               | Henryk Sienkiewicz..... 316      |
| JIM BLUDSO.....                                         | John Hay..... 322                |
| AMERICA'S MISSION.....                                  | Albert Jeremiah Beveridge... 324 |
| THE VISION OF WAR.....                                  | Robert Green Ingersoll..... 326  |
| AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WEN-<br>DELL PHILLIPS.....   | Theodore Weld..... 328           |
| THE OTHER FELLOW .....                                  | William Hawley Smith .....       |
| TO YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK IN<br>1861.....                | Edward Dickinson Baker.... 332   |
| AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON .....                           | Robert Green Ingersoll.... 335   |
| FOR EXPANSION .....                                     | Joseph C. Sibley .....           |
| THE PLUMED KNIGHT.....                                  | Robert Green Ingersoll..... 340  |
| THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES.                         | Lord Lytton..... 342             |

# INTRODUCTION

## BREATHING

The stuff of which speech is made is breath. The principles of right breathing, then, no public speaker can afford to disregard. Ability to control the breath means energy in the place of weariness, clear speaking in the place of stammering, and vigorous organs of speech in the place of inflamed throat, obstructed nostrils, and congested blood-vessels.

*Keep the mouth shut* is a precaution that should be given first of all. Mouth-breathing is dangerous. It causes or hastens diseases of the ears, throat, nostrils, and lungs, and thereby injures the voice. Right breathing causes the nostrils to temper the air and, by means of the short, stiff hairs with which they are lined, to strain from it the dust and other impurities which hasten disease; it also prevents disease by keeping the nasal passages open, for, as Catlin says, "the nasal ducts, being vacated, like vacated roads that grow up to grass and weeds, become the seat of polypus and other diseases." \* Observation will show that with men, as with horses, "wide, dilated, expanding nostrils are an evidence of capability for physical endurance."

To avoid mouth-breathing, the causes should first of all be sought. It is often the result of enlarged tonsils, elongated uvula, protruding teeth, partial closure of the nostrils by injured septum and diseased membrane, and also of mere

\* Clinton Wagner: "Habitual Mouth-Breathing," p. 10. Edgar S. Werner, New York.



habit. To ascertain the cause it is generally necessary to consult a physician.\*

*Fill the lower part of the lungs first.* Air may be taken into the lungs in three ways. First by collar-bone breathing. When this method is employed the abdomen is flattened, the diaphragm is expanded and pushed upward, the collar-bone and shoulders are raised, and only the upper part of the lungs is filled with air. This method of taking breath has almost nothing in its favor. It may indeed be used when feelings of fatigue are to be expressed, or when the lower part of the lungs is disabled; but if used extensively, it is disastrous.

In the first place the construction of the upper part of the thorax makes this kind of breathing wearisome. The upper ribs being short and attached to the sternum and spine are not so easily moved as the lower or floating ribs. Then, too, in order to expand the upper part of the chest it is necessary to lift a somewhat heavy bony structure, including the upper ribs, the collar-bone, and the shoulder-blades.

\* Although in some cases the dentist and surgeon may need to take radical measures, in many others simple remedies will afford relief. In case of wrong habit a firm determination will overcome the trouble. Washing the nostrils with a weak solution of borax and water will often aid in keeping them open. The following is a simple remedy suggested by Leo Kofler: "Lie flat on the back; put some carbolated vaseline on a finger of the right hand, if the right nostril is blocked; hold one finger of the left hand upon the left nostril so that no air can pass through it. Put the vaseline into the right nostril and sniff it up powerfully. Repeat this and apply more vaseline till you succeed in getting air through the nostril. Then reverse the process to open the other nostril. It is also helpful to rub the bridge of the nose and its immediate surroundings with vaseline."<sup>1</sup> The breathing exercises, especially the humming exercise given on page xi, will be found excellent for keeping the nostrils open. For the pernicious habit of keeping the mouth open while sleeping, almost the only effective remedy is forcible closure "by means of a linen or leather support for the lower jaw, adjusted to the top of the head."<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Leo Kofler: "The Art of Breathing," p. 51. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

<sup>2</sup> Clinton Wagner: "Habitual Mouth-Breathing," p. 35. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

Furthermore, to use only the upper and smaller part of the conical-shaped chest necessitates frequent respiration. Hence by this method we secure the smallest supply of breath at the greatest expense of strength.

Collar-bone breathing also necessitates an attempt to control the breath in the throat, which was never intended for this purpose. Such imperfect control of the breathing organs, since it sometimes allows the breath to come in spurts or more air to escape than can be vocalized, often makes the voice trembling, jerky, or wheezy. It also causes a constrained position of the vocal organs that "prevents due play of the muscles of the vocal bands, alters their physical relation to the impact of the escaping currents of expired air, and thus enfeebles the natural tone of the voice, and renders it less sonorous and less susceptible of modulations. In consequence of this the sounds are proportionately weak, shrill, and monotonous." \*

Collar-bone breathing is not healthful. "It forces the upper chest-walls up against the root of the throat and has a tendency to congest the blood-vessels and tissues there." † It thus brings on "clergymen's sore throat" and kindred ailments.

The second method of taking breath is by costal or rib breathing. By this method the thorax is expanded by extending the lower or floating ribs sideways. This has many advantages over the first method. By causing a larger expansion of the chest it gives a greater supply of air, a better control of breath, and therefore purer and more resonant tones than the collar-bone breathing. But since it is not the best, it is to be recommended only when it is combined with the third method, diaphragmatic or abdominal breathing.

\* Cohen: "The Throat and the Voice," p. 140. P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia.

† Smith: "Reading and Speaking," p. 4. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

In diaphragm breathing the large muscle, the diaphragm, contracts, i.e., flattens, and pushes down the viscera, thus affording a larger space in the chest-box for the lungs to expand. This method should almost always be combined with rib breathing; when the diaphragm flattens, the floating and lower ribs should expand sideways. By causing expansion both lateral and vertical this method of breathing provides large air-chambers and a generous supply of air. The importance of a large chest-expansion and a good supply of air is manifest when we remember that the chest serves a double purpose—as bellows to supply the air, and also as a resonance-chamber. “It is the greatest mistake to treat the chest as merely a bellows. The purity, as well as depth, resonance, and volume of the tone depends upon the skill which the vocal chords and articulating organs play upon this quiet air-chamber.”\* But for the chest to do this double duty as it should, there is necessary a complete control of the breath. This is obtained only by using the diaphragm.

In speech more effort is required to hold the breath back than to give it out. Except when the lungs are nearly emptied or when we are shouting, we are not conscious of any effort to drive the air out of the lungs; it seems to rush forth of itself. What we feel the need of is power to hold the breath, to be economical in its use, and not to allow more to escape than we can vocalize. But we should not, as we have seen, hold the breath back with the glottis or any part of the throat. Such a control means constricted muscles and throaty tones. The muscles of the throat should, when we are speaking, be entirely relaxed. This third method of breathing provides for just this perfect openness of the throat. The breath is controlled entirely by the lower intercostal muscles and the diaphragm.

\* Chamberlain and Clark: “Principles of Vocal Expression,” p. 172. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

## EXERCISES IN BREATHING

## CAUTIONS

1. Always in summer, and often in the colder seasons, throw open the windows for a few minutes before beginning the exercises. You can thus be assured that, at each deep breath, you are drawing in, not poisonous gases, but health-giving oxygen.

2. Do not at first overdo the exercises. If you are a person with weak lungs and heart, just the one who needs most to take breathing exercises, you should obey this direction implicitly. Begin by practising not more than ten minutes at a time, possibly not more than five minutes, two or three times a day. Then increase gradually the length of the time occupied and the number of times the exercise is taken. If, at first, after trying some of the exercises, you are dizzy, do not be frightened. Simply stop for a time, walk around, slap the cheeks if you wish, and the dizziness will soon pass away.

3. It is not well to exercise directly after eating.

4. Be sure that the muscles about the throat are entirely relaxed. The breath should be controlled, I cannot repeat too often, by the diaphragm and abdominal muscles. There should certainly not be any constrictions at the waist. The clothing of women as well as of men should be sufficiently loose to allow the muscles of the chest and waist free play. "I am tempted to insert," says Mr. Southwick in a similar connection, "the customary protest against the barbarous and silly custom of tight lacing, but so much has been written and spoken against this utterly indefensible method of self-destruction, that ignorance on such a vital point is inexcusable. Sensible parents and teachers know their duty: the law of the survival of the fittest will take care of the rest." \*

\* Southwick: "Elocution and Action." p. 23. Edgar S. Werner, New York.



5. Do not try to push out the abdomen as far as possible.

6. Finally it should be said that the exercises are not worth the time you spend in reading about them, unless you take them regularly. You cannot take enough exercise in a day to last a month. To be of real benefit the exercise must be regular, insistent, taken rain or shine, day in and day out.

#### TO AID IN FILLING THE ENTIRE LUNGS

1. Take an erect position. Inhale slowly through the nostrils, filling the lower part of the lungs first, then the upper part. The abdomen will at first be pushed out, but when the upper part of the lungs is expanded, it will slightly recede. Set the upper chest firm. Hold the breath a few seconds—not more than five in beginning—by keeping the diaphragm flat; then exhale slowly through the nostrils.

2. Inhale, and retain the breath, as in Exercise 1; exhale through the mouth on the sound of “hä”, allowing all the air to escape at once.

3. Inhale, and retain the breath, as in Exercise 1; then, in order to fill all the air-cells, pat lightly the upper part of the lungs. Exhale slowly on the sound of “ä”. This and the following exercise should be practiced with care. *Never strike the lungs severely.*

4. Inhale, and retain the breath, as in Exercise 1. Bend forward, letting some one pat you lightly, very lightly, upon the back; exhale, expelling all the air at once.

(In speaking of exercises similar to this and the preceding, Leo Kofler says: “Frequently, many, perhaps thousands, of the little, fine air-cells of the lungs may become completely closed or shrivelled in consequence of prolonged imperfect breathing. . . . In such cases, this exercise will give complete relief.” \*)

\* “The Art of Breathing,” p. 90. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

5. Stand erect with arms hanging at the sides of the body. Inhale through the nostrils, at the same time rising on the toes and lifting the arms sideways until the hands, the palms being downward, are level with the shoulders. Hold the breath a few seconds; then exhale slowly through the nostrils, gradually lowering the hands to the sides, and the heels to the floor.

6. Inhale, and retain the breath, as in Exercise 1. Place the hands on the hips with thumbs behind; bend the body to the right three times, to the left three times, then exhale slowly through the nostrils.

#### TO AID IN EXPANDING THE UPPER CHEST

7. "Place the back of one hand just below the shoulders, with fingers of the other a little below the collar-bone. Let the chest collapse, or fall in. Stretch against both hands, expanding the body in a diagonal line, outward and upward, downward and backward." \*

8. "Stand erect; stretch both arms forward at right angles with the chest, fingers extended. Take a full breath energetically through the nostrils; retain the air a little while, then draw the arms gently back, and expel the air all at once through the compressed lips. Then draw the arms violently forward, taking simultaneously a vigorous breath through the nostrils; hold it a short time, then throw the arms violently back, closing the fists, and expel the air forcibly through the compressed lips. Do this a few times in succession." †

9. Repeat Exercise 5. In the same way raise the hands in front with the palms downward and with the ends of the thumbs touching. Also raise the hands above the head, touching the ends of the thumbs.

\* Chamberlain and Clark: "Principles of Vocal Expression," p. 173. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

† Leo Kofler: "The Art of Breathing," p. 93. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

TO AID IN STRENGTHENING AND IN GETTING CONTROL OF THE  
INTERCOSTAL MUSCLES

10. Inhale through the nostrils, filling the lower part of the lungs first, enlarging the waist as if trying to burst a belt. Retain the breath for a few seconds; exhale slowly through a small opening in the lips, contracting the sides as much as possible.

11. Place the hands at the sides on the lower or floating ribs with thumbs behind. Standing erect, inhale through the nostrils, expanding the trunk sideways against the hands. Pressing in slightly with the hands, exhale through a small opening of the lips.

12. Place the hands on the sides as near the armpits as possible. Inhale slowly through the nostrils, expanding the trunk sideways against the hands.

## TO AID IN LEARNING TO INHALE QUICKLY AND INAUDIBLY

13. Stand erect; inhale through the nostrils quickly; exhale slowly through the nostrils.

14. Inhale quickly and inaudibly through the nostrils with mouth open; exhale slowly through a small opening of the lips.

15. Inhale quickly and inaudibly through the mouth; exhale gently through the nostrils.

## TO SECURE ECONOMICAL EXPIRATION OF BREATH

16. Stand upright; inhale slowly through the nostrils, filling the lower part of the lungs first; exhale slowly and steadily through the nostrils.

17. Inhale slowly through the nostrils; exhale slowly and steadily through the mouth, holding the breath back with the diaphragm.

(In taking this exercise for the first time, you will find that the breath comes in spurts. This unevenness may be easily detected by exhaling through a pitch-pipe, or better by hold-

ing a lighted candle in front of the mouth. Practice until you can exhale without causing the flame of the candle to flicker.)

18. Inhale slowly through the nostrils. Exhale, counting the numerals up to twenty-five, controlling the breath with the diaphragm.

(Do not try to empty the lungs completely. In reading or speaking never allow the lungs to get entirely empty.)

19. Expanding the oral cavity by keeping the tongue down and lifting the uvula, as you do when yawning, inhale through a small opening of the lips. "Quietly closing the lips over the parted teeth, exhale gently and evenly through the nostrils on the sound of 'm', i.e., delicately *hum*. Be sure that the sound does not quaver."\*

20. Inhale through the nostrils. Exhale gently and evenly, through a round opening formed by the lips, on the sound of long "o". Be sure that the sound is steady.

21. Inhale through the nostrils. Exhale gently and evenly through the mouth on the sound of "ä".

22. Inhale through the nostrils. Having the muscles of the throat relaxed and controlling the breath by the diaphragm, shout: "Hullo, John! Where are you going?"

## PRONUNCIATION

"My tex' may be foun' in the fif' and six' verses of the secon' chapter of Titus; and the subjec' of my dis'course is 'The Goverment of ar Hōmes.'" Such slovenly expression, exceedingly irritating to a listener, shows at once how essential to the public speaker is good pronunciation. All people, educated or uneducated, like to listen to clean articulation, to words "delivered out from the lips, as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished". And every one is wearied and chafed

\* Chamberlain and Clark: "Principles of Vocal Expression, p. 192. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

by indistinct and careless utterance. It requires an exceptionally good voice, clear and forcible thinking, and a pleasing personality to offset a defective pronunciation. On the other hand correct pronunciation may make amends for some of the worst defects of voice and physique. "The part played in reading by articulation", an all-important element of pronunciation, "is very great", says Legouvé. "It is articulation, and articulation alone, that gives clearness, energy, passion, vehemence. So great is its power that it can fully compensate for a feeble voice even before a large assembly. Actors of the first order have been almost without a voice. Potier had no voice. Monvel, the famous Monvel, had no voice, he had not even teeth. But his audience never lost a word, and never did artist produce a more pathetic effect. How? By the perfection of his articulation." \*

Good pronunciation involves (1) proper accentuation, (2) correct articulation. Although the former is important, it can hardly be taught by rule. The accent must in nearly all cases be learned by consulting a dictionary or by hearing others pronounce. It is perhaps sufficient to say that—

(1) "The general tendency of the English language is to carry the chief accent back towards or to the first syllable", † as in "des'picable", "indis'solubleness", "inex'plicable", "per'emptoriness".

(2) "Words of Anglo-Saxon origin commonly take the accent on the root syllable", as in "enough'", "enlight'en", "heart'ily", "walk'er".

(3) The principal accent is sometimes changed to show a contrast; as, "What I have done ye never can undo", "Their work is destructive but mine is constructive", "He must increase but I must decrease"; also to distinguish a noun from an adjective, as "ar'senic", "arsen'ic", "Au'gust", "august'", "min'ute", "minute'", or an

\* "Art of Reading," p. 51. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

† Webster's International Dictionary, p. lvi.



adjective and noun from a verb, as "pre'fix'", "prefix'", "reb'el'", "rebel'", "sub'ject'", "subject'". For a list of words occurring in the selections in this volume often mispronounced see Appendix.

"Articulation is the formation, and jointing together into syllables, of the elementary sounds of speech."\* There are in articulation at least two elements,—the mental and the mechanical. That "slovenly articulation may be the index of moral slovenliness, and may react upon the latter",† is perhaps questionable, but surely clear, well-defined thought tends to express itself in clear-cut words, while blurred and confused thinking often means confused and indistinct articulation. Drunken, stupid, and barbarous people articulate bunglingly. "The Boobies of the island of Fernando Po communicate with each other in what can hardly be called an articulate language. Even the physical organs of such people remain unformed and uncontrolled. The coarse thick tongue, and ill-defined blubber lip, of every undeveloped or degraded type of mankind, seem to be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that for thousands of years they have been without any sharp distinctions in their thoughts, destitute of culture and refinement."‡ The most radical remedy for a poor articulation, then, is clear thinking. Any exercise that will make one think logically, acutely, and quickly is also an exercise in articulation.

Disordered thinking is not, however, the only cause of blurred speaking. The mechanical element may play an important part. Often the organs of speech are incorrectly arranged; the front teeth are separated, the lower jaw is pushed out too far, the tongue tied, the palate cleft, the septum twisted. In such cases one should seek the aid of

\* McIlvaine: "Elocution," p. 199. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

† Corson: "The Voice and Spiritual Education," p. 107.

‡ McIlvaine: "Elocution," p. 219.

the dentist or the surgeon. The dentist may bring the teeth together and cover the cleft palate with a plate; the surgeon, by slight cutting, may open the nasal passages or set free the tied tongue.

Furthermore one may correct wrong articulation, make manageable "the unruly member", and make the stiff lips flexible, by judicious exercise.

First of all one should learn to pronounce distinctly the elementary sounds.

There are, it is generally estimated, forty-four elementary sounds in the English language. To study these and their various classifications is surely the dry bones of reading and speaking, but a mention of at least one of the classifications is essential to an intelligent and thorough practice in articulation.

The sounds are divided into vowels and consonants. When a vowel sound is produced, the air, vocalized in the larynx, is simply modified by the shaping of the oral cavity, the pharynx, and the nasal passages, as will be seen by pronouncing *a*, *e*, *o*, *u*. When a consonant is produced the sound is more than modified; it is obstructed by the lips, teeth, tongue, and soft palate, as may be seen by pronouncing *p*, *t*, *g*, *k*, or *c*. "According to the place of obstruction especially concerned in their formation" the consonants are further divided into five classes: Labials, Dentals, Linguals, Nasals, and Palatals. These elementary sounds and their divisions are shown in the following table.

A person who has trouble in pronouncing any one of the elementary sounds should first learn exactly what the sound is, then find out the position in which the organs of speech should be placed in pronouncing it, and finally practice it untiringly. In extreme cases the second suggestion will prove especially valuable. Teachers often find, for example, that to instruct one to say "far" instead of "fah", "idea" instead of "idear", or "arrive" instead of "ahwive", it is necessary to point out the fact that "r" is formed by turn-

## ELEMENTARY SOUNDS

| Vowels and Diphthongs.     | Vowels and Diphthongs.      | Consonants.                 | Consonants.                  |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| <i>ā</i> as in <i>fate</i> | <i>ō</i> as in <i>no</i>    | LABIALS.                    | LINGUALS.                    |
| <i>ä</i> as in <i>ah</i>   | <i>ö</i> as in <i>cot</i>   | <i>b</i> as in <i>babe</i>  | <i>l</i> as in <i>loll</i>   |
| <i>â</i> as in <i>all</i>  | <i>oo</i> as in <i>moon</i> | <i>f</i> as in <i>fifty</i> | <i>r</i> as in <i>rear</i>   |
| <i>a</i> as in <i>care</i> | <i>oo</i> as in <i>book</i> | <i>m</i> as in <i>maim</i>  | DENTALS.                     |
| <i>ä</i> as in <i>at</i>   | <i>ū</i> as in <i>use</i>   | <i>p</i> as in <i>pipe</i>  | <i>ch</i> as in <i>chere</i> |
| <i>â</i> as in <i>ask</i>  | <i>ū</i> as in <i>up</i>    | <i>v</i> as in <i>value</i> | <i>d</i> as in <i>did</i>    |
| <i>ē</i> as in <i>eel</i>  | <i>û</i> as in <i>fur</i>   | <i>w</i> as in <i>work</i>  | <i>j</i> as in <i>jam</i>    |
| <i>ē</i> as in <i>let</i>  | <i>oi</i> as in <i>coil</i> | PALATALS.                   | <i>s</i> as in <i>saw</i>    |
| <i>ê</i> as in <i>fern</i> | <i>ou</i> as in <i>out</i>  | <i>g</i> as in <i>gag</i>   | <i>sh</i> as in <i>shame</i> |
| <i>ī</i> as in <i>ice</i>  |                             | <i>h</i> as in <i>hat</i>   | <i>t</i> as in <i>tent</i>   |
| <i>ī</i> as in <i>ill</i>  |                             | <i>k</i> as in <i>kick</i>  | <i>th</i> as in <i>thy</i>   |
|                            |                             | <i>y</i> as in <i>you</i>   | <i>th</i> as in <i>thigh</i> |
|                            |                             | NASAL.                      | <i>z</i> as in <i>zenith</i> |
|                            |                             | <i>n</i> as in <i>nun</i>   | <i>zh</i> as in <i>azure</i> |
|                            |                             | <i>ng</i> as in <i>ring</i> |                              |

ing up the tip of the tongue "so as nearly to touch the roof of the mouth at the highest point of the arch." \*

## VOWEL SOUNDS

Though the vowels are not especially difficult to pronounce, wrong instruction and example, ignorance, and slovenly habits lead to manifold mistakes in the pronunciation of these sounds. Who upon the street does not hear many times a day "sence" for "since", "git red" for "get rid", "jest" for "just", "Jurden" for "Jordan", "rense" for "rinse", "winduh" for "window"? Dr.

\* A clear and detailed description of the position of the organs in forming the forty-four elementary sounds may be found in McIlvaine's "Elocution" or in Guttemann's "Gymnastics of the Voice."

Mackenzie well says: "On the proper production of the vowels depends distinctness of articulation; and the final, as it is the severest test, of a speaker's training is the perfection of his rendering those five letters *a, e, i, o, u.*"

It is an interesting fact that, as far as pronunciation goes, it is chiefly in the vowel sounds that the various dialects of the English language differ from one another.

"Take that! an' ef'ever ye gît a peep,  
Guess ye'll ketch a weasel asleep!"

The Moniment.

"No: England she would hev 'em, Fee, Faw, Fum!  
(Ez though she hedn't fools enough to home,)  
So they've returned 'em—

The Bridge.

Hev they? Wal, by heaven,  
That's the wust news I've heerd sence Seventy-seven!"

An exhaustive classification of the many mistakes made in pronouncing the vowel sounds is hardly feasible, but the following cautions may be given in regard to some of the crude and common blunders. Do not pronounce:

1. â, ĭ: extrâ, extrî; Marthâ, Marthî; algebrâ, algebrî.
2. ä, ă: laugh, lăf; călf, căf; călm, călm; hălf, hălf.
3. â, ě: năked, nĕked; plague, plĕgue; plăintiff, plĕntiff; âte, ět.
4. ă, ě: catch, ketch; gather, gether; January, Jenuary.
5. ă, ù: răther, rŭther.
6. â, ŭ: alwăys, alwŭz.
7. ē, ě: rĕally, rĕally; clĕar, clĕar; nĕarly, nĕarly.
8. ě, â: ěgg, âg; ědge, âdge; kĕg, kâg; rĕgular, râgular; plĕasure, plăysure; mĕasure, măysure; trĕasure, trăysure; again, agăin; against, agănst.
9. ě, ù: cellar, suller; whether, whuther.
10. ě, ĭ: steady, stĭddy; instead, instĭd; umbrella, umbrĭlla; beneficent, benĭficent.

11. ě, ĭ: clique, clĭk; creek, crĭck; sleek, slĭck.

12. ĭ, ě: hinder hĕnder; captain, captĕn; English (Inglish), Ěnglish; fountain, fountĕn; mountain, mountĕn; curtain, curtĕn; Philadelphia, Phĕladelphia; pretty (pritty), prĕtty; rinse, rĕnse.

13. ō, ǒ: alōne, alǒne; bōat, bǒat; bōne, bǒne; bōth, bǒth; chōke, chǒke; cōat, cǒat; glōry, glǒry; hōme, hǒme; hōpe, hǒpe; lōad, lǒad; mōst, mǒst; stōne, stǒne; stōry, stǒry; wrōte, wrǒte.

“ Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope  
The careless lips that speak of sǒap for sōap;  
Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
The clownish voice that utters rǒad for rōad;  
Less stern to him who calls his cǒat a cōat,  
And steers his bǒat believing it a bōat.  
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
Who said at Cambridge, mǒst instead of mōst,  
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot  
To hear a Teacher call a rǒot a rōot.”

O. W. HOLMES.

14. ō, ŭ: window, windūh; shadow, shadūh; widow, widūh; won't, wūn't.

15. ǒ, ŭ: bǒnnet, būnnet; chǒck-full, chŭck-full; for, fŭr; hovel, hŭvel; what (whot), whŭt.

16. ōō, ǒǒ: broom, brōom; hoof, hǒof; moor, mōor; proof, prǒof; roof, rǒof; room, rōom.

This is an error to which, it is said, New-Englanders are especially liable. To the following rule there are but few exceptions: *oo* is long before all letters except *k*; before *k* it is generally short. In blood and flood *oo* has the sound of ŭ, in brooch, door, and floor of ō.

17. ou and au, ǒ: aught, ǒt; caught, cǒt; fought, fǒt; naughty, nǒtty; ought, ǒt; thought, thǒt; sought, sǒt.

18. ŭ, ě: just, jest; such, sech.



19. *û, oo*: assume, assoome; constitution, constitootion; duke, dooke, institute, institoote; nude, noode; produce, prodooce; sinew, sinoo; tune, toone.

Never do we hear "beauty" pronounced "booty", or "few", "foo"; but so commonly is "duty" called "dooty", and "new", "noo", that we can say there is a decided tendency in many parts of the country, especially in New England, to injure the beauty of the English language by disregarding the right sound of long *u*. In describing this sound Webster says that "it is a diphthong with *oo* for the terminal or main part, and for the initial a very brief and evanescent element nearly related to *i* (ill) or to *e* (eve); and in the greater number of cases there comes in as a connecting glide a more or less full sound of the consonant *y*. . . . In no case whatever should the *y* sound come in when it will not come in smoothly as a glide."\* The *y* element is omitted and the sound becomes almost that of *oo* after *ch* as in "chew", *sh* as in "shumac" or its equivalent *s* in "sure" (not, however, after *s* when it is not pronounced like *sh*, as in "assume", for example), after *r*, and after *l* when preceded by another consonant, as in flue, flew, gluc, rude, brute, bruin, blue, frugal.

20. *u, i, and re* like *er*: animate, anermate; congratulate, congraterlate; executor, exekertor; manufacture, manerfacture; querulous, qucererlous; regulate, regerlate; represent, repersent.

#### CONSONANT SOUNDS

In the pronunciation of consonants the most common mistakes are (1) omission of sounds, as "artic" for "artic", "Baptis" for "Baptist", "beginnin" for "beginning", "catridge" for "cartridge", "histry" for "history", "labratory" for "laboratory", "sriek" for "shriek", "twelth" for "twelfth", "wy" for "why"; (2) addition of sounds, as "acrosst" for "across",

\* Webster's International Dictionary, p. lxiv.

"acquiesk" for "acquiesce", "drawing" for "drawing", "halleluliah", for "halleluia", "heighth" for "height", "rendring" for "rending"; (3) substitution of one sound for another, as "cramberry" for "cranberry", "decrid" for "decrepit", "enconium" for "encomium", "Jacop" for "Jacob", "Jubiter" for "Jupiter", "nasturtium" for "nasturtium", "princibal" for "principal", "troth" for "trough"; (4) clumsy transition from one sound to another, as "athelete" for "athlete", "bēlind" for "blind", "spēlash" for "splash", "Doncher-know" for "Don't you know", "the panting spirit's eye" for "the panting spirit sigh". Serious as are the first three defects, the last is perhaps the worst. Often it is the result of carelessness; sometimes of an attempt to be very exact. One should practice correct pronunciation so that it will seem natural, not stilted, conscious, and artificial. The action of the organs should be "prompt, neat, and easy"; the contact of the organs should be firm but delicate, and the reaction quick.

#### ARTICULATION EXERCISES

In practicing articulation do not forget the breathing exercises already given. Ability to control the breath when one is nervous, as almost every person is likely to be before an audience, remedies not only stuttering but other forms of incorrect articulation. It is much easier to enunciate well when the lungs contain plenty of air than when they are nearly empty.

After taking the breathing exercises, practice the following:

1. Pronounce distinctly and quickly the elementary sounds as given on page xv.

2. Repeat vigorously each of the following groups three times:\*

(a) ee, oo, ah.

(c) ip, it, ik.

(b) oi, ai, ou.

(d) kiff, kiss, kish.

\* From J. W. Churchill's "Vocal Culture," p. 2.

- |                          |                         |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| (e) which, church, myth. | (j) rare, rear, car.    |
| (f) ib, id, ig.          | (k) form, from, far.    |
| (g) sim, sin, sing.      | (l) that, azure, vault. |
| (h) lil, lol, la.        | (m) jeer, zeb's, wit.   |
| (i) par, mar, star.      | (n) yet, you, yawn.     |

3. Legouv  , quoting the words of Regnier, gives what he considers an infallible means of correcting all defects of articulation. "You face your friend exactly, and, pronouncing your words distinctly but in an underbreath, you commission your articulation to convey them to your friend's eyes rather than to his ears, for he is as carefully watching how you speak as he is intently listening to what you say. Articulation, having here a double duty to perform, that of sound as well as its own peculiar function, is compelled as it were to dwell strongly on each syllable so as to land it safely within the intelligence of your hearer." Following Regnier's directions, pronounce the following sentences:

- (a) Where are you going?
- (b) John has gone to the shore.
- (c) The dentist can perhaps cover the cleft palate with a plate.
- (d) Bring me a pair of scissors.
- (e) Mother said you were very diligent.
- (f) When Dick comes home, send him to my house.
- (g) The Isthmian canal is not to be built this year.

4. Repeat vigorously the following words and syllables illustrating initial and terminal combinations of consonants:

|                                    |                                           |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Bl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Black, bleat, blind, bloat, blush.        |
| Cl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Clam, clear, cling, clove, cluck.         |
| Fl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Flake, fleet, flight, float, flume.       |
| Gl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Glad, glebe, glib, gloat, glume.          |
| Pl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Plain, pledge, plight, plot, plume.       |
| Sl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   .  | Slang, sled, slight, sloth, slug.         |
| Spl  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   . | Splash, spleen, splice, splotch, splurge. |

|                             |                                              |
|-----------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| Brä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Brawn, breast, bridge, broth,<br>bruise.     |
| Crä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Crawl, crease, crib, cross, crus.            |
| Drä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Drag, dress, drill, dross, drunk.            |
| Frä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Frail, fresh, fringe, frost, fruit.          |
| Grä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Grab, green, grip, grope, gruff.             |
| Prä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Prance, preach, prince, prop,<br>prude.      |
| Sprä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi. | Sprain, spread, sprit, sprout,<br>spruce.    |
| Shrä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi. | Shrep, shrill, shrine, shroud,<br>shrug.     |
| Strä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi. | Strange, stretch, strike, strove,<br>struck. |
| Thrä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi. | Thrash, thread, thrill, throw,<br>thrush.    |
| Trä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Trash, tread, trite, troll, trudge.          |
| Smä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Smash, smear, smite, smock,<br>smut.         |
| Snä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Snarl, sneak, snipe, snob, snuff.            |
| Špä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Spark, spear, spile, spoke, spur.            |
| Stä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Stare, steal, stick, stop, stump.            |
| Kwä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi.  | Quake, queen, quite, quote, quod.            |
| Skwä, ā, ê, ě, î, ô, û, oi. | Square, squeak, squelch, squid,<br>squad.    |

(*Rb.*) Garb, orb, curb, verb.

(*Bd, gd, ngd, bld, dld, pld, rld, ld, rd, rbd, rmd, rnd, rvd.*)

Ribbed, robbed, robed, rubbed; wagged, wigged,  
logged, lugged; banged, fanged, hanged; babbled,  
nibbled, tumbled; paddled, bridled, huddled; templed,  
dimpled, rumpled; twirled, world, curled; hailed, held,  
billed, fold, pulled; bard, reared, fired, ford; barbed,  
garbed, orbed; harmed, termed, formed; burned,  
spurned, churned; starved, nerved, swerved.

(*Lf.*) Pelf, golf, Guelph, gulf.

(*Ng.*) Banging, singing, song, flung.

- (*Dj, ʎj.*) Bridge, lodge, judge; charge, forge, gorge, purge.  
 (*Lk, nk, rk.*) Talc, elk, silk, bulk; tank, brink, monk;  
 dark, dirk, fork, work.  
 (*Bl, dl, rl.*) Table, rabble, crumble, paddle, needle, fondle;  
 snarl, earl, churl.  
 (*Th.*) Lathe, blithe, smooth, wreath, worth, truth, length,  
 dearth, swarth.  
 (*Lm, rm, sm.*) Harm, term, firm, storm; elm, whelm, film;  
 spasm, prism, cynicism.  
 (*Dn, kn, pn, rn, sn, tn, vn.*) Madden, bidden, broaden,  
 trodden; shaken, sicken, broken, shrunken; cheapen,  
 deepen, sharpen; warn, yearn, fern, discern; lessen,  
 chosen, poison, season; hearten, sweeten, lighten;  
 raven, leaven, woven; toughen, roughen; strengthen,  
 smoothen, earthen.  
 (*Lp, mp, sp.*) Scalp, whelp, kelp, pulp; cramp, limp, romp,  
 bump; grasp, wisp, cusp, wasp.  
 (*Cs, ds, ks, ls, ngs, ns, mps, ms, ns, rs, ss.*) Ethics, comics,  
 optics; beads, odds, suds; stocks, thinks, hunks;  
 galls, bells, pulls; hangings, innings, doings, dunnings;  
 pains, reins, downs; mumps, limps, romps; claims,  
 teems, sums; pains, downs, runs; cars, hers, pours;  
 mass, chess, fuss.  
 (*Cl, fl, ll, nt, pl, rl, st, dst.*) Act, sect, strict, duct; draft,  
 cleft, loft, tuft; malt, felt, volt; chant, scent, dint,  
 front; swept, script, prompt; start, pert, sort; last,  
 jest, just; guardst, midst, formedst, shouldst, troubledst.

5. Repeat quickly and distinctly the following syllables and sentences:

#### LABIALS

B as in babe, bob, robbed. Bā, bē, bī, bō, bū: āb, ēb, īb, ōb, ūb.

(a) Bob, the batter, imbibed bad brandy.

(b) Both brown beauties bit the black bait.

(c) Brawny black brutes bounded back, breaking the big bridge.



(*d*) Blundering Brown, the big blusterer, bragged brazenly about his bad brother.

F as in fife, from, faithful. Fă, fē, fī, fō, fū; ăf, ěf, if, ōff, ūf.

(*a*) Fearful of the false, fight faithfully, Francis.

(*b*) "Flags fluttered fretfully from foreign fortifications and fleets."

(*c*) Foolish footmen, frowning frightfully, frequently followed Frank's friend.

(*d*) Frugal Flavius, flushing feverishly, fiercely found fault with Flora's frivolity.

M as in maim, man, lamp. Mă, mē, mī, mō, mū; ăm, ěm, ōm, ūm.

(*a*) Many unmanageable monsters, married to magnanimous men, make much mischief.

(*b*) Mary's mamma, admiring Mammon and missing the man's money, murmured much and mourned many months.

(*c*) Memorable miracles, madam, made momentous mesmerism or animal magnetism.

(*d*) The enemy's mules mutilated many maimed militia-men.

P as in pick, rip, pop. Pă, pē, pī, pō, pū; ăp, ěp, ip, ōp, ūp.

(*a*) Poor proud Peter proved his purpose praiseworthy.

(*b*) The porter's parents, praying pardon, pleaded pitifully.

(*c*) Ponto the puppy, puffing uninterruptedly, jumped up on top of the porch.

(*d*) Paul, the popular papist, appointed Potipher to protect the public parks.

V as in vine, live revive. Vă, vē, vī, vō, vū; ăve, ěve, ive, ōve, ūve.

(*a*) The voluble, vivacious villain vociferously vowed revenge.

(*b*) Vivian's vernacular gives vividness to every verse.

(*c*) Avoid the vivisection of viviparous vertebrates.

(*d*) Victor's verses revived a love of adventure.

W as in wave, new, while. Wā, wē, wī, wō, wū ; caw, few, how.

(a) When William went west where Wheeler was working, we wished we were where we could warn him.

(b) The wherry at the wharf was weighted with whale-oil, whey, and wheat.

(c) Wily Will willfully whistled wildly.

(d) Woodsworth, winking wisely, whipped the whining whelp.

#### PALATALS

G as in gave, gig, rag. Gā, gē, gī, gō, gū ; āg, ēg, īg, ōg, ūg.

(a) Good ground Gregory gave for grinding grists gleefully.

(b) Greedy, ungrateful growlers gave gruel grumblingly.

(c) Great-grandfathers, gowned gaudily, gallantly guarded Grace's garlands.

(d) Gratiano, groaning gloomily and growling grudgingly, grew graceless and grewsome.

H as in ha, heave, had. Ha, he hī, hō, hū.

(a) Who gave Hugh that howling hyena ?

(b) Hugo's heroic act aided Hiram's helplessness.

(c) How horribly Herbert hurt his head at honest Henry's house!

(d) I did not say wig, heart, ear, hair, and all, but whig, art, hear, air, and hall.

K as in kite, cake, oak. Kā, kē, kī, kō, kū ; āk, ēk, īk, ōk, ūk.

(a) Kindly keep Kate from kicking Caleb.

(b) Kittens cunningly crept across the cotton coverlet, awaking Kenneth, the cross cook.

(c) The Kuklux Klan causes Kirke to keep his cutlass keen.

(d) Kenelm, cried the coxcomb, carve the cuticle from the cunnners with cousin's crude cutlery.

Y as in you, say, yon. Yā, yē, yī, yō, yū ; bay, they, boy, buy.

(a) Yesterday the yecoman's youngsters in yacht and yawl yelled and yelped unyieldingly.

(b) The yarns of the ubiquitous Yankee used to be humorous, yet you yawned.

(c) Your Seniors, yoking the yellow yearlings, drew yule-logs to yonder yard.

(d) Europe's universities euphemistically eulogized the Union.

## NASALS

N as in near, and, ran. Nā, nē, nī, nō, nū; ān, ěn, ĭn, ōn, ūn.

(a) Ned, noting the negro's nod, noisily knocked at Nathan's nephew's nursery.

(b) Neptune nearly annihilated the nation's neglected navy.

(c) Next noon non-conformists announced renewed enmity to the Government's enrollment.

(d) Noisy nomads never noticed Naaman's noble name.

Ng as in sing, flung. Äng, ěng, ĭng, ōng, ūng.

(a) "The Cataract strong then plunges along,  
Striking and raging as if a war waging,  
Rising and leaping, sinking and creeping,  
Showering and springing, flying and flinging,  
Writhing and ringing."

(b) "Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,  
And rushing and flushing and brushing and gushing,  
And flapping and rapping and clapping and slapping,  
And curling and whirling and purling and twirling,  
And thumping and plumping and bumping and jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing;  
And so never ending but always descending,  
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,  
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,  
And this way the Water comes down at Lodore."

## LINGUALS

L as in lull, love, oil. Lā, lê, lī, lõ, lû; āl, ěl, īl, ōl, ũl.

(a) Laban, ladened lightly, labored leisurely and lolled listlessly, looking longingly at Llewellyn's lunch.

(b) Luckily life's loneliness left lively Lulu's loyalty.

(c) Lolling, lazy, lisping Lillo, lounging lubberly, laughed loudly at laboring Lael.

(d) Little likeliness, laughed the low lawyer, that legibility and liability are linked indissolubly.

R as in for, run, rare. Rā, rē, rī, rō, rû; far, er, ir, or, ur.

(a) Rollo, rioting uproariously, rushed rashly round the rough roof.

(b) The wronged, ragged rabble roared ravenously.

(c) Rude, rocky, rural roads run round rugged ranges.

(d) Rough red cords Robert rarely wound round the rude rake.

## DENTALS

Ch as in church, rich, charge. Chā, chē, chī, chō, chû; arch, orch, urch.

(a) Cherish, cheerful children, the church's teachings.

(b) Charles, charging checks to Charity, cheated Chester.

(c) Chastened with chafing chains, Chauncey challenged Chandler.

(d) By chance Charles changed the cheap chamber chairs.

D as in did, rode, door. Dā, dē, dī, dō, dû; ād, ěd, īd, ōd, ũd.

(a) Daring Dædalus defiantly disobeyed the duke's mandates.

(b) Didymus, disregarding disgrace, delighted in dastardly deeds.

(c) Dora, defending sound doctrines, discomfited the disputant.

(d) Dick, dodging duty, dreaded degrading defeat.

J as in joy, judge. Jā, jē, jī, jō, jû; āj, ěj, īj, ōj, ũj.

(a) Joyful John joins Joseph, jumping the joist.

(b) James, the jailer, judged Jacques, the Jacobin, justly

(c) Jasper, the jolly juror, justly joked John, the journalist.

(d) Jacob, the Jewish jockey, jovially jingled Juliet's jewels.

S and sh. Sā, sē, si, sō, sū; ās, ěs, ĩs, ōs, ũs. Shā, shē, shi, etc.

(a) Surely slowness and slovenliness should be shunned, Susan.

(b) Simple Sampson sleeping snores.

(c) Selfish Silas with short, shrill shrieks shouts ashore saucily.

(d) After a short session Sarah serves shrub and sherbet to the soldiers.

(e) Seated on shore she sees ships with shining sails on the shimmering sea.

T as in tar, hat, to. Tā, tē, tī, tō, tū; āt, ět, ĩt, ōt, ũt.

(a) Tomlinson treated the delicate subject touchingly, tenderly, and tactfully.

(b) Tottering Titus twice tried tremblingly to trace the tortuous track.

(c) Thomas, the teetotaler, told Timothy to teach true temperance to Tristram, the tricky, tipsy tippler.

(d) Tom talking trivial twaddle tried twice to treat Twist truculently.

Th as in there, thin, and wreath. Thān, thēn, thīn, thōn, thūn; āth, ěth, etc.

(a) Theophilus Thistle, the thistle-sifter, sifted a sieve of unsifted thistles. If Theophilus Thistle, the thistle-sifter, sifted a sieve of unsifted thistles, where is the sieve of unsifted thistles that Theophilus Thistle, the thistle-sifter, sifted?

(b) Thursday Theophilus giveth cousin Thisbe the thousandth thwack.

(c) Through the thin cloth the thief thrusts thorns.

Z as in zenith, lazy, adz. Zā, zē, zi, zō, zū; āz, ěz, ĩz, ōz, ũz.

- (a) Zara resounds with sounds of Sarah's zither.
- (b) Zuriel resists Zaccheus zealously.
- (c) Ezra's seizure assured the exposure of Ziska's treasure.

## ELEMENTS OF EXPRESSION

In voice production, as has been shown, the air coming from the lungs is vocalized in the larynx, and is molded into consonants and vowels by the organs of articulation. There is, however, in the expression of thought and emotion more than this. In the expression of anger, for example, the voice takes a tone different from that which it takes in the expression of pity. It also takes on a higher pitch, a greater force, and a more rapid movement. We will now consider these elements of expression.

### QUALITY

Quality is that which distinguishes the voice of one person from that of another. Two persons sing on the same pitch, that is, their tones are at the same point on the musical scale; they sing at the same loudness; and yet the voice of one is noticeably different from that of the other. They differ in quality. Quality it is which distinguishes the tone of a violin from that of a piano. The violin-string may vibrate the same number of times as the piano-cord, and therefore produce a sound of the same loudness; but it is made of different material, and has behind it a resonance-chamber of different shape and size. These give it a different quality.

To produce the best quality of voice a speaker must first of all have healthy, well-developed, perfectly controlled vocal organs. A small mouth, thick vocal cords, imperfect breathing, rough, dry lining of the resonance-chambers, any one of these will greatly injure the quality of the voice. Moreover the condition of the mind and heart affects greatly the voice-quality; for the voice, it must always be borne in



mind, is not simply the product of a machine. It is the manifestation of the soul. A gloomy, splenetic person falls habitually into a grouty tone, while a joyous temperament shows itself in a jubilant quality of voice. To produce the best quality of voice, then, a speaker must have a healthy, well-trained, happy mind.

The quality of the human voice is susceptible of variations as manifold as the numerous states of mind and heart. Of these the most important and representative are the Pure, Orotund, Aspirate, and Guttural.

#### THE PURE TONE

The Pure tone is that which expresses the normal state of the well-balanced mind and healthy body. It is employed in the expression of thought that is unimpassioned or is only mildly emotional, in the speaking or reading of scientific description and exposition, unemotional narrative, and *joyous, playful, humorous, or mildly pathetic* discourse.

To produce the Pure tone allow no more breath to escape than can be vocalized, keep the muscles of the throat relaxed, and direct the air-column to the front part of the mouth. To develop this tone practice the following exercises. In practicing them keep your ears open; see that the tone is not husky, trembling, nasal, or throaty. And since you are so accustomed to the sound of your own voice that you will find it difficult to judge it correctly, secure, if possible, the assistance of an honest and competent teacher.

I. Taking an easy pitch, sing the following in as gentle and pure tone as possible: *ōō, ō, ē, i, la, ah, ing.*

II. Chant the following on different notes of the scale, giving one line to each note: \*

“ I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
 To join the brimming river;  
 For men may come and men may go,  
 But I go on forever.

\* See Churchill: “Vocal Culture,” p. 1.

“I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.”

III. Read the following selections thoughtfully and appreciatively. In developing the different qualities of tone, do not trust overmuch to imitation; do not produce the tone simply from the outside. *Think the thought clearly and feel the emotion genuinely. The primary sources of a good speaking tone are clearly conceived thought and genuine emotion.*

“Grandma told me all about it,  
Told me so I could not doubt it,  
How she danced—my Grandma danced!—  
Long ago.  
How she held her pretty head,  
How her dainty skirt she spread,  
Turning out her little toes;  
How she slowly leaned and rose—  
Long ago.

“Grandma’s hair was bright and sunny;  
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!  
Really quite a pretty girl,  
Long ago.  
Bless her! why, she wears a cap,  
Grandma does, and takes a nap  
Every single day; and yet  
Grandma danced the minuet  
Long ago.

“Now she sits there, rocking, rocking  
Always knitting Grandpa’s stocking—  
(Every girl was taught to knit  
Long ago).

Yet her figure is so neat,  
And her ways so staid and sweet,  
I can almost see her now  
Bending to her partner's bow,  
Long ago."

From MARY MAPES DODGE'S "The Minuet."

"Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,  
I must speak out at the end,  
Though I find the speaking hard.  
Praise is deeper than the lips:  
You have saved the King his ships,  
You must name your own reward.  
'Faith, our sun was near eclipsed!  
Demand whate'er you will,  
France remains your debtor still.  
Ask to heart's content and have! or  
My name's not Damfreville.'

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:  
'Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic  
Point, what is it but a run?—  
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—  
Since the others go ashore—  
Come! A good whole holiday!  
Leave to go and see my wife, whom  
I call the Belle Aurore!'  
That he asked and that he got,—  
Nothing more."

See page 192.

“It was his greatest pride in life that he had been a soldier,—a soldier of the Empire. He was known simply as ‘The Soldier’, and it is probable there was not a man, and certain that there was not a child, in the Quarter who did not know the tall, erect old Sergeant with his white mustache, and his face seamed with two saber-cuts.

“Yes, they all knew him, and knew how, when he was not over thirteen, he had received the cross which he always wore over his heart, sewed in the breast of his coat, from the hand of the Emperor himself.”

See page 109.

“So you beg for a story, my darling, my brown-eyed Leopold,  
 And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;  
 Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—  
 To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

“It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal-gun  
 That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;  
 Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire  
 Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their heart’s desire.”

#### THE OROTUND

The Orotund is the Pure tone enlarged. It is as free from huskiness, nasality, and impurity of every sort as is the Pure tone. It is, however, fuller and deeper. When it is produced, the resonance-chambers are made as large as possible, the lungs being expanded and the vocal passage thrown wide open, and the reënforcing vibrations to a great extent come from the chest. Professor Monroe\* shows the physiological differences between the two tones as follows:

\* Monroe: “Vocal and Physical Training,” p. 36. Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.

## In Pure Tone.

1. The larynx rises.
2. The soft palate partially falls.
3. The tongue is in its natural position.
4. The vocal passage is narrow.
5. The air-column is directed to the front part of the mouth.

## In Orotund.

1. The larynx is depressed.
2. The soft palate is raised.
3. The back of the tongue is dropped.
4. The vocal passage is wide.
5. The air-column is directed (in learning) vertically.

This full, deep tone is expressive of deep feeling, of thoughts and emotions that are *courageous, patriotic, reverent, solemn, dignified, vast, lofty, grand, noble, sublime.*

Practice reading the following selections. By paraphrasing the expression, and studying the details, and dwelling upon the thought, see the picture clearly, apprehend the thought firmly, and feel the emotion genuinely; for it is only by so doing that you can secure a tone that is truly expressive, that is more than "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal". In reading Byron's "Apostrophe", for example, let the mind and imagination govern the voice. Imagine yourself standing upon the shore, looking out over the vast expanse of water, as it heaves and rolls before you.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!

Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin,—his control

Stops with the shore: upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown."

From BYRON'S "Apostrophe to the Ocean."

“And once again,—”

Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread  
Of either Brutus! Once again, I swear  
The eternal city shall be free; her sons  
Shall walk with princes.”

From MITFORD'S “Rienzi to the Romans.”

“No royal governor, indeed, sits in yon stately capitol, no hostile fleet for many a year has vexed the waters of our coasts, nor is any army but our own likely to tread our soil. Not such are our enemies to-day. They do not come proudly stepping to the drum-beat with bayonets flashing in the morning sun. But wherever party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom; or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education; or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights; or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life—there, minute-men of liberty, are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge; and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber; hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.”

From G. W. CURTIS'S “Minute Men of '76.”

“Sons of New England, look not down, it is full of deadly peril. Stand on the watch-towers of civilization, and ceaselessly cry out to the people, ‘Oh, look not down!’ Sons of New England, in pulpit, at teacher’s desk, in professors’ chairs, in the halls of Congress, on the bench, in the counting-room, in the shop, by the loom, on the farm, wherever you may be, at home or abroad, in the name of your fathers’



God, for the sake of the precious Republic, cry out to the people, 'Look up, look up!' and looking up they will ever see they are bearing a Republic, founded in justice, liberty, and equal rights. Seeing and remembering, they will have God's help and our country shall be saved." See page 7.

"Mr. President, ours is the one great nation of this continent; Mother of Republics, her lullaby has been sung over every cradle of liberty in the New World. Under the inspiration of her glorious example, the last throne has disappeared from the Western Hemisphere, and the Old World's dominion over American territory and American affairs will not outlast the morning of the twentieth century."

See page 66.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies; who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's. . . .

"The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens; and his kingdom ruleth over all. Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word. Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts; ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure. Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul."

From Psalm CIII.

#### THE ASPIRATE QUALITY

The Aspirate is a breathy, impure quality; in its production more breath being allowed to escape than is vocalized. It varies all the way from a soft whisper in which no breath is vocalized to a tone closely resembling the Pure.

In these various forms it is expressive of many kinds of

“suppressed feeling”,—of *tenderness, hush, quiet, exhaustion, weariness, secrecy, caution, fear, and even vehement passion.*

To aid in applying this tone correctly, read the following selections, aiming not to repeat mere words but to convey real emotion.

“Slowly, painfully, he dragged himself onward—step by step down the hill, inch by inch across the ground—to the door of the hospital; and then, while dying eyes brightened, while dying men held back their souls from the eternities to cheer him, gasped out: ‘I did—but do—my duty, boys—and the dear—old—flag—never once—touched the ground.’”

See page 222.

“Vain—vain—give o’er! His eye  
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now—  
Stand back! I’ll paint the death-dew on his brow!  
Gods! if he do not die  
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse  
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

“Shivering! Hark! he mutters  
Brokenly now—that was a difficult breath—  
Another? Wilt thou never come, O Death?  
Look! how his temple flutters!  
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!  
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him!—so—he’s dead.”  
From WILLIS’S “Parrhasius.”

“The bell! the bell again! shut out,  
Shut out its ringing knell!  
‘A fever dream?’ Great God, my soul  
Doth know the sound full well!  
Have I not heard it pealing slow  
Above me night and day!  
Has it not hung about my neck  
Whene’er I’ve tried to pray!

Have I not heard it? hear the peal!  
Louder and louder yet!  
I shall go mad! Shut out the sound!  
O God, could I forget!  
And hark! it brings another sound,—  
Hush! sure, you heard it then,  
The shrieking of the helpless throng,  
The groans of dying men—  
The curses! hear them! ”

See page 9.

#### THE GUTTURAL QUALITY

The Guttural like the Aspirate is an impure quality. In the production of this harsh, throaty tone, the voice-organs are not allowed free play as they are in the production of the Pure tone; they are held rigid, the muscles of the throat being contracted.

As these physiological conditions suggest, this tone is expressive of harsh, fierce, savage, malignant emotions,—of *petulance, irritation, disgust, malevolence, contempt, scorn, and revenge*. This tone is easily acquired and should be used sparingly, for when used too frequently it is especially disagreeable.

To aid in understanding the use of this tone, practice the expression of the following selections:

“ Now, bring forth your tortures! Slaves! while you tear this quivering flesh, remember how often Regulus has beaten your armies and humbled your pride. Cut as he would have carved you! Burn deep as his curse! ”

From KELLOGG'S “ Regulus to the Carthaginians.”

“ Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,  
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,  
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts  
The gates of honor on me,—turning out

The Roman from his birthright; and for what?  
To fling your offices to every slave!  
Vipers, that creep where men disdain to climb,  
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top  
Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,  
Hang hissing at the nobler man below. . . .

“But now my sword’s my own. Smile on, my Lords!  
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,  
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,  
I have within my heart’s hot cells shut up,  
To leave you in your lazy dignities.  
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling  
Hatred and full defiance in your face!  
Your Consul’s merciful;—for this, all thanks.  
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!”

From CROLY’S “Catiline’s Defiance.”

“Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stoop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered.”

See page 156.

“I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, ‘Kill!’”

See page 157.

“And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, ‘Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans.’ And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.”

See page 301.

#### THE FALSETTO AND THE NASAL

Besides these four qualities two others should be mentioned, principally that they may be avoided,—the Falsetto and the Nasal. The Falsetto is a shrill, artificial tone, of a pitch above the natural register. It is often called a head tone, since its resonance is in the upper part of the pharynx. The Nasal, an impure twanging quality, is caused by obstruction in the nostrils or by a wrong management of the soft palate. The legitimate use of these tones is rare. The Falsetto is sometimes used in impersonating old age or in expressing great excitement, and the Nasal is used in expressing drollery and laziness, but in general the Falsetto is either ridiculous or tiresome, and the Nasal especially repulsive.

In remedying the latter a speaker needs to train his ear that he may be able to tell a pure from a nasal tone. Here a teacher will be of great service to a speaker, both in telling him when his tone is nasal, and in speaking a pure tone for him to imitate. Secondly, in remedying this defect, a speaker should strengthen the muscles of the soft palate. This may be done and a “perception of the denasalizing action of the soft palate” gained by the following exercise:

“Sound the consonants *m b* without separating the lips, as in pronouncing the word ‘ember’. The change from *m* to *b* is nothing more than the covering of the nasal aperture by the soft palate; and the change from *b* to *m*, without separating the lips, as in the word ‘submit’, is merely the uncovering of the nasal aperture.” \*

\* A. M. Bell; “The Faults of Speech,” p. 31. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

Lastly, a speaker should keep the nostrils as healthy as possible. The Nasal tone is often the result of mouth-breathing and catarrh. The nostrils may be kept open and healthy by the aid of the breathing exercises, especially the humming exercise on page xi.

### FORCE

Force, as far as it concerns a speaker, is the power or strength exerted in the production of speech. The intensity of the force employed depends upon the physical condition of the speaker, his natural strength of voice, upon the thought or emotion expressed, and upon the size of the audience to which he is speaking. A frequent result of the employment of force in speaking is loudness,—frequent but not necessary, for a person may speak with force and yet in a whisper or in a half-vocalized tone.

How loud shall one speak? is a question of importance. Look out for the beginning. There is much of practical sense in the old rhyme:

“Begin low,  
Speak slow;  
Take fire,  
Rise higher;  
When most impressive  
Be self-possessive.”

At first speak only so loud as is necessary to make all your audience hear. Never go below that; for a speech with a word or phrase dropped out of it every few minutes is as provoking as a clipped newspaper. Make sure that the man in the back part of the hall hears you; but in doing so do not bawl, shriek, or rant. Remember that correct breathing, distinct articulation, and the knack of throwing your voice out will make your speech more audible and more agreeable than will mere shouting. Never give the impression



that you are doing your utmost all the time; even in your impassioned moments show that you have reserve force; there is much power in repose.

The degrees of force are manifold. For practical purposes, however, we may make four divisions—Subdued, Moderate, Declamatory, and Impassioned. These divisions vary with different speakers and with the same speaker under different conditions. What, for example, is Moderate for a mature and vigorous speaker may be Impassioned for a schoolboy, and a tone Declamatory in a study may be hardly more than Subdued in a large auditorium. Speaking, then, under these conditions, we may say that

Subdued force is employed in the expression of *tenderness, comfort, pity, sympathy, tranquillity, quietude, weariness, feebleness, secrecy, timidity, indifference.*

Moderate force is employed in the expression of *didactic thought, unemotional discourse, gladness, joy, and nearly all the milder emotions.*

Declamatory force is used in the expression of *patriotism, grandeur, courage, determination.*

Impassioned force is used in the expression of the strongest, most vehement and violent emotions,—*defiance, anger, abhorrence, horror.*

#### EXERCISES

Speak the following sentences as if addressing a person at first five feet from you, then ten, twenty, forty, sixty, eighty, one hundred, one hundred and fifty, two hundred:

- (a) Where are you going?
- (b) Ask John to send me his grandfather's coat.
- (c) What boat is that off the Point? Is that the Columbia?
- (d) "Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;  
Or close the wall up with our English dead!"
- (e) "On, on, you noble English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof. . . .  
Now attest,

That those whom you called fathers did beget you:  
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,  
And teach them how to war! ”

(*f*) “ And you good yeomen,  
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear  
That you are worth your breeding. . . .  
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
Straining upon the start. The game’s afoot;  
Follow your spirit; and upon this charge,  
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George! ”

SELECTIONS FOR PRACTICE IN EMPLOYING DIFFERENT  
DEGREES OF FORCE

SUBDUED

“ So tired, so tired, my heart and I!  
It was not thus in that old time  
When Ralph sat with me neath the lime  
To watch the sunset from the sky.  
‘ Dear love, you’re looking tired,’ he said;  
I, smiling at him, shook my head:  
’Tis now we’re tired, my heart and I.”  
From MRS. BROWNING’S “My Heart and I.”

“ ‘ My son,’—the aged father spoke,—  
‘ But idle dreams are these:  
You hear no bell—there is no sound  
But wind among the trees.  
See, here I hold the crucifix:  
Now lay aside thy care,  
And gaze thou on the holy cross,  
The while I kneel in prayer.’ ”

See page 9.

MODERATE

“ The year’s at the spring  
And day’s at the morn;

Morning's at seven;  
 The hillside's dew-pearled;  
 The lark's on the wing;  
 The snail's on the thorn;  
 God's in His heaven—  
 All's right with the world!"

From BROWNING'S "Pippa Passes."

"Dimple-cheeked and rosy-lipped,  
 With his cap-brim backward tipped,  
 Still in fancy I can see  
 Little Tommy smile on me—  
 Little Tommy Smith.

"Little unsung Tommy Smith—  
 Scarce a name to rhyme it with;  
 Yet most tenderly to me  
 Something sings unceasingly—  
 Little Tommy Smith."

From RILEY'S "Little Tommy Smith."

"A little watchfulness over ourselves will save us a great deal of watchfulness over others, and will permit the kindest of religions to drop her inconvenient and unseemly talk of enmity and strife, cuirasses and breastplates, battles and exterminations. To produce as much happiness as we can, and to prevent as much misery, is the proper aim and end of true morality and true religion. Only give things their right direction; there is room, do but place and train them well."

EPICETUS.

#### IMPASSIONED

" ' Be still! ' "

He shouted to the kneeling priest,  
 ' Stay, hold thy peace! Be still!  
 Did he not say " Be merciful " ?  
 Did I show mercy when  
 By mine own word the very streets

Flowed down with lives of men ?  
 Did I show mercy when that wail  
 Of anguish rent the air ?  
 Did I show mercy e'en to one  
 In all that black despair? ' ' "

See page 10.

" Sir, when I heard principles laid down that place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke that recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. Sir, for the sentiment he has uttered on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up! "

See page 330.

#### DECLAMATORY

" He would have seen his great arguments in the reply to Hayne, in the debates with Calhoun, inspiring, guiding, commanding, strengthening. The judge in the court is citing them. The orator in the Senate is repeating them. The soldier by the camp-fire is meditating them. The Union cannon is shotted with them. They are flashing from the muzzle of the rifle. They are gleaming in the stroke of the saber. They are heard in the roar of the artillery. They shine on the advancing banner. They mingle with the shouts of victory. They conquer in the surrender of Appomattox. They abide forever and forever in the returning reason of an estranged section and the returning loyalty of a united people. "

See page 91.

" Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with

blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made 'niggers' men. The time for God's force has come again." See page 30.

## PITCH

The Pitch of a sound is its place upon the musical scale. It must not be confused with loudness or with quality. Loudness depends upon the force with which the voice is sent from the larynx; quality upon the size, shape, and condition of the resonance-chambers and vocal cords; but pitch depends upon the rapidity with which the vocal cords vibrate. Therefore, although high pitch and loudness are generally associated, a sound may be "subdued" and far up on the scale or loud and well down among the lower notes.

## DEGREES OF PITCH

Although the degrees of pitch are numerous, for purposes of clearness we may divide the range in pitch of the speaking voice into five parts,—Low, Very Low, Middle, High, and Very High. These divisions are of course relative; women as a general thing speaking at a higher pitch than men; and the middle, normal, voice of one man being lower or higher than that of another. The dominant tone of the middle voice of men is on an average about D on the bass staff, while that of women is nearly an octave higher. The range of the average speaking voice is about an octave and a half. Of this the Very Low degree compasses two notes, the Low two, the Middle four, the High two, and the Very High two.

The Middle Degree of Pitch appeals primarily to the intellect. Since the greater part of what we say is unemotional or is touched if at all with only the calmer emotions, this

degree of pitch is used by far the most; hence the importance of cultivating a good middle voice.\*

The Low and the Very Low express sentiments that are *serious, solemn, gloomy, pathetic, discouraging, despairing, horrible, sublime*, emotion “*intense but controlled*”.

The High Degrees express *joy, brightness, gayety, ecstasy, intensity, astonishment, pain, fear*, emotion “*acute and uncontrolled*”.

Thoughtful and appreciative reading of the following selections will afford practice in securing the different degrees of pitch.

### *Middle Pitch*

“ ‘What is it, Lillo?’ said Romola, pulling his hair back from his brow. . . .

“ ‘Mamma Romola, what am I to be?’ he said, well contented that there was a prospect of talking till it would be too late to con ‘*Spirto gentil*’ any longer.

“ ‘What should you like to be, Lillo? . . .’

“ ‘I should like to be something that would make me a great man, and very happy besides—something that would not hinder me from having a good deal of pleasure.’

“ ‘That is not easy, my Lillo. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless

\* This suggestion may possibly be found valuable to teachers. Too many in the classroom, in their desire to make plain, use predominantly the high degree of pitch rather than the middle.



he gives up thinking much about pleasure or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful.' "

From GEORGE ELIOT'S "Romola."

" Eastward of Zanesville, two or three  
Miles from the town, as our stage drove in,  
I on the driver's seat, and he  
Pointing out this and that to me,—  
On beyond us—among the rest—  
A grove slope, and a fluttering throng  
Of little children, which he ' guessed '  
Was a picnic, as we caught their thin  
High laughter, as we drove along,  
Clearer and clearer. Then suddenly  
He turned and asked, with a curious grin,  
What were my views on *Slavery*? ' *Why*? '  
I asked, in return, with a wary eye."

See page 234.

### *Low and Very Low*

" Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.

" Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

" Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

" For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night. . . .

" Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

" O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

" Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

" Let thy works appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto thy children.

“ And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us:  
and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the  
work of our hands establish thou it.” From Psalm xc.

“ We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone and forever. . . .

“ We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.” See page 326.

“ Sweet and low, sweet and low,  
Wind of the western sea,  
Low, low, breathe and blow,  
Wind of the western sea!  
Over the rolling waters go,  
Come from the dying moon, and blow,  
Blow him again to me;  
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

“ Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,  
Father will come to thee soon;  
Rest, rest, on mother’s breast,  
Father will come to thee soon;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,  
 Silver sails all out of the west  
 Under the silver moon:  
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep."  
 From TENNYSON'S "The Princess."

*High*

"Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of  
 war.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!"  
 From MACAULAY'S "The Battle of Ivry."

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
 Jest and youthful Jollity,  
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
 Nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles  
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
 And love to live in dimple sleek;  
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,  
 And Laughter, holding both his sides.  
 Come, and trip it as ye go  
 On the light fantastic toe."

From MILTON'S "L'Allegro."

"I come from haunts of coot and hern,  
 I make a sudden sally,  
 And sparkle out among the fern,  
 To bicker down a valley.

"By thirty hills I hurry down,  
 Or slip between the ridges;  
 By twenty thorps, a little town,  
 And half a hundred bridges.

"I chatter over stony ways,  
 In little sharps and trebles,  
 I bubble into eddying bays,  
 I babble on the pebbles.

“ With many a curve my banks I fret,  
By many a field and fallow,  
And many a fairy foreland set  
With willow-weed and mallow.

“ I chatter, chatter, as I flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.

“ I wind about, and in and out,  
With here a blossom sailing,  
And here and there a lusty trout,  
And here and there a grayling.

“ And here and there a foamy flake,  
Upon me, as I travel,  
With many a silvery water-break  
Above the golden gravel.

“ I steal by lawns and grassy plots,  
I slide by hazel covers,  
I move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers.

“ I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
Among my skimming swallows;  
I make the netted sunbeam dance  
Against my sandy shallows.

“ I murmur under moon and stars  
In brambly wildernesses,  
I linger by my shingly bars,  
I loiter round my cresses.

“ And out again I curve and flow  
To join the brimming river;  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever.”

TENNYSON'S "The Brook."

## INFLECTION

In reading the preceding selections there is a change of pitch not only in turning from "The Brook" to "A Vision of War", but also in passing from word to word and syllable to syllable. Moreover there is always in this change a slight pause; one sound is made and then, a pause intervening, we pass to the next one. When a change of pitch is made in this way, by a skip, it is called Discrete. There is, however, a change of pitch in the pronunciation of a single syllable. In pronouncing "Oh", for example, the voice may begin low and rise in pitch, or begin high and descend. This change on a single syllable is called Concrete or Inflection. This change, however, is not by a skip but by a glide. The difference between these two changes has been well illustrated by comparing the music of a piano with that of a violin. In playing the piano the musician strikes first one note and then skips to another; but in playing the violin he may draw the bow across one of the strings, at the same time moving the stop-finger that he has upon it up and down, so that one note glides into another. There is the same difference between song and speech. A song note while it lasts remains upon one pitch; a speech note always changes in pitch.

Changes in speech notes, or inflection, may be rising, falling, or circumflex, gradual or abrupt, long or short.

In rising inflection (') the voice, in pronouncing a single syllable, glides upward; in falling (`), downward; in simple circumflex (^), upward and then downward or (v) downward and then upward; in double circumflex there are various combinations of the upward and downward glides. The voice generally prepares for these different glides by striking a pitch above the dominant pitch of the sentence when the falling inflection is used; when the rising, a little below.



In delicate changes of pitch, either discrete or concrete, may lie the secret of a speaker's power to convince, persuade, and charm.

To have the proper control of pitch, to make it the obedient handmaid of expression, the following requisites are demanded: ability to comprehend the relation of one thought to another so as to distinguish the principal from the subordinate, quickness to comprehend the fine shades of meaning given by the various inflections, power to feel emotion genuinely, flexibility of voice, and nicety of ear.

To obtain these practice, assiduous practice, is often necessary. In distinguishing one pitch from another, for example, some pupils find great difficulty. For such the task is to make, if possible, the dull ear acute, by striking the different keys of a piano, by practicing the musical scale, and by reading selections that necessitate a change of pitch, the ear being constantly kept on the alert to distinguish the different tones. Flexibility of voice may be developed by practice upon the musical scale, also by the reading of prose in which there is much dialogue. Conversation is the pattern furnished us by nature. Often, to be sure, in speaking to large audiences we must expand the conversational form, must raise it to the second or third power; and, moreover, into the expression of that which is solemn, reverent, and sublime we must not allow the conversational changes of pitch to enter and destroy the emotion; but at the same time, if we would be natural in our reading and speaking, conversation is the criterion by which we must constantly be measuring our expression. If we depart too far from that, we are certain to become insincere, stilted, monotonous, and unnatural.

Although the many minute rules often given for keeping the voice up and letting it fall are of small value, the following general principles may be found of use in gaining the power to inflect correctly.

I. *The thought and the emotion to be expressed, the state of the speaker's mind and heart, not the form of the sentence, determine the direction, degree, and rapidity of inflection.*

"If I meet a man, but am not sure I know him, I may say, 'This is Mr. Smith?' I look into his face, and indicate my doubt by a rising inflection; but when I introduce him to another man, and say, 'This is Mr. Smith', stating a definite fact of which I am positive, a falling inflection is heard. Phraseology manifests simply the grammatical relations of words; inflection manifests more the logical relation of ideas. Hence, inflection has to do with the attitude of the mind, its degree of certainty, its relation to another mind, and has nothing to do with phraseology." \*

II. *Strong, violent, uncontrolled emotion requires for its expression inflections that are abrupt and of great variation; in the expression of such passion the voice will sometimes range through a whole octave on a single syllable. But calmness, grandeur, reverence, are expressed with gradual and slight variations of pitch.*

" 'Who dares'—this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came—  
'Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?'  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered, 'I!'"

From READ'S "Revolutionary Rising."

"Give us the devotion of the young enthusiast of Paris, who, listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human rights, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot and, as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again and again, with

\* Curry: "Lessons in Vocal Expression," p. 173. The Expression Company, Boston.



impassioned voice: ' Here, take it—oh! take it from me! let me die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish! ' ”

See page 216.

REFERENCE (GRADUAL AND SLIGHT VARIATIONS OF PITCH)

“ Abide with me: fast falls the even-tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.”

III. *Uncertainty, surprise, irresolution, incompleteness, suspense, concession, complaisance, humbleness, timidity, docility, entreaty, appeal generally require for their correct expression the rising inflection.*

“ “ I do not know how to beat a retreat. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at Mount Tabor, and I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi, and, oh! may I beat it here? ” ”

See page 293.

“ When I pass by the collective parties in this case, and recall the particular ones ; when I see that my own State is as deeply implicated in the trouble and the danger of it as any other, and shares to the full, with all of her Southern colleagues, in the most painful apprehensions of its issue ; when I see this, I turn involuntarily, and with unaffected deference of spirit, and ask, What in this exigent moment to Virginia, will Massachusetts do ? Will you, too, forgetting all the past, put forth a hand to smite her ignominiously upon the cheek ? ”

See page 214.

“ Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights ! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels, won for the cause of universal freedom !—how strange an imputation ! ” See page 72.

IV. *Positiveness, confidence, self-reliance, assurance, decision, firmness, conclusiveness, finality, generally require for their true expression the falling inflection.*

“There is one broad proposition upon which I stand. It is this: That an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash.”

See page 265.

“If you could touch those bronze lips with the fire of speech, what do you think they would say? They never said ‘Yield’ in their life!”

See page 13.

V. *The falling inflection should also be used in the expression of petulance, derision, arrogance, insolence, hatred, anger, revenge, rage, of feelings that are rough and repellant.*

“And slavery in all its ferociousness, even on its death-bed, cried out: ‘Bury him with his niggers.’”

See page 14.

“At last these mob yells came clanging through the din: ‘Take that back; take that back; make him take back that word “recreant”; he sha’n’t go on till he has taken that back!’”

See page 330.

VI. *The circumflex inflections are used in the expression of sarcasm, raillery, and contempt.*

“Circumflex inflections are always used,” says Mr. Southwick, “when we wish to say something that the words themselves do not express. We often say, ‘oh, yes’ or ‘oh, no’ when it is clear that we mean just the opposite, and this meaning is conveyed to the listener by a circumflex inflection.” \*

“The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, *the magnanimity of Rome!* Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their

\*Southwick: “Elocution and Action,” p. 79. Edgar S. Werner, New York.

death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted,  
 ' Kill! ' ”

See page 157.

“ SIR PETER TEAZLE. Very well, ma'am, very well; so a husband is to have no influence, no authority ?

“ LADY T. *Authority!* No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have *adopted* me, and not married me; I am sure you were *old* enough.

“ SIR P. Old enough! ay, there it is! Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

“ LADY T. *My extravagance!* I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman ought to be.”

From SHERIDEN'S “ School for Scandal.”

“ *O upright judge!*—Mark, Jew:—*O learned judge!* . . .

*O learned judge!*—Mark, Jew:—*a learned judge!*

*A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!*

Now, Infidel, I have thee on the hip. . . .

*A Daniel*, still I say, *a second Daniel*.

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.”

SHAKESPERE'S “ Merchant of Venice,” Act IV, Scene I.

#### EXERCISES IN PITCH AND INFLECTION

I. Sing the scale, ascending and descending, at different rates of movement,—“ slow ”, “ very slow ”, “ moderate ”, “ fast ”, and “ very fast ”.

II. Sing the first and eighth notes of the scale. Sing the first, third, fifth, and eighth notes; then the eighth, fifth, third, and first.

III. Chant the following lines, first on the lowest note of the scale, then on the highest:

“ He has put down the mighty from their seat,  
 And has exalted them of low degree! ”

“ Rejoice, you men of Angiers, ring your bells;  
 King John, your king and England's, doth approach. . . .  
 Open your gates, and give the victors way.”

IV. Say "yes", giving it the inflection that expresses (*a*) firmness, (*b*) indifference, (*c*) contempt, (*d*) uncertainty, (*e*) astonishment.

V. Say "And Brutus is an honorable man" in such a way as to express (*a*) surprise, (*b*) indignation, (*c*) sincerity, (*d*) uncertainty, (*e*) sarcasm.

VI. Did John find it in the attic?

What? (What did you say?)

Did John find it in the attic?

What? (Find what?)

The purse.

What! (I'm surprised.)

A purse filled with gold dollars.

What! (Incredulity.)

I believe James stole it and hid it there.

What? (Indignation. My brother James is honest.)

They have convicted him of treason?

They have. (Simple assertion.)

They have convicted him of treason?

They have. (Satisfaction. He deserved to be convicted.)

Will they convict him of treason?

They have. (Contemptuously.)

They have convicted him of treason.

They have? (Surprise.)

They have convicted him of treason.

They have. (Pity. Poor fellow! He is innocent.)

They have convicted him of treason.

They have. (Indignation. I will make those men atone for this injustice.)

They have not convicted him of treason.

They have. (You are mistaken.)

They have convicted him of treason.

They have. (Sarcasm.)

VII. Read the following:

"The President of the United States, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks:

‘Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot?’ When will the black man cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss,—then and not till then will the ballot of the negro be free.”

See page 249.

“Suddenly an officer galloped up and spoke to the lieutenant of the nearest battery.

“‘Where’s the colonel?’

“‘Killed.’

“‘Where’s your captain?’

“‘Dead there under the gun.’

“‘Are you in command?’

“‘I suppose so.’

“‘Well, hold this hill.’

“‘How long?’

“‘Forever.’ And he galloped off.

“His voice was heard clear and ringing in a sudden lull, and the old Sergeant, clutching his musket, shouted:

“‘We will, forever.’”

See page 110.

# TIME

“Awake! for morning in the Bowl of Night  
Has flung the Stone that put the Stars to Flight:  
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught  
The Sultan’s Turret in a Noose of Light.”

Rubāʿiyat of Omar Khayyam.

“Enough! we’re tired, my heart and I.  
We sit beside the headstone thus,  
And wish that name were carved for us.  
The moss reprints more tenderly  
The hard types of the mason’s knife,

As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life  
With which we're tired, my heart and I."

From MRS. BROWNING'S "My Heart and I."

One who reads the preceding selections with ears open can readily perceive that an important element of vocal expression is Time. Time, as an element of expression, manifests itself in three ways: by length of syllables, by pauses, and by rate of movement.

The length of syllables is determined by the nature of the constituent vowels and consonants. Some of the elementary sounds can easily be prolonged, while others it is impossible to lengthen. To the first class (*a* as in *ale*, *arm*, *all*, or *air*, *e* as in *eve* or *err*, *i* as in *isle*, *o* as in *old*, *oo* as in *ooze*, *u* as in *use*, *oi* as in *oil*, *ou* as in *our*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *r*, *v*, *w*, *y*, *z*, *th* as in *then*, *ng*, and *zh*) has been given the name *continuant* sounds; to the second (*a* as in *ask*, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, short, *b*, *d*, *g*, *f*, *h*, *j*, *k*, *p*, *s*, *t*, *th* as in *thin*, *ch*, *sh*, and *wh*) *stopt* sounds.\* When syllables are made up entirely of *continuant* sounds, as "marm", "noon", "now", "lone", "more", they may be prolonged a great deal. Such are called *Indefinite* syllables. When syllables are made up entirely of *stopt* sounds, as "pat", "tot", "tag", "dip", "kick", we cannot prolong them without *drawling*; such are called *Immutable*. But when syllables are made up of both *stopt* and *continuant* sounds, as "gait", "mad", "ark", "wet", "rope", they are capable of slight *prolongation*; such are called *Mutable*.

These three kinds of syllables the skillful writer, whether of prose or poetry, consciously or unconsciously uses to his advantage. This the reader or speaker also must do if he is to express thought or emotion persuasively. He may, to be sure, do this unconsciously, especially if he have a musical ear and power to feel emotion genuinely, but his right use

\* See Fulton and Trueblood: "Practical Elocution," p. 46. Ginn & Co., Boston.

of quantity will for that reason be none the less potent. To give to each syllable its appropriate quantity adds marvelously to the effectiveness of reading or speaking. A curt, snappish pronunciation of syllables naturally long may rob a sentence entirely of its pathos, solemnity, and grandeur, and "a false bombastic swell of voice never sounds so ridiculous as when the injudicious or unskillful reader or speaker attempts to interfere with the conditions of speech, and to prolong, under a false excitement of utterance, those sounds which nature has irrevocably determined short." \*

Pronounce the words and read the selections that follow, aiming to give to each syllable its proper quantity; do not be over-abrupt, do not drawl.

" Nowhere fairer, sweeter, rarer,  
Does the golden-locked fruit-bearer  
Through his painted woodlands stray  
Than where hillside oaks and beeches  
Overlook the long, blue reaches,  
Silver coves and pebbled beaches,  
And green isles of Casco Bay;  
Nowhere day, for delay,  
With a tenderer look beseeches,  
' Let me with my charmed earth stay.' "

From WHITTIER'S "The Ranger."

" Two Voices are there; one is of the sea,  
One of the mountains; each a mighty Voice:  
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
They were thy chosen music, Liberty!  
There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
Thou fought'st against him; but hast vainly striven:  
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.  
Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft:

\* Murdoch and Russell: "Vocal Culture," p. 143. Ticknor & Fields Boston.



Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left—  
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee! "

From WORDSWORTH'S "England and Switzerland, 1802."

### PAUSE

Time also manifests itself through Pauses, — between words, clauses, and sentences. Pauses are often indicated to the eye by punctuation-marks, and the pupil used to be told to pause long enough to count one at a comma, two at a semicolon, three at a colon, and four at a period. These minute rules implied that punctuation-marks tell exactly how often and how long a reader should pause. As a matter of fact they do not. The ear needs more help and more respite than does the eye. The reader often has to make a much longer pause at a comma or semicolon in one place than he does in another; he should also pause in many places where there are no punctuation-marks, and often pay to a mark no heed at all.

"Behold the condemned Claudius\and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife."

"The Oak\one day, said to the Reed."

Moreover, mechanical rules, directing a reader to pause before an "infinitive phrase, a relative clause, or a conjunction used disjunctively" are practically useless. The length and frequency of a reader's pauses depend upon the significance and difficulty of the thought and the intensity of the emotion.

### MOVEMENT

The third manifestation of Time is Movement. This is to a great extent the result of Pause and Quantity; but while Pause and Quantity deal with the smaller elements of speech, with the word, a small group of words, Movement deals with

larger groups, with the sentence, the paragraph, and the whole discourse. Movement concerns itself with rhythm and with rate. The first has to do with the laws of versification, with the arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables so that the vocal sounds will flow smoothly and harmoniously. Rate has been well defined as "the application of Quantity and Pause to a collection of words." \* Whether the rate shall be fast or very fast, moderate, slow, or very slow, depends upon the thought and emotion to be expressed.

*Principles to Determine Pause and Movement.*

I. *Words which present single ideas should be grouped together.*

"There was once a child\and he wandered about a great deal\and thought of a number of things."

"Out of the North\the wild news came,\  
Far flashing\on its wings of flame,\  
Swift as the boreal light\which flies  
At midnight\through the startled skies.\  
And there was tumult\in the air,\  
The fife's shrill note,\the drum's loud beat,\  
And through the wide land\everywhere\  
The answering tread of hurrying feet."

See page 163.

"Through the whole afternoon\there had been a tremendous cannonading of the fort\from the gunboats and the land forces;\the smooth\regular\engineer lines were broken,\and the fresh-sodded embankments\torn and roughened\by the unceasing rain of shot and shell.\  
About six o'clock\there came moving up the island,\over the burning sands and under the burning sky,\a stalwart,\splendid-appearing set of men,\who looked equal to any

\* Fulton and Trueblood: "Practical Elocution," p. 321. Ginn & Co., Boston.

daring, \and capable of any heroism, \ \ men whom nothing could daunt \and few things subdue." See page 220.

II. *In phrasing, indeed in the correct use of all the elements of expression, a reader will be greatly aided by training the eye to keep well ahead of the voice.*

It makes all the difference in the world whether a reader lays hold of the thought before pronouncing the words or after. One results in mechanical repetition; the other, in intelligent expression.

III. *Ordinary, unimpassioned didactic discourse requires moderate movement.*

"There is a saying which is in all good men's mouths, namely, that they are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to them. Only, is it not a strange thing that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we, in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say that of course money doesn't mean money—it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means everything in the world except itself."

From RUSKIN'S "The True Use of Wealth."

IV. *Phrases expressing the significant, suggestive, essential thoughts of a discourse, the key-thoughts as it were, generally require for their correct expression moderate or slow movement with comparatively long pauses either before or after them.*

"I would still, with the last impulse of that soul, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth: *God has given America to be free.*" See page 277.

"Once in Persia ruled a king  
Who upon his signet ring

'Graved a motto true and wise,  
Which, when held before his eyes,  
Gave him counsel at a glance  
Fit for any change or chance.  
Solemn words, and these were they:  
'*Even this shall pass away.*' "

" In the meantime, when there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people, insomuch that they trode one upon another, he began to say unto his disciples first of all, *Beware ye of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy.*" Luke XII. 1.

V. *New, strange, obscure, closely reasoned thoughts require for their expression moderate or slow movement with frequent pauses.*

The speaker or reader must seem to have time enough to handle the thought and must give to the audience time to grasp the meaning of his words. Even if he has the thought well in hand so that it presents no difficulty to him, by pausing he will give the impression of naturalness, give the impression that he is thinking, that there is a connection between his tongue and brain, that he is not simply repeating words but conveying ideas. On the other hand, in expressing matter easily comprehended he must not insult the intelligence of his audience by pausing too frequently. The speaker or reader, as far as the thought is concerned, should keep his hearers well at his heels, but should not allow them to run ahead of him.

VI. *Sentiments that are brisk, sprightly, merry, playful, enthusiastic, energetic, boisterous, violent, furious, uncontrolled, require fast or very fast movement with short pauses.*

" It requires no space in history's crowded page to tell how Todd could stand up by a chair when eight months old, and crow and laugh and doddle his little chubby arms till he quite upset his balance, and pulling the chair down with him, would laugh and crow louder than ever, and kick, and

crawl, and sprawl, and jabber; and never lift a whimper of distress but when being rocked to sleep."

From RILEY'S "Todd."

"And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea

Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May

Doth every beast keep holiday;—

Thou child of joy

Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy

Shepherd boy!"

From WORDSWORTH'S "Ode on Immortality."

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn. Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives; pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whipcords upon your brow. Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go." See page 180.

VII. *Sentiments that are gentle, pathetic, dismal, dignified, stately, reverential, vast, noble, exalted, sublime require slow or very slow movement with long pauses.*

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help.

"My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

"He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee shall not slumber.

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep."

"Within an upper chamber lay the king,

His white face, 'gainst the pillow scarce as white,

Gleamed ghastly—lip and hand and brow

Were chilling with the icy touch of him

Who comes but once—who comes alike to all.

About the room the waxen tapers tall  
 Lit up the shadows, while the black-robed priests  
 Stood round the couch with ' Host and Crucifix,'  
 The ceremonial of the sacrament." See page 7.

" Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,  
 And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
 Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast  
 And are wanting a great song for your Italy free,  
 Let none look at *me!*"

See page 208.

### EMPHASIS

" This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, ' Had I a sword of keener steel—  
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this  
 Blunt thing—!' he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
 And lowering crept away and left the field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day." \*

A careful reader of the preceding lines at once sees that all the words are not on the same level. Some are in the background; some in the foreground. Every phrase has its

\* Reprinted, by special arrangement with, and permission of, the publishers, from "Poems by Edward Rowland Sill," copyright, 1887 by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

important word, and every clause and sentence its important word or phrase. The prominence given to these significant words and phrases by means of the elements of expression is Emphasis.

Emphasis shows the logical relation between the parts of the sentence, the relative value of each, and suggests meanings not fully expressed. It shows that a reader has looked between the lines. By slight variations of emphasis a sentence may often be given as many different meanings as it has words. Notice, for example, the following sentence:

1. *Did* John give you books? (I am surprised; I heard that he did, but I could hardly believe it.)
2. Did *John* give you books? (I thought James or Peter gave them to you.)
3. Did John *give* you books? (I thought you bought them of him; John doesn't very often give anything away.)
4. Did John give *you* books? (He gave some to Mary and Eliza; I didn't know that he gave them to you.)
5. Did John give you *books?* (I thought he gave you pictures.)
6. Did John give *you* | *books?* (That is a strange present for you. He knew you don't like books and haven't any use for them.)

#### MEANS OF EMPHASIS

The means of emphasis have already been spoken of. We may emphasize a word (1) by speaking it louder or lower; (2) by pausing either before or after it, or by dwelling upon the sounds; (3) by making the pitch higher or lower; (4) by varying the quality of the voice. The first, emphasis by mere force, is the easiest to apply. It is often used in connection with the other forms, but by itself it is the least satisfactory. Overused it becomes a thump, thump, and is sure to rob expression of all delicacy of touch and suggestion of culture. The more artistic methods of emphasis are **varying** the pitch, the quality, and the time. None of these



should, however, be used exclusively. A pupil should practice upon all the different forms. Only thus will he have them all at his command, and escape the fatal fault of always making a thought prominent in the same way; by using the aspirate quality, for example, as do some public speakers, or the intermittent stress as do others.

No very definite rules for emphasis can be given. One cannot say that the subject or the predicate of a sentence is to be emphasized: for the emphasis may fall upon a preposition or an article. Neither can one say that in this case the emphasis should be applied by varying the pitch, in that the quality, in another the time. The following general principles of emphasis have, however, been given in one form or another many times and have been found of practical value.

I. *Put special emphasis on only a few words.* Since all emphasis is relative, to try to emphasize all the words in a sentence is to emphasize none.

II. *Words or phrases expressing ideas that are new should be emphasized; those expressing ideas which are repeated,—unless they are repeated for emphasis,—which have been implied, which may be taken for granted, or are easily inferred from what has been said, should not be emphasized.*

## NEW IDEAS

"This is the state that *Winthrop* founded. *Warren* died for her liberties and *Webster* defended her good name. *Sumner* bore stripes in behalf of her beliefs, and her sons gave their lives on every battlefield for the one flag she held more sacred than her own. She has *fought for liberty*. She has *done justice* between man and man. She has sought to *protect the weak*, to *save the erring*, to *raise the unfortunate*. She has been the fruitful mother of *ideas* as of *men*. . . . She has kept her *shield unspotted* and her *honor pure*. To us, her loving children, she is a *great heritage* and a *great trust*."

See page 171.

## IDEAS REPEATED OR IMPLIED

“A *chill* no coat, however stout,  
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,  
A hard dull *bitterness* of cold,  
The coming of the storm foretold.” WHITTIER.

“Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;  
The *psalm* was warrior David’s song.”  
See page 164.

“On the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contented and *happy* man—not in an ordinary degree, but *joyfully*, almost *boyishly*, happy.” See page 142.

“Great in life, he was *surpassingly* great in death.”  
See page 143.

## IDEAS REPEATED FOR EMPHASIS

“*On, on*, you noble English,  
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war proof.”

“As the columns halted Napoleon shouted to him:  
“*Beat a retreat!*” The boy did not stir. “Gamin, *beat a retreat!*”  
See page 293.

“Ho, sir, *you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception which has been practiced on us—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice!”

“If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—*never—never—never.*” See page 92.

“Yes, this old and absurd *lex talionis*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated *all my life all my life*, Gentlemen of the Jury!”  
See page 69.

III. *Always the second, and often both, of a pair of words expressing contrasted ideas should be made emphatic; or when the contrast is simply implied, the word suggesting the contrast should be emphasized.*

CONTRAST

"We do not count around us a *few feeble* veterans of the contest; we are girt by a *cloud* of witnesses."

"Our common *liberty* is consecrated by a common *sorrow*."

"The *stately mansion* of *power* had been to him a *wearisome hospital* of *pain*."

See page 143.

"When I pass by the *collective* parties in this case and recall the *particular* ones," etc.

See page 214.

SECOND TERM EMPHASIZED AND NOT FIRST

"You have just been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, your returning armies came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Let *me* picture to you the footsore *Confederate* soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865."

See page 313.

"Partakers in every peril, in the *glory* shall we not be permitted to participate?" ("Peril," expressing an idea that is repeated, as the preceding sentences will show, should not be emphasized.)

APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF EMPHASIS

"CENTURIES AGO, ON THE ROCK-BOUND COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY, *one night* there was a WEDDING. The SKY was the ROOF that *covered* the *high contracting parties*, and the STARS painted by the finger of God were the FRESCO-WORK; the MUSIC was that of the SINGING NIGHT-BIRD and the SURGE OF THE GRAY OLD OCEAN; the BIDDEN GUESTS were the PURITAN FATHERS and the PURITAN MOTHERS; the UNBIDDEN guests were the DUSK

SAVAGES; the BRIDE and the BRIDEGROOM were the MEETING-HOUSE and the SCHOOL-HOUSE, and from that *marriage* there was *born* a CHILD. They *christened* it NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION." See page 5.

It is impossible to show accurately the different values which any reader, with the various means at his command, will give to different words and phrases of a bit of discourse. Then, too, more than one reading may be correct. The preceding marked passage will help, however, to illustrate the principles of emphasis. At the beginning of a speech or a reading all is new; generally, therefore, in the first sentence a larger proportion of words will be emphasized than in the sentences that follow. In the first sentence of this selection, "centuries ago", "rock-bound coast", "Massachusetts Bay", are all made fairly prominent. The word, however, to which all the other words in the sentence should be made subservient is "wedding". Where the wedding was held, and when, are subordinate facts. "Wedding", then, should receive the most emphasis. The remaining words and phrases are not all of course of the same rank. Since it makes little difference on what night this wedding occurred, and since weddings often occur in the evening, the phrase, "one night", expresses no uncommon or important circumstance. It may be given a little more importance than "on", "there", and "was", by slightly pausing after it; it should, however, be glided over pretty easily. "Rock-bound coast," suggesting, as it does, something of the ruggedness of the Puritan country, should be emphasized a little more than "one night". The fact expressed by "Massachusetts Bay", that the wedding occurred in New England, has considerable bearing upon what follows; it should perhaps be given about the same prominence as "centuries ago."

In the second sentence "sky" is the first significant word, and "roof" the next but less significant word. Weddings

generally take place in houses or churches; often the room is decorated, the walls and ceilings are frescoed; there is music by orchestra or organist; but this wedding was peculiar; "the sky" was the "roof", the "stars" were the "fresco work", the "song of the night-bird" and the "surge of the ocean" were the "music". These things wherein it differed from ordinary weddings should be made emphatic. "Covered" and "contracting parties" should not be emphasized since roofs always cover, and the mere mention of wedding suggests that there are "high contracting parties." Moreover to emphasize "high" would suggest that there are "low" parties, and to emphasize "high contracting" gives the erroneous impression that there were other parties concerned which the sky did not cover. At every wedding there are bidden guests and sometimes guests unbidden; there are always a bride and a bridegroom. In this selection, then, "guests", "bride", and "bridegroom" need to be emphasized only enough to help complete the comparison between this and all weddings. "Bidden" and "unbidden" are emphasized somewhat since they are antithetical. The second "guests", since it is a word repeated and not repeated for emphasis, should be touched lightly. Who the guests were is of importance. "Puritan fathers", "Puritan mothers", and "dusky savages" should, then, be made emphatic. In the last phrase to emphasize "dusky" would give the wrong implication. The significant fact is not that the unbidden guests were "dusky" but that they were "savages". Who the bride and the bridegroom were is all-important. Therefore "meeting-house" and "school-house" should be made prominent. In the next sentence "marriage" expresses a repeated idea. The new and important word is "child". The thought expressed in "born" should not be emphasized until the reader pronounces "child". That they christened the child is not strange; what they christened it is of moment. "New England Civilization" is the key-

phrase of the whole oration. It should be made to stand out as prominently as the poor peasant in Millet's "Man with the Hoe."

With the preceding principles in mind give reasons why the following *italicized* words should (or should not) be emphasized:

"If I were to tell you the story of *Napoleon*, I should take it from the lips of *Frenchmen*, who find no language *rich* enough to paint the *great captain of the nineteenth century*. Were I to tell you the story of *Washington*, I should take it from your *hearts*,—*you*, who think no marble *while* enough on which to carve the name of the *Father of his country*. But I am to tell you the story of a *negro*, *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a *negro* and a *slave*, and hated him because he had *beaten* them in battle.

"*Cromwell* manufactured his *own* army. *Napoleon*, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops Europe ever *saw*. *Cromwell* never *saw* an army till he was *forty*; this man never a *soldier* till he was *fifty*. *Cromwell* manufactured his own army—out of *what*? *Englishmen*, the *best blood in Europe*. Out of the *middle class* of *Englishmen*,—the *best blood of the island*. And with it he *conquered* what? *Englishmen*,—their *equals*. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the *despicable race of negroes*, *debased*, demoralized by two hundred years of *slavery*, one hundred *thousand* of them imported into the island within *four years*, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to *each other*. Yet out of this *mixed* and, as you say, *despicable* mass he forged a *thunderbolt*, and hurled it at what? At the *proudest blood in Europe*, the *Spaniard*, and sent him home *conquered*; at the most *warlike* blood in Europe, the *French*, and put *them* under his feet; at the *pluckiest* blood in Europe, the *English*, and they *skulked* home

to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a *general*, at least this man was a *soldier*."

See page 307.

"I watch the *mowers*, as they go  
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.  
With even stroke their *scythes* they swing,  
In tune their merry *whetstones* ring.  
Behind, the nimble *youngsters* run  
And toss the thick *swathes* in the sun.  
The *cattle* graze, while, warm and still,  
Slopes the broad *pasture*, basks the *hill*,  
And bright, where summer breezes break,  
The green *wheat* crinkles like a lake.  
The *butterfly* and *humble* bee  
Come to the pleasant *woods* with me;  
Quickly before me runs the *quail*,  
Her *chickens* skulk behind the rail;  
High up the lone *wood-pigeon* sits,  
And the *woodpecker* pecks and flits,  
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells;  
The *brooklet* rings its tinkling bells,  
The swarming *insects* drone and hum,  
The *partridge* beats his throbbing drum  
The *squirrel* leaps among the boughs,  
And chatters in his leafy house,  
The *oriole* flashes by; and, look!  
Into the mirror of the brook,  
Where the vain *bluebird* trims his coat,  
Two tiny *feathers* fall and float."

From Trowbridge's "Midsumme."

"The quality of mercy is not *strained*.  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath: it is *twice blest*:  
It blesseth him that *gives* and him that *takes*:  
'Tis *mightiest* in the *mightiest*; it becomes  
The throned *monarch* better than his *crown*;



His *scepter* shows the force of *temporal* power,  
 The attribute to *awe* and *majesty*,  
 Wherein doth sit the *dread* and *fear* of *kings*;  
 But *mercy* is *above* the *sceptered* sway;  
 It is enthroned in the *hearts* of *kings*.  
 It is an attribute to *God Himself*;  
 And *earthly* power doth then show *likest God's*  
 When *mercy* seasons *justice*. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice *be* thy plea, consider *thi*,  
 That, in the course of *justice*, *none* of us  
 Should see *salvation*. We do *pray* for *mercy*;  
 And that *same prayer* doth teach us *all* to render  
 The *deeds* of *mercy*. I have *spoke thus much*,  
 To *mitigate* the *justice* of thy plea;  
 Which, if thou *follow*, this *strict court of Venice*  
*Must needs* give *sentence 'gainst* the *merchant* there.”  
 Shakespere's "The Merchant of Venice."

## GESTURE

A speaker influences his audience in two ways: by an appeal to the ear and by an appeal to the eye. In learning to appeal to the eye of their audience, students often ask the following questions.

*How shall I get upon the platform?* Take your time. A speaker often hurries so much that he shows his audience at the very start that he cannot control himself. "Don't scrape your feet"; or keep your eyes fixed upon the floor as if trying to pick out the place to stand. Walk in a dignified manner to the middle of the stage.

*What is the proper way to bow?* In the first place do not draw your feet up together as if about to "present arms". Do not bow with one foot ahead of the other. Do not, if you are a young man, draw one foot backward; that method is often correct for a young woman on the platform as in the ballroom, but for a man it is too artificial. In bowing, both the neck and the back should be bent. "Don't bow as

though your spine was a poker with the hinge near the lower terminus." . . . Don't bow as though the hinge was in your neck." \* The head should be bent forward first, then the torso: in recovering your position begin to straighten the back first, then the neck. Shall I keep my eyes on the audience when bowing? Yes. To be sure, if you bow deeply, you will seem to roll your eyes upward; but do not bow deeply. Make simply a respectful bow of recognition.

*How ought a speaker or reader to stand?* The answer to this question must be somewhat like an answer to the question, How shall I trim my boat? In sailing into the teeth of a gale you trim your boat differently from what you do when you are sailing over smooth water.

*First position.* A good normal, fair-weather attitude is to stand erect, the hands hanging loosely at the sides, the fingers slightly bent, one foot a little in advance of the other and making with it an angle of about sixty degrees, the weight of the body being thrown upon the ball of the foot behind. In this position the knee of the free leg should not be stiffened.

In trying to get an erect position do not thrust the chin out too far; do not throw the shoulders back too much or the hips forward. Such an attitude is sure to seem vulgar or artificial; and remember, here, as everywhere, the great art is to conceal art. Imagine some one is pulling you up by the scalplock; you will then get your head and body into the right position.

As far as the position of the hands is concerned, to be sure we sometimes see public speakers with their hands behind them, with their thumbs in their trousers pockets, or with one hand fumbling a watch-chain. That is all very well so far as it looks free and easy and not disrespectful; but for a young man declaiming, such a position is rather dangerous; it makes him seem over-confident. Do not

\* Smith: "Reading and Speaking," p. 105. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

clench the hands tightly. This comes, like the contracting of the brow, from a desire to haul one's self together. When speaking keep the muscles of the hands, arms, and face relaxed. Do not fumble with your ring. Do not keep hold of your coat. Do not keep shutting or opening your hands or pulling down your cuffs. Such movements distract the attention of the audience from what you are saying. The attention of an ordinary audience is very easily diverted. A man opening a window, or a harmless cat walking up the pulpit stairs, or a neck-tie working up over a speaker's collar will worst even the most eloquent orators in the contest for attention.

In speaking the following selections one could properly stand in the first position.

"There was an air of desolation about the grim old State House, as, one by one, the last loitering feet came down the damp corridors. The Governor heard the steps and the rustle of a woman's skirt. He never felt quite alone in the empty State House until those steps had passed by."

See page 31.

"Adolfo Rodriguez was the only son of a Cuban farmer. When the revolution broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and sisters at the farm. He was taken by the Spanish, was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning before sunrise."

See page 228.

These are passages of plain, unemotional prose; but at times your speech is impassioned. You wish to defy your audience, as Regulus in his speech to the Carthaginians: to appeal to them, as Lodge in the last part of "The Traditions of Massachusetts" (page 11); to describe an exciting race, as in "Ben Hur" (page 251), or a perilous battle-charge, as in "The Storming of Missionary Ridge" (page 23) or the "Victor of Marengo" (page 292). Then the first position is too passive; change to one of the following positions.

*Second position.* Step forward, throwing your weight almost entirely upon the foot in advance, having the feet at an angle of nearly ninety degrees, the leg behind straight, the knee of the leg in front bent. The heel of the free foot is often lifted slightly, only the ball touching the floor.

This position, bringing you nearer to the audience, is well adapted to impassioned speaking, to appeal and exciting description. In speaking the following selections, one could properly stand in the second position.

“I turn to you, the brothers and the sons of those men; to you, heirs of the great Republican heritage of union and freedom; to you within the borders of whose commonwealth lie guarded Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; to you, children of the Pilgrim and the Puritan; to you, citizens of the great Republic! To you I come and ask the same counsel that I asked from the history of the old State, and your answer I know will be the same.”

See page 14.

“And as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breast-works and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory; and the fifteen days in Italy were ended.”

See page 293.

*Third position.* This position is very much like the second. The feet are at an angle of ninety degrees, and about the same distance apart as in the second; the weight of the body, however, is thrown upon the foot behind, the leg in front is straight, and the knee of the leg behind slightly bent.

This position is used in the expression of horror, terror, and amazement. In speaking the following selections one could properly stand in the third position:

“But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles the fragile bridge-wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a thunderbolt fall!

Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with  
 speed unaccustomed and dire;  
 It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hail-  
 stone of fire! ” See page 174.

“ I see them—their uplifted hands,  
 Their pleading eyes—oh, there!  
 See! see their life-blood flowing down  
 Around me everywhere! ” See page 8.

*When should gestures be made?* Make few gestures, but see that they count. A superfluity of gestures is not only ineffective, it is disgusting. Especially is this true in descriptive selections. Continuous sawing of the air with the hand has done much to throw public reading into disrepute and make us all a little shy of the “elocutionist”. Make gestures only when you have the impulse to make them. Let them originate within; do not put them on from the outside. Voltaire, it is said, when “preparing a young actress to appear in one of his tragedies, tied her hands to her sides with pack-thread in order to check her tendency toward exuberant gesticulation. Under this condition of compulsory immobility she commenced to rehearse, and for some time she bore herself calmly enough; but at last, completely carried away by her feelings, she burst her bonds and flung up her arms. Alarmed at her supposed neglect of his instructions, she began to apologize to the poet; he smilingly reassured her, however; the gesture was *then* admirable, because it was irrepressible.” \*

Understand just what rôle you are playing. Often a superfluous number as well as a wrong kind of gestures is made because the speaker fails to do two things: (1) He does not distinguish between the personator and the actor; (2) He does not distinguish between the describer and the

\* Hammerton: “The Actor’s Art,” p. 48. George Redway, London, Eng.

personator. The actor depends upon his costume, the scenery, and the acts of others upon the stage. The personator must not do this. If he has a letter to read, as in "The Speech of Serjeant Buzfuz", or a note, as in Carleton's "First Settler's Story", he shows his weakness if he draws from his pocket a sheet of paper. A bouquet of roses in the hand of the reciter does not improve the rendering of "Zingarella, the Gypsy Flower Girl", and the playing of an organ at "Music, awake her; strike!" may greatly injure the presentation of the statue scene in "The Winter's Tale". All this is ineffective because it spoils the illusion; it bursts the bubble. It is mixing too much the real and the imaginative. As Fulton and Trueblood point out clearly, the reciter "must suggest the picture and allow the imagination of the audience to paint it". He should not try to act the different parts. "The drawing of a dagger may be indicated, but there is no necessity of sheathing it. In the personation of Hamlet the reciter can indicate the drawing of a sword and the stabbing of Polonius, but he must not carry out the action to the extent that would be appropriate to the actor." \*

Secondly, you should discriminate between the describer and the personator. In writing a story a person often takes one of two points of view: either he represents himself as one of the characters, as John Ridd in "Lorna Doone", or he takes the omniscient point of view, as Scott in "Ivanhoe"; that is, he stands outside and looks down upon his characters and sees each act his part, and seeing the end from the beginning, knows all about the acts of each and the motives which inspire them. Now if he changes his point of view without giving due notice to his reader, and suddenly steps upon the stage himself to play a part, the result is confusion. The same thing is true in reciting: either you are an actor in the scene or you are standing outside and describing the

\* Fulton and Trueblood: "Practical Elocution," p. 341. Ginn & Co. Boston.

scene to others. You cannot play two parts at the same moment. To tell just when and how to change from one rôle to the other without causing confusion is sometimes difficult. In an oration this question does not often present itself. When you are speaking the Bunker Hill oration you are Webster; when you are speaking "The War in America" you are Chatham. The only time questions arise is when you have a speech within a speech. When Serjeant Buzfuz, quoting the words of Mrs. Bardell, say, "Mr. Bardell was no deceiver—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself—to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, for consolation", should one play the part of the bombastic Mr. Buzfuz or of Mrs. Bardell? In "The First Settler's Story", in reading the note which ends,

"Dear, if a burden I have been to you,  
And haven't helped you as I ought to do,  
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead;  
I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed.  
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,  
And have kind words for me when I come back",\*

should one take the voice and attitude of the First Settler or the young wife? In both cases the answer is, the personality of the first must not be lost in the second. You are not Mrs. Bardell, but the pompous Buzfuz imitating Mrs. Bardell; you are not the girl-wife, but the old frontiersman speaking the words of his young wife which have stung him to the quick.

In description the problem is more difficult and at the same time more important. Many of the most irritating blunders in the use of gestures arise from taking the part of personator and describer at the same time. Is this not the trouble in the following cases?

"King Robert, who was standing near the throne,  
Lifted his eyes, and lo! he was alone!

\* See page 283.



But all appareled as in days of old,  
With ermined mantle and with cloth of gold;  
And when his courtiers came, they found him there,  
Kneeling upon the floor, absorbed in silent prayer."

"I know of a reader", says Professor Clark, "who knelt here."

"All into the Valley of Death  
Rode the Six Hundred."

"A certain reader", says Professor Clark, "holds his hands as if driving a horse." \*

But should one personate only when one has the quoted words of the character to utter? That depends upon the intensity of the emotion aroused by the description. In describing a hall, a court-room, or an arena, he surely does not personate; he points out size, shape, and arrangement,—he makes *indicative* gestures. But other scenes arouse in him more emotion; he pities or hates the characters; he desires this one to fail, that one to succeed. So interested is he in their acts that, as he looks upon them, he imitates their movements; i.e., he makes *imitative* or *sympathetic* gestures. Sometimes the emotion becomes so strong that the reciter no longer stands apart from the scene; he becomes an actor in it, although he may not be uttering the direct words of the character. Then and only then, on those rare occasions when the emotion is very strong, can one properly personate in description.

*How should I make gestures?* First of all *be consistent*. In descriptive selections there is always a picture which the speaker tries to make plain to the audience. To do this he needs to see the picture clearly himself, to have a very definite mental vision. He should then lay out the scene to be described carefully and consistently. In speaking, for

\* Chamberlain & Clark: "Principles of Vocal Expression," p. 462. Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago.

example, "The Storming of Missionary Ridge" (page 23), which begins: "Imagine a chain of Federal forts built in between with walls of living men, the line flung northward out of sight and southward beyond Lookout", the reciter should by appropriate gestures show on which side are the Federal forts, and on which side the mountains; he should show where the center of the Federal line is pushed out, and where the ridge is up which the Union forces must charge. In referring to these from time to time, the reciter must be consistent. If he places the rebel line on the left in the beginning, it is going to be confusing if he suddenly changes its position to the right.

*Secondly, place the imagined scene in sight of all.* The principal scene should be placed so that the speaker will not have to turn away from the audience and yet so that the audience may see the principal action. In this connection it may be said that seldom can a speaker afford to keep his eyes upon the imagined scene. He must never forget that he is speaking to an audience. Now and then he can seem to become so engrossed in an exciting description that he can keep his eyes almost entirely upon the picture. But generally such a use of the eyes looks affected. In a large majority of cases there is no better way of holding an audience than by looking at them.

*Time your gestures carefully.* If gestures come before or after they are due, they give the impression of forming a separate scheme outside of the selection. To learn to time your gestures, practice with a simple sentence like the following: "See that team passing along the street." You will notice here that you first look towards the street, then you begin to move your hand in that direction, and then you begin to speak the words. The eye anticipates the hand, the hand the voice. In emphatic gestures the final stroke should come upon the accented syllable of the word you wish to emphasize.

*Avoid awkwardness.* To keep your gestures from seeming

stiff and awkward, you need first of all to feel the impulse to make them; apprehend the thought so firmly and feel the emotion so keenly that you cannot help making them. See that you move your arm freely. Do not throw your elbows out too far, neither let them hug the sides. In making gestures *let the forearm lead*. Also remember that curved lines are generally more graceful than are straight. Here be careful not to overdo; an excess of arching movements seems artificial. Do not spoil the grace of the gesture by holding the hand stiff and dead; see that it is alive to the finger-tips. Generally it is well to open the hand, to straighten the fingers, at the same time that you make the stroke of the gesture. "Don't", says Professor Smith, "hold the hands as though you had bird-shot in each hollow, and feared that it would roll out." \*

*Suit the gesture to the thought and emotion.* Quick movements of the arm or hand express thought or emotion which is harsh, severe, violent, impetuous, abrupt; slow movements express thought or emotion which is gentle, grand, gloomy, cautious, and deliberate.

"Aliens! Good God! was Arthur, Duke of Wellington, in the House of Lords,—and did he not start up and exclaim, '*Hold! I have seen the aliens do their duty!*'"

"Calm and unmoved as the marble walls around him stood Regulus, the Roman. *He stretched his arm over that surging crowd* with a gesture as proudly imperious as though he stood at the head of his own gleaming cohorts."

Upward movements of the arms are appropriately used in speaking of that which is above your point of view, or high in your estimation; in appealing to your superiors; in expressing emotions that are noble or attractive,—righteousness, patriotism, victory, purity, loyalty, love.

"'Strip me', said he, 'of the dejected and suffering remnant of my army—take from me all that I have left—

\* Smith. "Reading and Speaking," p. 103. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

leave me but a banner, give me but the means *to plant it upon the mountains of West Augusta*, and I will yet draw around me the men who shall lift up their bleeding country from the dust, and set her free! ’ ’ See page 216.

“ Then dipping her pen in the sunlight, *will write in the clear blue, above them all*, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, ‘*Toussaint L’Ouverture*. ’ See page 309.

“ *To a place in heaven by the side of Washington and Lincoln*. ” See page 6.

“ They tried to bear him along; it was no use; still he shouted that rallying cry, ‘*For France, for France, Vive la France, Vive l’Empereur!* ’ ” See page 111.

Downward movements of the arms are appropriately used in pointing out or emphasizing that which is below your point of view, or low in your estimation; that over which you have mastery; in expressing emotions that are disagreeable or base,—defeat, gloom, corruption, cowardice, hate, revenge, treachery, brutishness.

“ *Down with these tyrants of England!* we never have sworn them allegiance! *Death to these foreign soldiers*, who seize on our homes and our harvests! ” See page 64.

“ Where all was *want and crime and cruelty and fear*, we see the faces of the free. ” See page 327.

“ Until a torrent, terrible and strong, *it sweeps to the abyss* where all is ruin. ” See page 158.

“ But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, *I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power*. ” See page 157.

Movements of the arms on a level with the chest are appropriately used in expressing colloquial discourse; in speaking of things on your plane; to and of your associates and equals.

“ Here by the peaceful river on whose shores they dwelt, *amid the fields that they sowed and reaped*, we come to tell their story. ”

"Behold! them here to day, sharing in these pious and peaceful rites."

"It has ravaged *how many of our homes!* it has wrung *how many of the hearts before me!*"

Widening movements of the arms are expressive of frankness, generality, bounteousness, hospitality, unreservedness.

"We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. *We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall.*"

See page 247.

"And ye do well to call him chief, who for twelve long years has met upon the arena *every shape of man or beast* the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm."

See page 299.

"Orchard's where I'd ruther be—

Needn't fence it in fer me!

*Jes' the whole sky overhead,*

*And the whole airth underneath."* See page 127.

The correct position of the hand adds much to the expressiveness of the arm movements.

The Hand Index points out, counts, analyzes, warns, accuses, threatens.

"Sign that parchment or be accursed forever!"

"Look! There he stands."

"But see! he has stepped on the railing."



The Hand Supine expresses openness, candor, affirmation, demand, welcome, appeal.

"Here, take it—oh! take it from me!"

See page 216.

"I turn to you, the brothers and the sons of those men."

See page 14.



"She took her children from her bosom and offered them."

See page 215.

The Hand Prone represses, restricts, forbids, conceals, restrains, protects, blesses.

"How! on, I speak to thirty millions here."

"Ha! bind him on his back!"

"So—let him writhe! How long Will he live thus?"



The Hand Averse expresses repulsion, abhorrence, horror, dismay, scorn.

"Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for our games." See page 158.

"Avaunt and quit my sight."



The Hand Clenched expresses force, determination, anger, revenge, malediction, defiance.

"I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, *my answer would be a blow.*"



See page 255.

#### GESTICULATING EXERCISES

I. Swing clubs, vault, play tennis, fence; gymnasts as a rule make graceful gestures.

II. Stand erect; extend the arms sideways so that the hands are on a level with the shoulders. Withdraw the energy from the hands so that they hang apparently lifeless. Then shake the arms vigorously.

III. Raising the arms in front, proceed as in Exercise II.

IV. Letting the arms hang from the sides as if lifeless, by twisting the trunk shake them vigorously.

V. Speaking the following sentences, make gestures that seem to you appropriate.

(1) "Behold the condemned Claudius and Cynthia, whom he lately took for his wife." See page 268.

(2) "And now, oh! now look at those bounding, flaming-eyed tigers." See page 269.

(3) "On, on he went, gone one moment and in sight the next, on up to the flaming cannon themselves."

See page 298.

(4) "Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory."

See page 293.

(5) "Go to Hayti, and stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword."

See page 308.

(6) "At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone and forever."

See page 326.

(7) "If, then, you ask, why I have come back, to let you work your will on this poor body which I esteem but as the rags that cover it,—enough reply for you, it is because I am a Roman! As such, here in your very capital I defy you!"

(8) "Go! bring your threatened tortures!"

(9) "If you could touch those bronze lips with the fire of speech, what do you think they would say? They never said 'yield' in their life."

See page 13.

(10) "The new South is enamoured of her new work. As she stands upright, full statured and equal, among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten."

See page 314.

(11) "New England Civilization said to Slavery, 'thus far and no farther forever,' and when in its insolence it overstepped the bounds, seized it by the throat and throttled it to the death!"

See page 5.



## PREPARATION FOR READING AND SPEAKING

Thorough preparation for reading and speaking means primarily care for the body. To stand the stress and strain of our complex life, to achieve much of anything in business, scholarship, statesmanship, law, or medicine, a man must be first of all a healthy animal. He must have steady nerves, "lungs like bull's hide", a heart like clockwork, and a stomach that will grind its grist even when he is doing his hardest task. Especially true is this of the person who undertakes such exhaustive work as swaying large audiences, —of the lawyer, the preacher, the statesman, the orator. Leaders in these professions have as a rule been men of powerful physiques, of exuberant vitality, and of phenomenal endurance; such were Lincoln, Webster, Gladstone, Beecher, and Brooks. The young man, then, who wills to influence men and women in public speech, must live much in the open air, play baseball and tennis, row and swim, play golf and ride a bicycle, and work and sleep in rooms that have a good supply of sunshine and oxygen. Seldom in college does a man with shaky nerves or poor digestion win a prize in declamation or debate; much more often the winner is an athlete. In the world at large, other things equal, influence and following are won by the speaker physically strong.

*Rest.* A person when he speaks should be well rested. Many a preacher has learned from an experience dearly bought that the exhaustive work of sermon-writing on Saturday evening is poor preparation for effective speaking on Sunday. After a sleep crowded with dreams of appearing before an audience *sans* neck-tie, collar, coat, or manuscript, a preacher is in no mental or physical condition to speak persuasively. Try to be in earnest as he may, his voice tells the tale of depleted nervous force. The preacher should have his sermon ready for delivery by Saturday noon.

Saturday afternoon he should "loaf", read Mr. Dooley, go sailing or fishing, do something that will recreate his mind and rest his nerves. What is true of the preacher is also true of the lawyer, lecturer, and public speaker of every sort. School boys and girls should not rehearse their declamations the day on which they speak; neither should they engage in fatiguing work or play. College students who have learned their declamations thoroughly sometimes fail at the last moment because of being physically tired. A game of baseball or too long a walk has so wearied them that their memories play them false. "An English lecturer relates that at the beginning of his career he was forced to walk from one town to another in filling his engagements. He found that if he lectured on the evening following a long walk his memory invariably proved treacherous. It was only after repeated failures that he came to realize the connection between weariness and loss of memory." \*

*Practice.* A sprinter or oarsman would not think of entering a race without previous training. Every day he practices that he may get the right start and may not lose his wind at the critical moment. He can thus make a supreme exertion without injury. Public speaking is as exacting as a race. To speak effectively two or three hours a man must train. The reason, Hullah says, why the voices of many clergymen fail is not that they use their voices too much; they use them too little, but they do not use them regularly. They enter a two-mile race on Sunday without having run a lap on the six preceding days. To keep the vocal organs at their best and to gain control of the agents of expression, one should use the voice in reading, speaking, or singing an hour or so every day.

\* Koopman's "Mastery of Books," p. 84. American Book Co., Boston.

"Sir Henry Holland has recorded that, after an exhausting exploration of a mine in Germany, he found himself no longer able to speak German with his guide; and not until he had taken rest and refreshment did he recover his memory of the language."—*Ibid.*

Thorough preparation also means mental and spiritual training. The messenger must have a message. There must be behind the voice an intellect to think and a heart to feel. However clear the articulation, graceful and apt the gestures, pure and resonant the quality, the expression is ineffective unless vitalized by intellect and inspired by emotion. "People go to schools of oratory with nothing within themselves which is clamorous for expression; not even a very 'still small voice' urging them to express something. Many who desire, or think they do, to be readers, as there are many who desire, or think they do, to be artists, evidently believe that if they be trained in technique they can be readers or artists.

"But suppose some one is impelled to cultivate vocal power because of his desire to express what he has sympathetically and lovingly assimilated, of a work of genius: if he endeavor to give an honest expression, so far as in him lies, to what he feels, and avoid trying to express what he does not feel, and if he persevere in his endeavor, with always a coefficient ideal back of his reading, he may—in time he certainly will—become a better reader than another could if he should set out, with malice prepense, to be an elocutionist, and, with that malicious purpose, were to employ a mere voice-trainer who should teach him to perpetrate all sorts of vocal extravagances, to make faces, and to gesticulate when reading what does not need any gesture. Such an one, after passing out of the hands of his trainer, is most likely to go forth and afflict the public with his performances, which will be wholly a pitiable exhibition of himself.

"Some of the best readers I have ever known have been of the former class, who honestly voiced what they had sympathetically assimilated, and did not strain after effect. But it seems when one sets out to read, with no interior capital, he or she, especially she, is apt to run into all kinds of extravagances which disgust people of culture and taste.

The voice, instead of being the organ of the soul, is the betrayer of soullessness.

“Without the interior life that can respond to the indefinite life of a work of genius (indefinite, that is, to the intellect), a trained voice can do nothing of itself in the way of real interpretation.”\*

How can a person acquire this power to lay hold of the thought and respond to the emotion of a literary masterpiece? In general, by a thorough mental and spiritual training; toughening the mental fiber by wrestling with problems in Euclid, strengthening the memory and the power of expression by conning the Latin grammar and translating Cæsar’s “Commentaries”, sharpening the powers of observation and discrimination by research with the test-tube, the scalpel, and the microscope, developing a love for the true and an appreciation of the noble and the masterful by “brooding for the thousandth time” over Homer, Dante, Shakespere, and Milton.

In particular cases, to get firm hold of the thought, the reader should know his lines thoroughly; he should be certain of the meaning of the words and the construction of the sentences—an absurdly simple suggestion, yet not so obvious that it is always observed. Boys and girls sometimes speak

“Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!”

who haven’t guessed the meaning of “tettix”; or

“Unhand me, gentlemen.

By heaven, I’ll make a ghost of him who let’s me!”

who have given an entirely wrong meaning to “lets”. They read “I prevented the dawning of the morning”, entirely ignorant of the fact that “prevented” means not

\* Corson: “The Voice and Spiritual Education,” p. 116. The Macmillan Company, New York.

“ hindered ” or “ obstructed ” but “ anticipated ”. They read

“ Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and you ? ”

without having decided whether “ crowned ” refers to “ you ” or “ me ”.

Secondly, the reader or speaker should understand the significance of the allusions. In reading “ Pheidippides ”, he should know who Pan was and why “ fennel ” is spoken of; in speaking “ A Tribute to General Sherman ”, he should know why Hotspur is referred to as restless, Fabius as patient, Cæsar’s Tenth Legion as dashing; or in speaking “ American Battle Flags ”, he should understand the significance of Villagos to the Hungarian, Vendée to the French soldier, and Culloden to the Scotch Highlander.

Thirdly, the reader should read around the subject. He should know thoroughly the circumstances under which the poem was written, the oration delivered. He should be well acquainted with the story told or the scene described.

“ Sheridan’s Ride ? ” said a listener to a public reader in England, “ Sheridan’s ride to where ? ”

“ Oh,” replied the reader with some confusion, “ Sheridan’s ride to—to—to Bunker Hill, I think.”

It surely is not enough for pupils who would declaim intelligently to confine their reading to the short selections given in the Speakers. The boy who would speak understandingly the declamation on page 106, for example, must do more than memorize this small portion of Webster’s famous reply to Hayne; he should read carefully the entire speech, also Senator Lodge’s lucid account of all the circumstances under which this speech was delivered.\*

Such careful study of the words, constructions, allusions, and circumstances of an oration or poem will enable the reader or speaker to distinguish between the principal and

\* See LODGE’S “ Daniel Webster.”

the subordinate, and thus to make his expression more intelligent. For in no way does a person reveal his ignorance or knowledge of a piece of literature more completely than by reading it aloud.

Again, an effective speaker or reader must be in earnest; he must be able to lay hold of the emotion.

“To this one standard make your just appeal,  
Here lies the golden secret : *Learn to feel.*”

How is he to learn to feel? It is not enough for him to say, “I will be in earnest”. An attempt to put on emotion from the outside is liable to result in bombast and in disgusting contortions of face and limbs. Genuine emotion must come from within. It means real interest in the subject discussed, the scene described. This interest may be aroused first by a thorough knowledge of the events spoken of, the characters depicted. In real life our passing pity for the man who asks our aid is changed into permanent, genuine interest and sympathy, by our knowing more about him, his struggles, his home life, his desires to be and to do something. In the same manner genuine interest may be aroused in fictitious and historical characters and events. A boy cannot expect to declaim with real earnestness “The Last of the Roman Tribunes” \* before he has read the whole of Lord Lytton’s “Rienzi”. Not long ago I commended to a student looking for a declamation to speak in a prize contest, Curtis’s “Eulogy on Sumner”. † At first he thought it a bit tame. But after he had read more about Sumner, of his conflicts, his ideals and achievements, he began to see how great an oration this really is. No longer was it tame; those magnificent periods thrilled with life. He understood the significance of such sentences as these: “How the stately and gracious and all-accomplished man seemed the very personification of that new

\* See page 342.      † See page 136.

union for which he had so manfully striven, and whose coming his dying eyes beheld—the union of ever wider liberty and juster law,—the America of comprehensive intelligence and moral power! For that he stands; up to that his imperishable memory, like the words of his living lips, forever lifts us—lifts us to his own great faith in America and man.” And because he saw their real meaning and importance, he spoke them with an unfeigned earnestness.

Moreover, to lay hold of this emotion it is often well to paraphrase. The ordinary paraphrase ranks low as a literary product; when repeated aloud it seems flabby, common, or artificial; but it may often be useful. As a matter of fact boys and girls read and recite selections, especially lines of poetry, with no more idea of the meaning of some of the phrases or realization of their significance than had the man in one of George Eliot’s novels of the meaning of those sentences which he found so much comfort in repeating: “Sihon, King of the Amorites, for His mercy endureth forever. And Og, King of Bashan, for His mercy endureth forever.” A full paraphrase quickly stops such parroting.

Furthermore, the reader in learning to feel true emotion should use his imagination. By dwelling upon the thought and seeing the picture vividly, or by appealing to his own experience, a reader may be able to respond to the emotion genuinely and thus overcome an indifference fatal to effective expression. It is only by holding the truth before the mind and looking at it from all sides that we can feel its true significance and be dominated by its power.

And after all the heart of the whole matter is this: a man cannot express more than he is. A man of small soul cannot express great emotion. “Eloquence is a virtue almost as much as an art.” He then who would express exalted emotions should cherish firm convictions and high ideals; he should “cultivate above all things love and truth” and “avoid like poison the fleeting and the false”.





## RAY'S RIDE

(Abridged)

By CHARLES KING, Army Officer, Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Descriptive Writer, Novelist. Born at Albany, N. Y., 1844.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Marion's Faith," copyright, 1886, by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Darkness has settled down in the shadowy Wyoming Valley. By the light of a tiny fire under the bank some twenty forms can be seen stretched upon the sand; they are wounded soldiers. A little distance away are nine others, shrouded in blankets; they are the dead. Crouching among the timber, vigilant but weary, dispersed in a big, irregular circle around the beleaguered bivouac, some sixty soldiers are still on the active list. All around them, vigilant and vengeful, lurk the Cheyennes. Every now and then the bark as of a coyote is heard,—a yelping, querulous cry,—and it is answered far across the valley or down the stream. There is no moon; the darkness is intense, though the starlight is clear, and the air so still that the galloping hoofs of the Cheyenne ponies far out on the prairie sound close at hand.

"That's what makes it hard," says Ray, who is bending over the prostrate form of Captain Wayne. "If it were storming or blowing, or something to deaden the hoof-beats, I could make it easier; but it's the only chance."

The only chance of what?

When the sun went down upon Wayne's timber citadel, and the final account of stock was taken for the day, it was found that with one fourth of the command, men and horses,

killed and wounded there were left not more than three hundred cartridges, all told, to enable some sixty men to hold out until relief could come against an enemy encircling them on every side, and who had only to send over to the neighboring reservation—forty miles away—and get all the cartridges they wanted.

They *could* cut through, of course, and race up the valley to find the —th, but they would have to leave the wounded and the dismounted behind—to death by torture; so that ended the matter. Only one thing remained. In some way, by some means, word must be carried to the regiment.

Lieut. Ray had been around the rifle-pits taking observations. Presently he returned, leading Dandy, his sagacious horse, up near the fire—the one sheltered light that was permitted.

Captain Wayne looked up startled.

“Ray, I can’t let you go!”

“There’s no helping it. Some one *must* go, and whom can you send?”

Wayne was silent. Ray had spoken truth. There was no one whom he could order to risk death in breaking his way out since the scout had said ’twas useless. There were brave men there who would gladly try it had they any skill in such matters, but that was lacking. “If any man in the command could ‘make it,’ that man was Ray.” He was cool, daring, keen; he was their best and lightest rider, and no one so well knew the country or better knew the Cheyennes.

Ray flung aside his scouting-hat, knotted the silk handkerchief he took from his throat, so as to confine the dark hair that came tumbling almost into his eyes, buckled the holster-belt tightly round his waist, looked doubtfully an instant at his spurs, but decided to keep them on.

Three minutes more and the watchers at the edge of the timber have seen him, leading Dandy by the bridle, slowly,

stealthily, creeping out into the darkness; a moment the forms of man and horse are outlined against the stars; then are swallowed up in the night. Hunter and the sergeants with him grasp their carbines and lie prone upon the turf, watching, waiting.

In the bivouac is the stillness of death. Ten soldiers, carbine in hand, mounted on their unsaddled steeds, are waiting in the darkness at the upper rifle-pits for Hunter's signal. If he shout, every man is to yell and break for the front. Otherwise, all is to remain quiet. Back at the watch-fire under the bank Wayne is squatting, watch in one hand, pistol in the other. Near by lie the wounded, still as their comrades just beyond—the dead. All around among the trees and in the sand-pits up- and down-stream, fourscore men are listening to the beating of their own hearts. In the distance, too, are the gleams of Indian fires, but they are far beyond the positions occupied by the besieging warriors. Darkness shrouds them. Far aloft the stars are twinkling through the cool and breezeless air. With wind, or storm, or tempest, the gallant fellow whom all hearts are following would have something to favor, something to aid; but in this almost cruel stillness nothing under God can help him—nothing but darkness and his own brave spirit.

His footfall is soft as a kitten's as he creeps out upon the prairie; Dandy stepping after him, wondering but obedient. For over a hundred yards he goes, until both up- and down-stream he can almost see the faint fires of the Indians in the timber.

The thing is to get as far through them as possible before being seen or heard, then mount and away. After another two minutes' creeping he peers over the western bank. Now the fires up-stream can be seen in the timber, and dim, shadowy forms pass and repass. Then close at hand come voices and hoof-beats. Dandy pricks up his ears and wants to neigh, but Ray grips his nostrils like a vice, and Dandy desists. At rapid lope, within twenty yards, a party of half

a dozen warriors go bounding past on their way down the valley, and no sooner have they crossed the gully than he rises and rapidly pushes on up the dry sandy bed. Thank heaven! there are no stones. A minute more and he is crawling again, for the hoof-beats no longer drown the faint sound of Dandy's movements. A few seconds more and right in front of him, not a stone's throw away, he hears the deep tones of Indian voices in conversation. Whoever they may be they are in the "cooley" and watching the prairie. They can see nothing of him, nor he of them. Pass them in the ten-foot-wide ravine he cannot. Turning stealthily he brings Dandy around, leads back down the ravine some thirty yards, then turns to his horse, pats him gently one minute, springs lightly, noiselessly, to his back, and at cautious walk comes up on the prairie. He bends down on Dandy's neck, intent with eye and ear. He feels that he has got well out east of the Indian picket unchallenged, when suddenly voices and hoofs come bounding up the valley from below. He must cross their front, reach the ravine before them, and strike the prairie beyond. "Go, Dandy!" he mutters with gentle pressure of leg; and the sorrel bounds lightly away, circling southwestward under the guiding rein. Another minute and he is at the *arroya* and cautiously descending, then scrambling up the west bank; and then from the darkness comes a savage challenge, a sputter of pony hoofs. Ray bends low and gives Dandy one vigorous prod with the spur, and with muttered prayer and clinched teeth and fists he leaps into the wildest race for his life.

Bang! bang! go two shots close behind him. Crack! goes his pistol at a dusky form closing in on his right. Then come yells, shots, the uproar of hoofs, the distant cheer and charge at camp, a breathless dash for and close along under the bluffs where his form is best concealed, a whirl to the left into the first ravine that shows itself, and, despite shots and shouts and nimble ponies and vengeful foes, the Sandford

colors are riding far to the front, and all the racers of the reservations cannot overhaul them.

## NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION

By WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Maine, 1871-81; Senator, 1881—. Born in Lewiston, Maine, 1831.

From an address delivered at a meeting of the New England Society of Philadelphia, Dec. 22, 1881.

Centuries ago, on the rock-bound coast of Massachusetts Bay, one night there was a wedding. The sky was the roof that covered the high contracting parties, and the stars, painted by the finger of God, were the fresco-work; the music was that of the singing night-bird and the surge of the gray old ocean; the bidden guests were the Puritan fathers and the Puritan mothers; the unbidden guests were the dusky savages; the bride and the bridegroom were the meeting-house and the schoolhouse, and from that marriage there was born a child. They christened it New England Civilization. New England Civilization, inspired by the Bible and the schoolbook, what a power it has been in this Republic! New England Civilization, the only power that dared cry a halt to advancing barbarism; that said to slavery, "thus far and no farther forever," and when in its insolence it overstepped the bounds, seized it by the throat and throttled it to the death! New England Civilization, the inspiration of every great enterprise, of every marvelous invention, of every grand forward and upward move of man and mind in this country! New England Civilization, that planted on every hill a church, and in every valley a schoolhouse with its open door! New England Civilization, that living spirit which opened up to every boy in the land such splendid opportunities, such glittering possibilities; that raised a ladder, its base on the earth, its top in heaven, and encouraged the barefooted boy of the West to mount, by the round of the canal-boat, by the round of the academy, by

the round of the college, by the round of the teacher's desk, by the round of the war for equal rights, by the round of the House of Representatives, by the round of the Senate, by the round of the Presidency, by the round of a perfect life, a patient sickness and heroic death, to a place in heaven by the side of Washington and Lincoln. Religion and education, love of God and regard for man,—this is the secret of New England's strength in the nation.

But, Mr. President, have we finished the fight? May we lay the armor off and hang the sword on its peg? "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." For a century we were sluggards, seemed to sleep, and barbarism grew stronger and stronger until we awoke, then it slunk back. Dead? No, only waiting for its opportunity. There is an old story of a giant who had lived for fifty years a cruel, wicked life, then repented, and, to do works meet for repentance, built him a little hut by the side of a broad, bridgeless river, and carried every passing traveler across the stream on his shoulders. One dark, tempestuous night a child knocked at his door, and asked to be carried over. The giant took him on his broad shoulders, nothing but a feather's weight to him, marched boldly out into the darkness and the stream; but as he marched on the burden grew heavy and heavier, until at last it seemed to him that he and his burden must sink forever beneath the terrible waves. Of a sudden he looked up and found that he was bearing the Christ Child, immediately he received Christ's strength, and bore him safely to the other shore. From that day he has been known as Saint Christopher, the Christ-bearer. Now we took this blessed Republic upon our strong shoulders, agreeing to carry it in honor and safety, through peace and war, through prosperity and adversity, through brightness and darkness, through calm and tempest. To us it was a mere feather's weight, and we boldly bore it along; but it grew heavy and heavier, until right in the darkness and tempest of terrible civil war it seemed to us that we and the Republic must sink



forever beneath the waves. Then, and for the first time, in the Proclamation of Emancipation by the immortal Lincoln, we looked up, found that we were carrying, not slavery, but justice, freedom, equal rights, all of them children of Christ; and immediately we received his strength, and have been nobly bearing our burden on towards safety. The haven has not yet been reached. By demands of business, by forgetfulness of history, by appeals for conciliation, by necessities of party, by weariness of strife, by longings for rest, by every temptation, we are enticed once more to look down.

Sons of New England, look not down; it is full of deadly peril. Stand on the watchtowers of civilization, and ceaselessly cry out to the people, "Oh, look not down!" Sons of New England, in pulpit, at teacher's desk, in professor's chair, in the Halls of Congress, on the bench, in the counting-room, in the shop, by the loom, on the farm, wherever you may be, at home or abroad, in the name of your fathers' God, for the sake of the precious Republic, cry out to the people, "Look up, look up!" and looking up, they will ever see that they are bearing a Republic, founded in justice, liberty, and equal rights. Seeing and remembering, they will have God's help, and our country shall be saved.

## THE DEATH OF CHARLES THE NINTH

By MAUDE MOORE, Poet, Story-writer. Born in Warren, Maine, 1849.

From "Songs of Sunshine and Shadow," published by The Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston.

It was a festal day in Paris. Since early morning had the streets been filled with hurrying multitudes; but as the sun went down, and all the thousand lamps of the great city were lighted, the festivities were laid aside, for a messenger had come from the Palace bringing word that the young king was dying. Slowly the gathered throng dispersed, till, instead of the vast multitudes that so lately thronged the streets, the city was silent and deserted.

Within an upper chamber lay the king,  
His white face, 'gainst the pillow scarce as white,

Gleamed ghastly—lip and hand and brow  
Were chilling with the icy touch of him  
Who comes but once—who comes alike to all.  
About the room the waxen tapers tall  
Lit up the shadows, while the black-robed priests  
Stood round the couch with “Host and Crucifix,”  
The ceremonial of the sacrament.  
But the king sees them not; his soul is back  
With the past years—he whispers! Ha! he dreams!  
He sees the streets of Paris all aglow  
With gleaming fire of the torch and lamp;  
He stands beside his window—from below  
Thro’ all the streets he hears the ceaseless tramp  
Of armed men—the crash of arms—the cry  
Of gathering forces; on the midnight air  
He hears the wild, wild accents of despair  
In groans and curses, as the throng go by;  
And ’bove them all, o’er every sight and sound  
He hears the bell of St. Germain slow toll  
The signal for the massacre;—the ground  
Beneath his feet is red with blood: the roll  
Of musketry is drowned in dying groans!

Within the chamber still the dark-robed priests  
Move noiselessly; from out his fever dream  
The king awakes, his sunken, gleaming eyes  
Fast dark’ning with the gathering gloom of death;  
In vain the trembling priests essay to calm  
His troubled soul—“I murdered them!” he shrieks;  
“I saw them butchered; now their vengeful souls  
Are come to mock me! Hear the tower bell!  
‘No bell’? ye mock me! Hear it peal!  
Aye, hear it! Marking slow  
The shrieking of the murdered ones  
In all the streets below!  
I see them—their uplifted hands,

Their pleading eyes—oh, there!  
See! see their life-blood flowing down  
Around me everywhere! ”  
“ Nay, nay, my son! this crucifix  
Put to thy lips in prayer! ”  
“ What! pray? I pray? I press my lips  
Upon that holy thing?  
I pray? ’twere blasphemy! no prayer  
Peace to this heart can bring!  
The bell! the bell again! shut out,  
Shut out its ringing knell!  
‘ A fever dream ’? Great God, my soul  
Doth know the sound full well!  
Have I not heard it pealing slow  
Above me night and day!  
Has it not hung about my neck  
Whene’er I’ve tried to pray!  
Have I not heard it? hear the peal!  
Louder and louder yet!  
I shall go mad! Shut out the sound!  
O God, could I forget!  
And hark! it brings another sound,—  
Hush! sure, you heard it then,  
The shrieking of the helpless throng,  
The groans of dying men—  
The curses! hear them! ”

From his couch  
They raised the dying king,  
And sought with soothing, prayerful words  
A calmer frame to bring.  
“ My son ”—the aged father spoke—  
“ But idle dreams are these:  
You hear no bell—there is no sound  
But wind among the trees.  
See, here I hold the crucifix:

Now lay aside thy care,  
And gaze thou on the holy cross,  
The while I kneel in prayer."

The king sank back with ashen lips,  
The holy father bent,  
And to the heavenly throne above  
His supplication sent:  
"Have mercy, Lord!" the white-haired priest  
In reverent accents prayed;  
"Have mercy on the sons of men,  
For thou thyself hast said—"  
Quick started from his royal couch  
The dying king. "Be still!"  
He shouted to the kneeling priest,  
"Stay, hold thy peace! Be still!  
Did He not say 'Be merciful'?"

"Did I show mercy when  
By mine own word the very streets  
Flowed down with lives of men?  
Did I show mercy when that wail  
Of anguish rent the air?  
Did I show mercy e'en to one  
In all that black despair?  
I saw them murdered—did I raise  
My hand to stay the fire?  
Did I show mercy when they prayed,  
To babe, or gray-haired sire?  
Mercy? ye mock me!"

From his hand  
The holy symbol fell,  
And from his white lips fell the cry:  
'The bell, the tower bell!  
Shut out the sound!'

His voice grew faint,  
His eye with death grew dim;  
Slowly the icy shadows crept  
O'er hand, and brow, and limb;  
The holy fathers gathered round  
In silence where he lay;  
About the room the tapers tall  
Grew dim with dawning day;  
And ere the sun had lit the east,  
A soul had passed away.

### THE TRADITIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

From a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, March 27, 1896. See daily papers of Boston, March 28, 1896.

Look at these two questions for a moment, the Venezuelan and the Cuban, one involving aggressions on our rights—on rights which we believe with great unanimity concern deeply the peace and safety of the United States—while the other involves a case of humanity, as I consider it. I have formed the opinions which I have expressed on these questions by a very careful study of all the facts and circumstances for considerably more than a year.

But I did not rest there; I have looked also to see what the traditions and the history of Massachusetts had to say to me where questions involving the rights of my country, and others as I believed involving the interests of humanity right here at our threshold, were at stake.

The first public man I ever saw, when I was a mere child in my father's house, was Charles Sumner. The first voice I ever heard speak on public affairs was his, and he was pleading the rights of humanity. Even a child could understand that. He bore stripes for what he believed, and you

could not turn him from his great struggle for the black man by telling him that the negro could not make as good a government as the Anglo-Saxon.

Go back a little farther. There is Daniel Webster, Secretary of State, declaring to the Austrian representative that every people struggling for freedom had the sympathy of the people of the United States! They sent for Kossuth and brought him out here in a man-of-war. We are told to-day that we are too rough in our utterances about Spain. But it was Daniel Webster who said in his letter to Hülsemann: "The great Republic controls an area beside which the possessions of the House of Hapsburg are but a patch on the earth's surface." It was the same Daniel Webster who stood in the Congress thirty years before and pleaded the cause of the Greeks battling for their liberties, while he denounced Turkey in those rolling sentences of which he alone was master.

Go back a little farther. A British ship had taken some of our seamen out of an American ship, and the President had asked for measures to resist the outrage. John Quincy Adams was one of the Senators from Massachusetts. The President was not of his party; I am sure that the President's policy was not of his choosing. He did not like it, but he stood up in his place in the Senate and said that, in the presence of a controversy with a foreign government, when "The President has recommended this measure on his high responsibility, I would not deliberate—I would act!"

That was the voice of Massachusetts then. Those are the lessons I read in the lives of three of my great predecessors.

Let us go a little farther and see what more we can learn in Massachusetts history about the duties of her sons when the rights of the country and the rights of humanity are at stake. Go out with me into the streets of Boston; go down to Faneuil Hall—it is a historic spot. Stop there in front of the picture which hangs on those walls of the second Massachusetts President. To those silent lips put the ques-

tion: "Do you think we should sustain the Monroe doctrine?" Ask it of John Quincy Adams. What do you think would be his reply? He formulated it.

Go out again; walk up into Dock Square. What is the statue you see there? It is that of Sam Adams. Close by is the place where the first blood flowed in the Revolution. Hard by is the chamber where, in the gathering twilight, he faced the crown officers and said to them: "You must remove both regiments. If you can remove one you can remove both—both regiments or none." He looks forth over the harbor where the tea fell. Stop in front of that statue and put to it the question: "When the rights of your country are at stake, shall you resist or shall you yield?" If you could touch those bronze lips with the fire of speech what do you think they would say? They never said "Yield" in their life!

We are all agreed about Sam Adams to-day. Do you think he didn't have his critics? Eleven hundred of them sailed out to Halifax with Lord Howe. As they sailed out of the harbor George Washington rode in at the other end of the town, and we have put up a statue to him also. It is down there in the Public Garden—the statue of the man who broke the empire of England and laid the foundations of a mightier empire here.

Close by is the statue of Charles Sumner, and the battle of his life was for human rights. A little farther away is the statue of William Lloyd Garrison. He was mobbed in the streets of Boston! Mobbed, and for what? For pleading the rights of humanity, even if the skin that covered the humanity was black. There sits his statue in Commonwealth Avenue. I do not see the effigies of the men who mobbed him.

Go up the hill; take one more look. There is an unfinished monument in front of the State House, opposite the steps where John A. Andrew sent the soldiers off to the war. There is an unfinished monument! Turn now to your



Harvard biographies, read there the letters of the first Colonel of the first Massachusetts black regiment, and they will tell you of the prejudice, of the obloquy, of all he had to encounter while he was raising that regiment. It was not because he was fighting for the Union; it was because, in addition to fighting for the Union, he was trying to help a race to freedom by proving to all mankind that they deserved their freedom because they could fight for it. That is what he was meeting obloquy, reproach, and prejudice for, and he went off with his black troops, and he fell there at Fort Wagner; and slavery, in its ferociousness, even on its death-bed, cried out: "Bury him with his niggers"—one of the noblest epitaphs ever uttered over man. And now Boston is raising a statue to his memory, and there, carved by the chisel of the greatest of living sculptors, Robert Shaw and his black soldiers will ride together, forever ride!

Those are the memories, those are the traditions, such is the inspiration, and such the lesson that I find in Massachusetts history.

I leave the history; I will come to to-day. I will come to you, voices of the present. I will come to you—to you who followed the gleaming flag of the Republic through four years of civil war and brought back the white flag of Massachusetts, all the whiter because it was torn with shot and black with smoke.

I turn to you, the brothers and the sons of those men; to you, heirs of the great Republican heritage of union and freedom; to you, within the borders of whose Commonwealth lie guarded Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill; to you, children of the Pilgrim and the Puritan; to you, citizens of the great Republic! To you I come and ask the same counsel that I asked from the history of the old State, and your answer, I know, will be the same.

## GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

By EDWIN OLIVER WOLCOTT, Lawyer; Senator from Colorado, 1889—. Born in Longmeadow, Mass., 1848.

From a speech delivered in the Senate, January 22, 1886; the Senate having under consideration a resolution relative to the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine. See *Congressional Record*, Jan. 22, 1896.

Mr. President, if the Senate is not responsible for the original differences which have arisen between Great Britain and this country relative to the Venezuelan boundary, it must be admitted that we have done much toward keeping the question active and the differences acute. For instance, the other day, after all the Venezuelan dispatches had been published to the world, a resolution was introduced having reference to the abortive revolution in the Transvaal.

I know but little of the Transvaal Republic, but I am advised that a large percentage of its white citizens are English-speaking people, and are denied representation, while paying their full quota of taxation; and that situation is one which ordinarily demands and receives American sympathy for people so deprived of what we cherish as an unalienable right. But whatever the cause of the uprising, or the merits of the dispute, Mr. President, my attention at that crisis was diverted to another channel. France is a sister republic, and although most of her colonies, commended in the resolution of the Senator from Alabama, have fewer rights than Cuba, she is yet entitled to our consideration and sympathy because of her form of government. Germany has furnished us hundreds of thousands of worthy citizens, who are a credit to the Republic. Russia was our friendly ally in the late war. And yet, Mr. President, when I read that all these powerful governments — France, Germany, and Russia — had allied themselves together against Great Britain, and that the people of those little islands, "compassed by the inviolate sea," in defense of what they deemed their rights, were marshaling their armies

and assembling their navies, ready, undaunted, to face a world in arms, unyielding and unafraid, I thanked God I was of the race! There is no drop of blood in me, Mr. President, that is not of English origin, and I have no ancestor on either side since 1650 who was not born on the soil of New England; but my heart beats faster when I recall the glorious deeds of Clive, and Lawrence, and Napier, and Wellington—of Drake and Hawkins who fought the Spaniard and swept the Spanish Main, and of the incomparable Nelson; and my pulse quickens when I realize that the splendor of their achievements is part of our glorious heritage, and that the language of Burke and of Chatham is our mother tongue!

Mr. President, we will protect our country and our country's interests with our lives, but we wage no wars of conquest or of hate. This Republic stands facing the dawn, secure in its liberties, conscious of its high destiny. Wherever in all the world the hand of the oppressed or the down-trodden is reached out to us, we meet it in friendly clasp. In the Old World, where unspeakable crimes even now darken the skies; in the Orient, where old dynasties have been crumbling for a thousand years and still hang together strong in accumulation of infamies; in South America, where as yet the forms of free institutions hold only the spirit of cruelty and oppression; everywhere upon the earth it is our mission to ameliorate, to civilize, to Christianize, to loosen the bonds of captivity, and to point the souls of men to nobler heights.

Whatever of advancement and of progress the centuries shall bring us, must largely come through the spread of the religion of Christ and the dominance of the English-speaking peoples; and wherever you find both, you find communities where freedom exists and law is obeyed. Blood is thicker than water, and until some just quarrel divides us—which Heaven forbid!—may these two great nations of the same speech and lineage and traditions stand as brothers shoulder

to shoulder, in the interest of humanity, by their union compelling peace and awaiting the coming of the day when "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

## MR. TRAVERS'S FIRST HUNT

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Journalist, Author. Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1864.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Van Bibber and Others," by Richard Harding Davis. Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Young Travers, who had been engaged to a girl down on Long Island for the last six months, only met her father and brother a few weeks before the day set for the wedding. . . .

Old Mr. Paddock, the father of the girl to whom Travers was engaged, had often said that when a young man asked him for his daughter's hand he should ask him in return, not if he had lived straight, but if he could ride straight. And on his answering this question in the affirmative depended his gaining her parent's consent.

Travers had met Miss Paddock and her mother in Europe while the men of the family were at home. He was invited to their place in the fall when the hunting season opened, and spent the evening very pleasantly and satisfactorily with his *fiancée* in a corner of the drawing-room.

But as soon as the women had gone, young Paddock joined him and said: "You ride, of course?" Travers had never ridden; but he had been prompted how to answer by Miss Paddock, and so he said there was nothing he liked better. As he expressed it, he would rather ride than sleep.

"That's good," said Paddock. "I'll give you a mount on Satan to-morrow morning at the meet. He's a bit nasty at the start of the season; and ever since he killed Wallis, the second groom, last year, none of us care much to ride him. But you can manage him, no doubt. He'll just carry your weight."

Mr. Travers dreamed that night of taking large, desperate leaps into space on a wild horse that snorted forth flames, and that rose at solid stone walls as though they were hay-ricks.

He was tempted to say he was ill in the morning, but reflecting that he should have to do it sooner or later, and that if he *did* break his neck it would be in a good cause, he thought he had better do his best.

He came down looking very miserable indeed. Satan had been taken to the place where they were to meet, and Travers on his arrival there had a sense of sickening fear when he saw him dragging three grooms off their feet.

Travers decided that he would stay with his feet on solid ground just as long as he could, and when the hounds were thrown off and the rest started at a gallop he waited, under the pretense of adjusting his gaiters, until they were all well away. Then he clenched his teeth, crammed his hat down over his ears, and scrambled up on to the saddle. His feet fell by accident into the stirrups, and the next instant he was off after the others, with an indistinct feeling that he was on a locomotive that was jumping the ties. Satan was in among and had passed the other horses in less than five minutes, and was so close on the hounds that the whippers-in gave a cry of warning. But Travers could as soon have pulled a boat back from going over the Niagara Falls as Satan, and it was only because the hounds were well ahead that saved them from having Satan ride them down.

Travers had taken hold of the saddle with his left hand to keep himself down, and sawed and swayed on the reins with his right. He shut his eyes whenever Satan jumped, and never knew how he happened to stick on; but he did stick on, and was so far ahead that no one could see in the misty morning just how badly he rode. As it was, for daring and speed he led the field, and not even young Paddock was near him from the start.

There was a broad stream in front of him and a hill just

on the other side. No one had ever tried to take this at a jump. It was considered more of a swim than anything else, and the hunters always crossed it by a bridge towards the left. Travers saw the bridge and tried to jerk Satan's head in that direction; but Satan kept right on as straight as an express train over the prairie. Fences and trees and furrows passed by and under Travers like a panorama run by electricity, and he only breathed by accident. They went on at the stream and the hill beyond as though they were riding at a stretch of turf, and, though the whole field sent up a shout of warning and dismay, Travers could only gasp and shut his eyes. He remembered the fate of the second groom and shivered. Then the horse rose like a rocket, lifting Travers so high in the air that he thought Satan would never come down again; but he *did* come down, with his feet bunched, on the opposite side of the stream. The next instant he was up and over the hill, and had stopped panting in the very centre of the pack that were snarling and snapping around the fox.

And then Travers showed that he was a thoroughbred, even though he could not ride, for he hastily fumbled for his cigar-case, and when the rest of the field came pounding up over the bridge and around the hill, they saw him seated nonchalantly on his saddle, puffing critically at a cigar and giving Satan patronizing pats on the head.

"My dear girl," said old Mr. Paddock to his daughter as they rode back, "if you love that young man of yours and want to keep him, make him promise to give up riding. A more reckless and brilliant horseman I have never seen. He took that double leap at the gate and that stream like a centaur. But he will break his neck sooner or later, and he ought to be stopped."

Young Paddock was so delighted with his prospective brother-in-law's great riding that that night in the smoking-room he made him a present of Satan before all the men.

"No," said Travers gloomily, "I can't take him. Your

sister has asked me to give up what is dearer to me than anything next to herself, and that is my riding. You see, she's absurdly anxious for my safety, and I have given my word."

A chorus of sympathetic remonstrances rose from the men.

"Yes, I know," said Travers, "it is rough, but it just shows what sacrifices a man will make for the woman he loves."

### OUR DUTY TO THE PHILIPPINES

By WILLIAM McKINLEY, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress from Ohio, 1876-90; Governor of Ohio, 1891-95; President of the United States, 1897—. Born in Niles, Ohio, 1843.

From an address delivered at a dinner of the Home Market Club in Boston, Mass., February 16, 1899. See Boston daily papers, Feb. 17, 1899; also *Congressional Record*, Feb. 24, 1899.

I do not know why in the year 1899 this Republic has unexpectedly had placed before it mighty problems which it must face and meet. They have come and are here, and they could not be kept away. . . . [We have fought a war with Spain.]

The Philippines, like Cuba and Porto Rico, were intrusted to our hands by the war, and to that great trust, under the providence of God and in the name of human progress and civilization, we are committed. It is a trust we have not sought; it is a trust from which we will not flinch. The American people will hold up the hands of their servants at home to whom they commit its execution, while Dewey and Otis and the brave men whom they command will have the support of the country in upholding our flag where it now floats, the symbol and assurance of liberty and justice. . . .

There is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that. Even if unwilling to accept them ourselves, it would have been a weak evasion of manly duty to require Spain to



transfer them to some other power or powers, and thus shirk our own responsibility. Even if we had had, as we did not have, the power to compel such a transfer, it could not have been made without the most serious international complications. Such a course could not be thought of. And yet had we refused to accept the cession of them, we should have had no power over them even for their own good.

We could not discharge the responsibilities upon us until these islands became ours, either by conquest or treaty. There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations; or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered.

The treaty gave them to the United States. Could we have required less and done our duty? Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without government and without power to protect life or property or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent state? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own consciences or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God or man?

The future of the Philippine Islands is now in the hands of the American people. Until the treaty was ratified or rejected the executive department of this government could only preserve the peace and protect life and property. That treaty now commits the free and enfranchised Filipinos to the guiding hand and the liberalizing influences, the generous sympathies, the uplifting education, not of their American masters, but of their American emancipators. . . .

Until Congress shall direct otherwise, it will be the duty of the executive to possess and hold the Philippines, giving to the people thereof peace and order and beneficent government, affording them every opportunity to prosecute their

lawful pursuits, encouraging them in thrift and industry, making them feel and know that we are their friends, not their enemies, that their good is our aim, that their welfare is our welfare, but that neither their aspirations nor ours can be realized until our authority is acknowledged and unquestioned.

That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this Republic is my unshaken belief. That they will have a kindlier government under our guidance, and that they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own government and in their own institutions.

No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag. They are wrought in every one of its sacred folds, and are indistinguishable as its shining stars.

“Why read ye not the changeless truth,  
The free can conquer but to save?”

If we can benefit these remote peoples, who will object? If in the years of the future they are established in government under law and liberty, who will regret our perils and sacrifices? Who will not rejoice in our heroism and humanity? Always perils, and always after them safety; always darkness and clouds, but always shining through them the light and the sunshine; always cost and sacrifice, but always after them the fruition of liberty, education, and civilization.

I have no light or knowledge not common to my countrymen. I do not prophesy. The present is all-absorbing to me, but I cannot bound my vision by the blood-stained trenches around Manila, where every red drop, whether from the veins of an American soldier or a misguided Filipino, is

anguish to my heart; but by the broad range of future years, when that group of islands, under the impulse of the year just past, shall have become the gems and glories of those tropical seas; a land of plenty and of increasing possibilities; a people redeemed from savage indolence and habits, devoted to the arts of peace, in touch with the commerce and trade of all nations, enjoying the blessings of freedom, of civil and religious liberty, of education and of homes, and whose children and children's children shall for ages hence bless the American Republic because it emancipated and redeemed their fatherland and set them in the pathway of the world's best civilization.

### THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE

By BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TAYLOR, Journalist, Author, Poet. Born at Lowville, N. Y., 1819; died at Cleveland, Ohio, 1887.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain," copyright, 1871, by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Imagine a chain of Federal forts, built in between with walls of living men, the line flung northward out of sight and southward beyond Lookout. Imagine a chain of mountains crowned with batteries and manned with hostile troops through a six-mile sweep, set over against us in plain sight, and you have the two fronts,—the blue, the gray. Imagine the center of our line pushed out a mile and a half towards Mission Ridge, and you have the situation as it was on the morning before Thanksgiving. And what a work was to be done! One and a half miles to traverse, with narrow fringes of woods, rough valleys, sweeps of open fields, rocky acclivities, to the base of the Ridge, and no foot in all the breadth withdrawn from rebel sight. The base attained, what then? A hill struggling up out of the valley four hundred feet, rained on by bullets, swept by shot and shell; another line of works, and then, up like a Gothic roof, rough with rocks, a wreck with fallen trees, four

hundred more; another ring of fire and iron, and then the crest, and then the enemy.

To dream of such a journey would be madness; to devise it, a thing incredible; to do it, a deed impossible. But Grant was guilty of them all, and was equal to the work.

The bugle swung idly at the bugler's side. The warbling fife and rumbling drum were unheard. There was to be louder talk. Six guns at intervals of two seconds, the signal to advance. Strong and steady a voice rang out: "Number one, fire! Number two, fire! Number three, fire!" It seemed to me the tolling of the clock of destiny. And when at "Number six, fire!" the roar throbbed out with a flash, you should have seen the dead-line that had been lying behind the works all day, all night, all day again, come to resurrection in the twinkling of an eye, leap like a blade from its scabbard, and sweep with a two-mile stroke toward the Ridge. From divisions to brigades, from brigades to regiments, the order ran. A minute, and the skirmishers deploy. A minute, and the first great drops begin to patter along the line. A minute, and the musketry is in full play, like the crackling whips of a hemlock fire. Men go down here and there before your eyes.

But I may tell you they did not storm that mountain as you would think. They dash out a little way, and then slacken; they creep up, hand over hand, loading and firing, and wavering and halting, from the first line of works toward the second; they burst into a charge with a cheer and go over it. Sheets of flame baptize them; plunging shot tear away comrades on left and right. It is no longer shoulder to shoulder; it is God for us all. Ten—fifteen—twenty minutes go by like a reluctant century. The batteries roll like a drum. The hill sways up like a wall before them at an angle of forty-five degrees; but our brave mountaineers are clambering steadily on—up—upward still! And what do these men follow? Your heart gives a great bound when you think what it is,—the regimental flag, and, glancing

along the front, count fifteen of those colors that were borne at Pea Ridge, waved at Shiloh, glorified at Stone River, riddled at Chickamauga. Three times the flag of the 27th Illinois goes down. And you know why. Three dead color sergeants lie just there; but the flag is immortal—thank God!—and up it comes again, and the men in a row of inverted V's move on.

I give a look at the sun behind me; it is not more than a hand-breadth from the edge of the mountain. Oh, for the voice that could bid that sun stand still! I turn to the battle again. Those three flags have taken flight. They are upward bound! The race of the flags is growing every moment more terrible. The iron sledge beats on. Hearts, loyal and brave, are on the anvil all the way from base to summit of Mission Ridge, but those dreadful hammers never intermit. Things are growing desperate up aloft; the enemy tumble rocks upon the rising line; they light the fuses and roll shells down the steep; they load the guns with handfuls of cartridges in their haste; and, as if there were powder in the word, they shout "Chickamauga!" down upon the mountaineers.

But all would not do, and just as the sun, weary of the scene, was sinking out of sight, with magnificent bursts all along the line, exactly as you have seen the crested seas leap up at the breakwater, the advance surged over the crest, and in a minute those flags fluttered along the fringe where fifty guns were kenneled. The scene on that narrow plateau can never be painted. As the bluecoats surged over its edge, cheer on cheer rang like bells through the valley of the Chickamauga. Men flung themselves exhausted upon the ground. They laughed and wept, shook hands, embraced, turned round, and did all four over again. It was wild as a carnival. The general was received with a shout. "Soldiers," he said, "you ought to be court-martialed, every man of you. I ordered you to take the rifle-pits, and you scaled the mountain!"

## THE BIBLE

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, Preacher, Author; Pastor of Central Church, Chicago, 1894-99; of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, 1899-. Born in Magnolia, Ia., 1858.

From a sermon delivered in Chicago, April 11, 1897. See Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, April 12, 1897. By permission of the author.

The Bible is a handbook for right living. In all literature it is the one book that unveils the great scheme and schedule along which each man may lay out the lines of his life. It is a book that blazes forth against brutalism, but flames with light for him who seeks knowledge and integrity. Not once has it flattered the oppressor's hand, nor gilded with hope the future of him who loved selfishness and sin. No youth who riots through life, draining away the nerve forces that make for happiness, can, when the hour of weakness and disaster takes him, complain that he was not warned. And there is no hero who has stood for patriotism and liberty, and won immortal renown, who can fail to recognize his indebtedness to this book that taught him self-sacrifice and sweetness and law.

This is the one book also that has stood for the home and commanded parents to rise up early and sit up late to teach their children the laws of industry and thrift and obedience. And having been the book for workingmen, the book for slaves, the book for the oppressed and the defeated, the book of hope, the book that in a midnight hour has lifted a star into the sky, this book finally became for man the book of mercy and redeeming love. Having rolled the thunder of its penalties along the horizon of time, at last it sent forth a voice to every wrongdoer urging him to forsake his iniquity and to love integrity. It unveiled the divine form of Jesus Christ, who exhibited God as a God of love. . . .

Never before has the Bible been so vigorously assailed. Every instrument that wit and learning can devise or invent has been turned against this book. For full thirty years the



Bible has been in such a fire of criticism as no other book has even known. The result is that in Germany, England, Scotland, and among the educated classes in America the Bible has a standing and influence that it never before possessed. No other book has been so refurbished as this book. As the old canvas in Milan, when cleansed of grime and the smoke of centuries, revealed the faces of angels and seraphs, so criticism is cleansing from the Bible the grime of the Middle Ages. . . . For the higher criticism has helped the Bible, not hurt it. A few timid teachers have tried to protect Christianity, thinking it was a young and tender thing that would perish unless each year the counsel or assembly wrapped a red flannel around the truth to keep the truth from taking cold. But men cannot defend the truth, though the truth can defend men. History tells us of a fire that ran over the hills of Greece. While the flames burned through the vineyards each peasant wrung his hands and wept bitterly. Afterward when the people went into their blackened fields they found that the flames that had destroyed their vines had melted the silver, hitherto unsuspected, and made it flow from the fissures in the rocks. Thus the fires of criticism kindled upon the Bible have left us richer than they found us. If they have burned up the old traditions, they have given us new truths.

Never before has the Bible been so truly a God-inspired book. Never before have scientists and scholars felt the full fascination of its glorious pages. Young men need this book once bedewed by the sweet mother's tears. Young women and maidens need this book that lent the revered father his manhood and strength. Poverty needs this book, childhood needs this book, liberty and learning need this sacred volume. When its truths fail eloquence will lose its dignity, the library will lose its glory, civilization will lose its power. Not until the last wrong has been righted, the last wound healed, the last tear wiped away, will this book have accomplished its mission. For it is the book of hope,



the book of comfort, the book of conduct and character, the book of time, the book of eternity, and, therefore, it is the book of God.

### A PLEA FOR CUBA

By JOHN MELLEN THURSTON, Lawyer; Senator from Nebraska, 1895—. Born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

From a speech made in the Senate, March 24, 1898. See *Congressional Record*, March 24, 1898.

Mr. President, I am here by command of silent lips to speak once and for all upon the Cuban situation. I trust that no one has expected anything sensational from me. God forbid that the bitterness of a personal loss should induce me to color in the slightest degree the statement that I feel it my duty to make. I shall endeavor to be honest, conservative, and just. I have no purpose to stir the public passion to any action not necessary and imperative to meet the duties and necessities of American responsibility, Christian humanity, and national honor. I would shirk this task if I could, but I dare not. I cannot satisfy my conscience except by speaking, and speaking now. . . .

Under the inhuman policy of Weyler not less than 400,000 self-supporting, simple, peaceable, defenseless country people were driven from their homes in the agricultural portions of the Spanish provinces to the cities, and imprisoned upon the barren waste outside the residence portions of these cities and within the lines of intrenchment established a little way beyond. Their humble homes were burned, their fields laid waste, their implements of husbandry destroyed, their live stock and food supplies for the most part confiscated. Most of these people were old men, women, and children. They were thus placed in hopeless imprisonment, without shelter or food. There was no work for them in the cities to which they were driven. They were left there with nothing to depend upon except the scanty charity of the inhabit-

ants of the cities and with slow starvation their inevitable fate. . . .

The pictures in the American newspapers of the starving reconcentrados are true. They can all be duplicated by the thousands. I never before saw, and please God I may never again see, so deplorable a sight as the reconcentrados in the suburbs of Matanzas. I can never forget to my dying day the hopeless anguish in their despairing eyes. Huddled about their little bark huts, they raised no voice of appeal to us for alms as we went among them. . . .

Men, women, and children stand silent, famishing with hunger. Their only appeal comes from their sad eyes, through which one looks as through an open window into their agonizing souls.

The Government of Spain has not appropriated and will not appropriate one dollar to save these people. They are now being attended and nursed and administered to by the charity of the United States. Think of the spectacle! We are feeding these citizens of Spain; we are nursing their sick; we are saving such as can be saved, and yet there are those who still say it is right for us to send food, but we must keep hands off. I say that the time has come when muskets ought to go with the food. . . .

I shall refer to these horrible things no further. They are there. God pity me; I have seen them; they will remain in my mind forever—and this is almost the twentieth century. Christ died nineteen hundred years ago, and Spain is a Christian nation. She has set up more crosses in more lands, beneath more skies, and under them has butchered more people than all the other nations of the earth combined.

Europe may tolerate her existence as long as the people of the Old World wish. God grant that before another Christmas morning the last vestige of Spanish tyranny and oppression will have vanished from the Western Hemisphere. . . .

The time for action has, then, come. No greater reason

for it can exist to-morrow than exists to-day. Every hour's delay only adds another chapter to the awful story of misery and death. Only one power can intervene—the United States of America. Ours is the one great nation of the New World, the mother of American republics. She holds a position of trust and responsibility toward the peoples and the affairs of the whole Western Hemisphere.

It was her glorious example which inspired the patriots of Cuba to raise the flag of liberty in her eternal hills. We cannot refuse to accept this responsibility which the God of the universe has placed upon us as the one great power in the New World. We must act! What shall our action be? . . .

Mr. President, there is only one action possible, if any is taken; that is, intervention for the independence of the island. But we cannot intervene and save Cuba without the exercise of force, and force means war; war means blood. The lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee preached the divine doctrine of love, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." Not peace on earth at the expense of liberty and humanity. Not good will toward men who despoil, enslave, degrade, and starve to death their fellow men. I believe in the doctrine of Christ. I believe in the doctrine of peace; but, Mr. President, men must have liberty before there can come abiding peace.

Intervention means force. Force means war. War means blood. But it will be God's force. When has a battle for humanity and liberty ever been won except by force? What barricade of wrong, injustice, and oppression has ever been carried except by force?

Force compelled the signature of unwilling royalty to the great Magna Charta; force put life into the Declaration of Independence and made effective the Emancipation Proclamation; force beat with naked hands upon the iron gateway of the Bastille and made reprisal in one awful hour for centuries of kingly crime; force waved the flag of revolution

over Bunker Hill and marked the snows of Valley Forge with blood-stained feet; force held the broken line at Shiloh, climbed the flame-swept hill at Chattanooga, and stormed the clouds on Lookout heights; force marched with Sherman to the sea, rode with Sheridan in the valley of the Shenandoah, and gave Grant victory at Appomattox; force saved the Union, kept the stars in the flag, made "niggers" men. The time for God's force has come again. Let the impassioned lips of American patriots once more take up the song:

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigured you and me,  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
For God is marching on.

Others may hesitate, others may procrastinate, others may plead for further diplomatic negotiation, which means delay; but for me, I am ready to act now, and for my action I am ready to answer to my conscience, my country, and my God.

## THE HEART OF OLD HICKORY

(Adapted)

BY WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE, Teacher, Author. Born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., 1860.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Heart of Old Hickory and Other Stories," copyright, 1895, by Dana Estes & Company, Boston.

There was an air of desolation about the grim old State House, as, one by one, the last loitering feet came down the damp corridors. The Governor heard the steps and the rustle of a woman's skirt. He never felt quite alone in the empty State House until those steps had passed by. This evening, however, they stopped, and the librarian entered the executive office.

"I only stopped to say a word for the little hunchback's mother," she said. "She is not a bad woman, and her provocation was great."

He remembered the words long after the librarian had gone; and sighing, he again took up the long roll of paper lying upon his desk.

"Inasmuch as she was sorely wronged, beaten, tortured—" Oh, that was an old story; yet it read well, too, that old, old petition with that old, old plea—*charity*. It was a hard thing,—to hold life in his hand and refuse it. Those old threadbare stories had well-nigh wrought his political ruin. The papers had sneeringly nicknamed him "Tenderheart," and compared him, with a sneer, to that old sterling hero, Andrew Jackson, whose statue loomed like a bronze giant in the gathering twilight.

"Papers! Papers! Wanter paper, mister?"

A thin little face peered in at the door, a face so old, so strangely unchildlike, he wondered if it were not the face of a man fastened upon the misshapen body of a child.

"Yes, I want a *Banner*."

The boy had bounded forward at the welcome "Yes," but stopped at the remainder of the sentence, while an expression of regret and disgust crossed his little old-young face.

"Don't sell that sort, mister; none o' our club don't. It's—low-lived."

"What? You don't sell the *Evening Banner*, the only independent journal in the city?"

"That's about the size on't," he said as he edged himself, a veritable bundle of tatters, a trifle nearer the open grate.

"And so you refuse to sell the *Banner*. Why is that?"

"'Taint no good," was the reply. "'None o' us likes it. Yer see, cully, it sez mean things, lies, you know, about a friend o' mine."

"And so the *Banner* abuses your friend? And what does it say of him?"

"Aw, sher! it called him a *mugwump*, an' it said ez ther' wa'n't no backbone to him, an' ez he wuz only fitten to set

the pris'ners loose, an' to play the fiddle. An' it said a lot about a feller named Ole Poplar—"

"What!"

"Poplar? Ben't it poplar? Naw, cedar;—ash, hick'ry—that's it! Hick'ry. Ole Hick'ry. It said a lot about him; an' it made the boys orful mad, an' they won't sell the nasty paper."

"Who is your friend?"

"Aw, he aint *my* friend perzactly. He's Skinny's though, an' all the boys stan's up for Skinny."

"And who is Skinny?"

"Say, cully, wher' was you raised? Don't *you* know Skinny?"

The Executive shook his head. "Is he a newsboy?"

"He *wuz*—He wuz a newsboy—till yistiddy. We buried uv him yistiddy."

"And this man whom the *Banner* abuses was Skinny's friend."

"Yes. This here wuz Skinny's route. I took it yistiddy. Yer sec Skinny didn't have no mammy an' no folks, an' no meat onter his bones,—that's why we all named him Skinny. He wuz jest b-o-n-e-s. An' ther' wuz nobody ter tek keer uv him when he wuz sick, an' he jest up an' died."

"Tell me about this friend of Skinny's."

"The Gov'ner?"

"*Wuz* it the Governor?"

"Say, is ther' anybody else can pardon out convic's? Say, cully, does you know the Gov'ner?"

"Yes; but go on with your story. Tell me all about Skinny and—*his friend*."

"Me an' him wuz on the pris'n route, till—yistiddy. Least I wuz ther' till yistiddy. Skinny tuk this route last year. He begged it fur me when he—come ter quit, because I ben't ez strong ez—Solermun, you know. Wa'n't he the strong un? Solermun or Merthusler, I furgit which. But 'twuz when we wuz ter the pris'n route I larnt about

Skinny's friend, the Gov'nor, you know. First ther' wuz ole Jack Nasby up an' got parelized, an' wa'n't no 'count ter nobody, let 'lone the State. He suffered awful too, an' so'd his wife. An' one day Skinny said he wuz goin' ter write a pertition an' git all the 'fishuls ter sign it, an' git the Gov'nor ter pard'n ole Nasby out. They all signed it—one o' the convic's writ it, but they all tol' Skinny ez 'twuz no use, 'cause he wouldn't do it. An' one day, don't yer think when ole Nasby wuz layin' on the hospittul bunk with his dead side kivered over with a pris'n blankit, an' his wife a-cryin' becuse the ward'n war 'bleeged ter lock her out, the Gov'nor his se'f walked in. He wuz sorter lame his se'f yer know, got it in the war. An' what yer reckon he done? *Cried!* What yer think o' that, cully? *Cried;* an' then he called the man's wife back, an' pinted ter the half-dead convic', an' told her ter 'fetch him home.' Did! An' the nex' day if the *Banner* didn't tan him! Yer jest bet it did."

"But the best uv all wuz about Ole Bemis. Yer see, Bemis wuz a banker; a reg'lar rich un. An' the *Banner* said 'he orter to be hung, an' would be if the Guv'nor'd let him. But if he'd cry a little the Guv'nor'd set him on his feet agin, when the cotes wuz done with him.' But the cote said he mus' hang, hang, hang. An' *then* whatcher reckon? What do yer reckon, cully? The nex' day down come a little yaller-headed gal ter the jail a-kerryin' uv a *pard'n*. An' they said the little gal come up ter see the Gov'nor, an' he wouldn't see her at first. But she got in at last, an' begged an' begged fur the ole man 'bout ter hang.

"But the Gov'nor wouldn't lis'n, till all 't once she turned ter him an' sez she, 'Have *you* got a chile?' An' his eyes filt up in a minute, an' sez he, 'One, at Mount Olivet.' That's the graveyard, yer know. Then, he called his sec't'ry man. An' the man sez, 'Is it wise?' An' then the Gov'nor stood up gran' like, an' sez he, 'Hit's right; and that's enough.' Say, cully, whatcher think o' that? An' whatcher lookin' at out the winder?



"Say, cully, does the firelight hurt yer eyes, makes 'em water? They looks like the picture o' Skinny's man. Oh, but hit's a good picture. It's a man, layin' in bed. Sick or somethin', I reckon. An' his face has got a kind o' glory look. An' in one corner is a big, *big* patch o' light. An' plumb square in the middle uv it is an angl: a gal angl, I reckon, becace it's orful pretty. An' she has a book, a gold un; an' she's writin' down names in it. An' the man in the bed is watchin' uv her, an' tellin' uv her what ter do; for down ter the bottom ther's some gal'-writin'. Skinny figgered it out an' it said, '*Write me as one who loves his fellow men.*' Aint that scrumptious?"

"Say! yorter knowed Skinny. He wuz the nicest boy yevver *did* see. He knowed ever'-thing, he did. He wuz a plumb good un. I wish you could see Skinny's picture anyhow. He set a sight o' store by it, Skinny did. When he wuz a-dyin' he turned ter me, an' sez he, 'Skip, hang the Gov'ner so's I can see him.' An' when I done it, he sez, sorter smilin', sez he, 'Skip?' Sez I, 'Skinny.' Sez he—so soft yer *jest* could a-heerd it; sez he, 'Write me ez one who loves his fellow men.' An' that wuz the las' word he ever said on this earth."

There was a sound of heavy footsteps coming down the gray stone corridor—a creak, groan, and bang.

"What's that?" asked the newsboy, starting up.

"That is the porter, closing up for the night."

The tatters stood as near upright as tatters may. Not a paper sold; he remembered it too late.

"Say! yer wouldn't want a *Herald*?"

"Yes," said the Executive, "a *Herald* will do."

"Say! I can't change a dollar."

The Executive smiled. "Never mind the change," said he, "and be sure you bring me to-morrow's *Herald*."

"Say! who *be* you anyhow?"

"I am the Governor of Tennessee, Skippy."

There was a low soft whistle, a hurried shambling, and the ponderous door closed behind him.

The Governor arose and began to put away his papers. "Inasmuch as she was sorely wronged"—his eye fell upon a line of the woman-murderer's long petition. Was this a case for clemency? The crisp paper rattled strangely as he unrolled it, and fixed his own name, together with the great seal of the State. The critics might lash to-morrow; but *to-night*—he lifted his face to the starless sky and said: "Write me as one who loves his fellow men."

### THE FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from Lodge's "The War with Spain." Copyright, 1899, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The details [of the fight off Santiago], the number of shots, the ranges, the part taken by each ship, the positions of the fleet—all alike have begun to fade from recollection even now, and will grow still dimmer as the years recede. But out of the mist of events and the gathering darkness of passing time the great fact and the great deed stand forth for the American people and their children's children, as white and shining as the Santiago channel glaring under the search-lights through the Cuban night.

They remember, and will always remember, that hot summer morning, and the anxiety, only half whispered, which overspread the land. They see, and will always see, the American ships rolling lazily on the long seas, and the sailors just going to Sunday inspection. Then comes the long thin trail of smoke drawing nearer the harbor's mouth. The ships see it, and we can hear the cheers ring out, for the enemy is coming, and the American sailor rejoices mightily to know that the battle is set. There is no need

of signals, no need of orders. The patient, long-watching admiral has given direction for every chance that may befall. Every ship is in place; and they close in upon the advancing enemy, fiercely pouring shells from broadside and turret. There is the *Gloucester* firing her little shots at the great cruisers, and then driving down to grapple with the torpedo-boats. There are the Spanish ships, already mortally hurt, running along the shore, shattered and breaking under the fire of the *Indiana*, the *Iowa*, and the *Texas*; there is the *Brooklyn* racing by outside to head the fugitives, and the *Oregon* dealing death-strokes as she rushes forward, forging to the front, and leaving her mark everywhere she goes. It is a captain's fight, and they all fight as if they were one man with one ship. On they go, driving through the water, firing steadily and ever getting closer, and presently the Spanish cruisers, helpless, burning, twisted wrecks of iron, are piled along the shore, and we see the young officers and men of the victorious ships periling their lives to save their beaten enemies. We see Wainwright on the *Gloucester*, as eager in rescue as he was swift in fight to avenge the *Maine*. We hear Philip cry out: "Don't cheer. The poor devils are dying." We watch Evans as he hands back the sword to the wounded Eulate, and then writes in his report: "I cannot express my admiration for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag, they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down, they were as gentle and tender as American women." They all stand out to us, these gallant figures, from the silent admiral to the cheering seamen, with an intense human interest, fearless in fight, brave and merciful in the hour of victory.

## THE LARK

By CHARLES READE, Novelist, Playwright. Born at Ipsden, England, 1814; died in London, 1884.

From the novel "Never Too Late to Mend," published in 1860 by Ticknor and Fields, Boston.

[It was in Australia on a bright Sunday morning. On a grass-plot near a little house that was whitewashed and thatched as if built in England, thirty or forty rough miners had gathered to listen to the song of a lark.]

Like most singers, he kept them waiting a bit. But at last, just at noon, when the mistress of the house had warranted him to sing, the little feathered exile began as it were to tune his pipes. The savage men gathered round the cage that moment, and amidst a dead stillness the bird uttered some very uncertain chirps, but after a while he seemed to revive his memories, and call his ancient cadences back to him one by one.

And then the same sun that had warmed his little heart at home came glowing down on him here, and he gave music back for it more and more, till at last, amidst the breathless silence and the glistening eyes of the rough diggers hanging on his voice, out burst in that distant land his English song.

It swelled his little throat, and gushed from him with thrilling force and plenty; and every time he checked his song to think of its theme,—the green meadows, the quiet-stealing streams, the clover he first soared from, and the spring he loved so well,—a loud sigh from many a rough bosom, many a wild and wicked heart, told how tight the listeners had held their breath to hear him. And when he swelled with song again, and poured with all his soul the green meadows, the quiet brooks, the honey-clover, and the English spring, the rugged mouths opened and so stayed, and the shaggy lips trembled, and more than one tear trickled from fierce, unbridled hearts, down bronzed and rugged cheeks.

Sweet home!

And these shaggy men, full of oaths and strife and cupidity, had once been white-headed boys, and most of them had strolled about the English fields with little sisters and little brothers, and seen the lark rise and heard him sing this very song. The little playmates lay in the church-yard, and they were full of oaths and drink, and lusts and remorses, but no note was changed in this immortal song.

And so, for a moment or two, years of vice rolled away like a dark cloud from their memory, and the past shone out in the song-shine; they came back bright as the immortal notes that lighted them,—those faded pictures and those fleeted days; the cottage, the old mother's tears when he left her without one grain of sorrow; the village church and its simple chimes; the clover-field hard by, in which he lay and gamboled while the lark praised God overhead; the chubby playmates; the sweet, sweet hours of youth, and innocence, and home.

## MAINE AT GETTYSBURG

By JOSHUA LAWRENCE CHAMBERLAIN, Soldier, Educator, Author, Statesman; Lieutenant-Colonel 20th Maine Volunteers, 1862; Brevetted Major-General, 1865; Governor of Maine, 1867-70; President of Bowdoin College, 1871-83. Born in Brewer, Maine, 1828.

From an address delivered at the dedication of the Maine Monuments on the Battlefield of Gettysburg, October 3, 1889.

The State of Maine stands here to-day for the first time in her own name. In other days she was here indeed—here in power, here in majesty, here in glory. But to-day she stands here, in a service of mingled recognitions; bending sorrowfully above the dust to which have returned again the priceless jewels offered from her bosom; and stretching out her hand, of justice and of grace, to raise along these silent lines of battle, monuments eloquent of her costly devotion and of the great reward.

To-day we stand on an awful arena, where character which

was the growth of centuries was tested and determined by the issues of a single day. We are compassed about by a cloud of witnesses; not alone the shadowy ranks of those who wrestled here, but the greater parties of the action—they for whom these things were done,—the State, the Union, and the People. And these are One. Let us—from the arena—contemplate them, the spiritual spectators.

There is an aspect in which the question at issue might seem to be of forms, and not of substance. It was, on its face, a question of government, whether the mere will or whim of any member of our political system might destroy the body and dissolve the soul of the Great People. This was the political question submitted to the arbitrament of arms. But the victory was of great politics over small. It was the right reason, the moral consciousness, and solemn resolve of the people rectifying its wavering exterior lines according to the life-lines of its organic being.

There is a phrase abroad which obscures the legal and the moral questions involved in the issue,—indeed which distorts and falsifies history: “The war between the States.” Underneath this phrase lies the false assumption that our Union is but a compact of States. But this was not our theory nor our justification. The flag we bore into the field was not that of particular States, no matter how many nor how loyal, arrayed against other States. It was the flag of the Union, the flag of the people, vindicating the right and charged with the duty of preventing any factions, no matter how many or under what pretense, from breaking up this common Country.

No one of us would disregard the manly qualities and earnest motives among those who permitted themselves to strike at the consecrated life of the Union. But the best of virtues may be enlisted in the worst of causes. There are times when it is more natural to act than to reason, and easier to fight than to be right. But the men who followed that signal made a terrible mistake. They did not under-

stand this rich composite nature of the great people, born of eternal energies of freedom; incorporate under the guaranties of highest law; dedicated to immortal life in the great covenants of mutual human faith.

We fought against no State, but for its deliverance. We fought the enemies of our common country, to overthrow the engines and symbols of its destruction wherever found upon its soil. We fought no better, perhaps, than they. We exhibited, perhaps, no higher individual qualities. But the cause for which we fought was higher. That thought was our power. We took rank by its height, and not of our individual selves.

It is something great and greatening to cherish an ideal; to act in the light of a truth that is far away and far above; to act for remoter ends than self, for higher good and for interests other than our own. To work out all the worth of manhood; to gain free range and play for all specific differences; to find a theater and occasion for exercise of the highest virtues, we need the widest organization of the human forces consistent with the laws of cohesion and self-direction.

A great and free country is not merely defense and protection. For every earnest spirit, it is opportunity and inspiration. And the best of each being given to all, the best of all returns to each.

The thought goes deeper. The inspiration of a noble cause involving human interests wide and far, enables men to do things they did not dream themselves capable of before and which they were not capable of alone. This consciousness of belonging, vitally, to something beyond individuality; of being part of the personality that reaches we know not where in space and in time, greatens the heart to the limit of the soul's ideal and builds out the supreme of character.

It was something like this, I think, which marked our motive. We rose in soul above the things which even the Declaration of Independence pronounces the inalienable



rights of human nature. Happiness, liberty, life we laid on the altar of offering, or committed to the furies of destruction, while our minds were lifted up to a great thought and our hearts swelled to its measure. We were beckoned on by the vision of destiny; we saw our Country moving forward charged with the sacred trusts of man. We believed in its glorious career; the power of high aims and of strong purpose; the onward, upward path of history, to God. This is the spirit in which, having set on high the old flag telling of one life and one body, one freedom and one law, over all the people and all the land between the four great waters, we now come, as it were, home; we look into each other's eyes; we speak in softer tones; we gather under the atmosphere of the sacred thoughts and memories,—like the high, pure air that shines down upon us to-day, flooding these fields where cloud and flash and thunder-roll of battle enshrouded us and them in that great three-days' burial,—to celebrate this resurrection; to rear on these far-away fields memorials of familiar names, and to honor the State whose honor it was to rear such manhood and keep such faith that she might have part in such far-away things.

She stood on these hills and slopes a generation ago, of the foremost of the people's defenders. Whether on the first, the second, or the third day's battle; whether on the right caught and cut to pieces by the great shears-blades of two suddenly enclosing hostile columns; on the left, rolled back by a cyclone of unappeasable assault; or on the center, dashed upon in an agony of desperation, terrible, sublime; wherever there was a front, the guns of Maine thundered and her colors stood. And when the long, dense, surging fight was over, and the men who made and marked the line of honor were buried where they fell, the name of Maine ran along these crests and banks, a blazonry of ennobled blood.

Now you have gathered these bodies here. You station them here on the ground they held,—part of the earth they glorified, part also of the glory that is to be. Ever hence-

forth under the rolling suns, when the hills are touched to splendor with the morning light, or smile a farewell to the lingering day, the flush that broods upon them shall be rich with a strange and crimson tone,—not of the earth, nor yet of the sky, but mediator and hostage between the two.

Reverent men and women from afar, and generations that know us not and that we know not of, heart-drawn to see where and by whom great things were suffered and done for them, shall come to this deathless field, to ponder and dream; and, lo! the shadow of a mighty presence shall wrap them in its bosom, and the power of the vision pass into their souls.

This is the great reward of service. To live far out and on in the life of others; this is the mystery of the Christ,—to give life's best for such high sake that it shall be found again unto life eternal.

### BANTY TIM

By JOHN HAY, Author, Poet, Lawyer, Diplomat; Ambassador to Eng. and, 1897-98; Secretary of State, 1898. Born in Salem, Ind., 1838.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Poems by John Hay," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

I reckon I git your drift, gents,—  
 You 'low the boy sha'n't stay;  
 This is a white man's country;  
 You're Dimocrats, you say;  
 And whereas, and seein', and wherefore,  
 The times bein' all out of j'int,  
 The nigger has got to mosey  
 From the limits o' Spunky P'int!

Le's reason the thing a minute:  
 I'm an old-fashioned Dimocrat too,  
 Though I laid my politics out o' the way  
 For to keep till the war was through.

But I come back here, allowin'  
To vote as I used to do,  
Though it gravels me like the devil to train  
Along o' sich fools as you.

Now dog my cats ef I kin see,  
In all the light of the day,  
What you've got to do with the question  
Ef 'Tim shill go or stay.  
And funder than that I give notice,  
Ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He kin check his trunks to a warmer clime  
Than he'll find in Illanoy.

Why, blame your hearts, jest hear me!  
You know that ungodly day  
When our left struck Vicksburg Heights, how ripped  
And torn and tattered we lay.  
When the rest retreated I stayed behind,  
Fur reasons sufficient to me,—  
With a rib caved in, and a leg on a strike,  
I sprawled on that cursed glacee.

Lord! how the hot sun went for us,  
And br'iled and blistered and burned!  
How the Rebel bullets whizzed round us  
When a cuss in his death-grip turned!  
Till along toward dusk I seen a thing  
I couldn't believe for a spell:  
That nigger—that 'Tim—was a crawlin' to me  
Through that fire-proof, gilt-edged hell!

The Rebels seen him as quick as me,  
And the bullets buzzed like bees;  
But he jumped for me, and shouldered me,  
Though a shot brought him once to his knees;

But he staggered up, and packed me off,  
With a dozen stumbles and falls,  
Till safe in our lines he drapped us both,  
His black hide riddled with balls.

So, my gentle gazelles, thar's my answer,  
And here stays Banty Tim:  
He trumped Death's ace for me that day,  
And I'm not goin' back on him!  
You may rezoloot till the cows come home,  
But ef one of you tetches the boy,  
He'll wrastle his hash to-night in hell,  
Or my name's not Tilmon Joy!

#### AGAINST EXPANSION

By HENRY U. JOHNSON, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Indiana,  
1891-99.

From a speech made in the House of Representatives, February 22, 1898. See  
*Congressional Record*, Feb. 22, 1898.

Mr. Chairman, I antagonize the pending treaty for another reason. It sets a precedent—a bad precedent, a vicious precedent; a precedent which, I imagine, will be followed, and that, too, at a very early day. You will find, gentlemen, that in this matter “increase of appetite” will “grow by what it feeds on.” This is the most lamentable feature of this entire transgression, if, indeed, we are at all disposed to take the first step in the transgression.

To-day the cry is, “Give us Hawaii!” Yield to this in a moment of weakness, and to-morrow you will hear the cry, “Give us Cuba!” Accede to this in an hour of irresolution, and the day after you will hear the cry, “Give us Samoa!” And each one of these demands will be fortified by the artful sophistries evolved from the fertile brains of gentlemen who know full well how to pander to the national vanity and to appeal to the national cupidity.

Such a policy excites cupidity; it provokes avarice; it breeds oppression; it inflicts injustice; it levies taxes; it incurs expenses; it stirs up strife; it sheds human blood; it is a step in the direction of dismemberment; and the inevitable goal to which the nation tends which follows it is that of national disintegration and decay.

Let the nations of the Old World go on pursuing this policy to their heart's content, if they desire to do so. Let them, I beg you, have a full monopoly of the evils which follow in its train. Let them saddle their people with enormous debts that they may equip great navies and raise great armies to precipitate them into conflicts in which they spend millions of treasure and shed oceans of human blood.

Let the mother country, less fortunately situated than ourselves—obliged by the narrow confines of her island home to draw upon her colonies for subsistence and to draw upon them also largely for her commerce and her wealth—boast, if she pleases, that the sun never goes down upon British soil. We can point her to the fact that neither does the sun go down upon the wretchedness and misery which her remorseless policy has produced.

We can point her to the revolts in India, to the difficulty of maintaining her supremacy in South Africa, to the enormous expense of keeping up her lines of communication, to the wars and rumors of wars which bring anxiety to the faces and sadness to the hearts of her people. We can point her—and we can do it with pardonable pride—to the flower of her colonies, which for seven long years she sought by the expenditure of money and blood to retain, breaking away from her grasp and in a little over a century, by pursuing directly the opposite policy to that which she has pursued in this respect, not only rivaling but outstripping her in progress and in material development and in everything that makes a nation great and respected in the eyes of mankind.

No, Mr. Chairman, while these nations are teaching avarice, let us preach contentment. While they are exciting

by threats of war, let us soothe by promises of perpetual peace. While they are inflicting suffering and misery, let us dispense happiness and prosperity.

Peace hath her victories  
No less renown'd than war.

Let it be our happy lot to achieve those bloodless triumphs which, while they will exalt and enrich us as a people, will not derogate in the least from the happiness and welfare of any other nation under the light of the shining sun. Let us heed the advice and example of George Washington, that great and wise patriot whose birth is this instant being commemorated throughout the entire land, and avoid all entangling alliances with the other countries of the earth. Let us turn our attention to the development of our own resources and to the upbuilding and upholding of that which is already ours.

We have here, Mr. Chairman, as I said before, 70,000,000 people, intelligent, thrifty, ingenious, and patriotic. We have an empire for our home. Our soil is teeming with natural riches, which await the deft hand of labor, seconded by the power of capital, to take them from their hiding-places and convert them into articles of ornament and use. We have fields to plant and to sow. We have crops to harvest and to garner. We have mines to open and work. We have mills and factories to operate. We are yet in the very infancy of our resources, in the very morning of our development.

Our great navigable rivers, our railroads whose steel bands form the fretwork of our continent, are lying ready to convey to all classes of our population, in every portion of our domain, these products of the field, the mine, and the factory; and the great ocean vessels, with their dark hulls, are lying at our seaboard ports, ready to transport these things to the various nations of the globe and to receive back from them in trade those things which are necessary for our comfort and our happiness.

Mr. Chairman, if in this emergency we will only adhere to that which is right, if we will only be true to our teachings and our traditions, within twenty-five years to come events will amply vindicate our choice.

We can then look back upon a progress more marvelous even than that which has marked our career in the past, and which has excited the admiration of the whole world. We can then lay our patriotic and peaceful achievements side by side with the achievements of any nation which has in the meantime pursued a policy contrary to our own with emotions of pride and exultation at the result.

We will then thank God with grateful hearts that in the hour of temptation we had the moral courage to say "no," and the resolution to turn away from the enticement of those who would lure us from the plain path of duty and lead us in a new departure along the lines of a mistaken policy whose final destination no power short of the Supreme Ruler of the universe can foretell.

### THE BOAT-RACE

By ROBERT GRANT, Lawyer, Judge, Author. Born in Boston, Mass., 1852.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Jack Hall," copyright, 1887, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The course of the boat-race was to be two miles in all; straight away for a mile to a flagged buoy and back again to another flagged buoy abreast of the boat-house. The three boats have turned the first buoy and are now only half a mile from home.

"Steady now," murmurs Jack, between his teeth. He knows from Tom's exertions that his rival is spurring and putting all his vitality into his pace. A terrible moment of sustained effort follows, at the end of which Tom lashes the air with a misplaced stroke, the water splashes, and our hero's shell surging forward, comes on a level with its fore-runner, battles with it for twenty yards of struggling agony



on the part of the doomed champion, and leaps to the front at last. Jack is ahead, and only a quarter of a mile left!

Tom is beaten. And now for the Doctor. Where is he? No need to ask that question, friend Jack, if you lift your eyes. Tom is beaten, not only by you but by the Doctor also; and though your most dreaded enemy is still in your rear, the nose of his boat is almost on a line with your stern, and he is quickening at every stroke.

What a babel of cheers and exclamations bursts forth from the waving, transported crowd along the bank! They begin to know who is who now, and can tell beyond the shadow of a doubt that the crimson and black and the blue and white are having a noble struggle for the lead.

"Jack Hall is ahead! Hall! Hall! No, he isn't! Hit her up Doctor! Hurrah for Doctor! Hurrah for Hall! Hurrah for the Doctor! Tom, where are you? Bonsall! Bonsall! H-A-L-L! H-A-L-L!"

The tumult is maddening. Can it be possible that Jack Hall, who, on the whole, before the race, was rated lowest of the three, is going to break the school record and beat the invincible Doctor in one and the same breath? It looks like it, if he can hold his own for two hundred yards more. It looks like it, decidedly, and there is plenty of clear water still between the winning goal and the foremost shell; and see, the Doctor is spurting with a vengeance—look!—look!—and is he not gaining, too?

The Doctor has crept up, no doubt about that. The nose of his shell is now well beyond Jack's outrigger, and he is speeding like the wind. Jack is feeling terribly tired, his throat that he thought parched at the start burns as if it were on fire, and his eyes seem ready to start out of his head. His crimson handkerchief has fallen over his eyes, but he gives himself a shake and it falls to his neck, leaving his brow refreshingly free. He has vanquished Tom anyway. So much to be thankful for. Tom is a length behind, struggling still, like the man he is, but hopelessly vanquished

all the same. Jack turns his head, remembering to keep cool if he can, and sights the goal. Not more than one hundred and fifty yards left! The reverberating yells and cheers are setting his blood ablaze. He can scarcely see, but he knows he has not spurted yet. He is neck and neck with the Doctor now. There can be nothing to choose between them.

The time has come now, our hero knows, to put in any spurt that is left in him. Gripping the handles of his oars like a vise and shutting his eyes, Jack throws all his vital powers into one grand effort, which, to his supreme happiness, is answered by a great roar from the shore.

"Hall! Hall! Hurrah! Nobly done, Hall! Hall wins! Row, Doctor, row!"

The Doctor is rowing with all his might, you may be sure of that; but he has not counted on the staying powers of his adversary. He can do no more than he is doing, and this final spurt of Jack's, exhausting as it must have been were the race to be a quarter of a mile longer, will carry the day. The Doctor can hardly catch him now.

Jack has opened his eyes and takes in the situation. The din of applause is tremendous. If he can hold out for six strokes more, the victory is his.

One stroke.

"Hall! Hall!" "Go it, Doctor!"

Two strokes.

"Jack!" "Doctor, go it!" "Tom, where are you?"

"Tom's in the soup!"

Three strokes.

"H-A-L-L!" "Doctor!"

Four strokes.

"Hall wins! Hall wins!" "Jack, your mother's looking at you!"

Five strokes.

"Hurrah! Huzzah! Hurrah! Hall! Hall! Doctor! Doctor!"

Six strokes.

Panting, breathless, and bewildered by the deafening cheers, Jack is made aware only by the sight of the flagged buoy shooting past his oar-blade that he has won the race and is champion of Utopia.

## WHAT THE FLAG MEANS

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

From a speech before the Republican State Convention of Massachusetts, March 27, 1896. See Boston daily papers for March 28, 1896.

No one has a greater admiration than I for the marvelous achievements of the American people in the last century, for the conquest of this mighty continent, for all the material welfare which has sprung up as if by magic from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our business enterprise, our business intelligence, our business activity, are among the glories of the Republic. I have labored ever since I have been in public life to advance by every means in my power every measure that makes for the business interests of the country. No one values their importance more highly than I.

But, gentlemen, I have seen it constantly stated, and this is the point I wish to make—that we must not deal with anything but business questions.

Now, there is a great deal more than that in the life of every great nation. There are patriotism, love of country, pride of race, courage, manliness, the things which money cannot make and which money cannot buy.

When we look at that flag, what is it that makes our hearts throb? If you see it in a foreign land, after months of separation, what is it that makes your throat choke and your eyes get damp? Is it because a great many men have made money under it? I believe that that flag is a great deal more than the sign of a successful national shop, never

to be unfurled for fear that the trader on the opposite side of the way may have his feelings ruffled; I think it is a great deal more than that. And when I look at it, I do not see and you do not see there the graven image of the dollar; you do not read there the motto of the epicure, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." No; you read on that flag the old Latin motto, "*Per aspera ad astra.*" Through toil and conflict to the stars.

You do not see the dollar on it. But when you look, and your heart swells within you as you look, the memories that come are very different. If you see any faces there, they are the faces of Washington and his Continentals behind him, marching from defeat at Long Island to victory at Trenton, to misery at Valley Forge, to final triumph at Yorktown. Look again and we all see the face of Lincoln. The mighty hosts are there of the men who have lived for their country and given their lives for their country and labored for it, each in his separate way, and believed in it and loved it. They are all there, from the great chiefs to the boys who fell in Baltimore. That is what I see, that is what you see. That is why we love it, because it means this great country and all the people. It means all the struggles and sufferings we have gone through, all our hopes, all our aspirations. It means that we are a great nation and intend to take a nation's part in the family of nations. It means that we are the guardians of this Western Hemisphere and will not have it rashly invaded. It means the one successful experiment of representative democracy. It means victorious democracy. That is what it means, and that is what I see there and that is what you see there. And, much as I care for business and economic questions, I never will admit that they are all or that the duty of a public man ceases with them. There are other questions that must be dealt with also. I never will admit that that beloved flag is to me merely the symbol of a land where I can live in rich content

and make money. No; I see it as the American poet saw it:

“And fixed as yonder orb divine  
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,  
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine  
The guard and glory of the world.”

## AGAINST THE SPOILS SYSTEM

By HENRY VAN DYKE, Clergyman, Professor, Author, Poet; Pastor  
Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, N. Y., 1882-99; Professor of  
English, Princeton University, 1899—.

From a sermon delivered in New York, N. Y., before the Sons of the Revolution in  
New York State, February 24, 1895. See New York *Tribune*, Feb. 25, 1895.

Let me here speak plain words. I say without hesitation that the Spoils System is an organized treason against the Republic and transgression against the moral law. It is a gross and sordid iniquity. Its emblem should not be the eagle, but the pelican, because it has the largest pouch. It shamelessly defies three of the Ten Commandments. It lies, when it calls a public office a spoil. It covets, when it desires to control that office for the benefit of party. It steals, when it converts that office from the service of the commonwealth, into a gift to “reward” a partisan, or a sacrifice to “placate” a faction. And for how many indirect violations of the other commandments, in Sabbath-breaking, blasphemy, adultery, and murder, the Spoils System is indirectly responsible, let the private history of the “rings” and “halls” which it has created, answer.

But it is an idle amusement for clever cynics in the newspapers, and amiable citizens in their clubs, to vituperate the Ring and the Boss, while we approve, sanction, or even tolerate the vicious principle “To the victors belong the spoils.” This principle is the root of the evils which afflict us. There can be no real cure except one which is radical. Police investigations and periodical attempts to “drive the

rascals out " do not go deep enough. We must see and say and feel that the whole Spoils System from top to bottom, is a flagrant immorality and a fertile mother of vices. The Ring does not form itself out of the air; it is bred in the system. A Boss is simply a boil, an evidence of bad blood in the body politic. Let it out and he will subside.

Sons of the Revolution kindle their indignation by contemplating the arrogance of the Tea-Tax and the Stamp-Act which tyranny attempted to impose on freemen. I will tell you of two more arrogant iniquities nearer home. The people of the largest State in the Union not long ago made a law that their civil service should be taken out of the domain of spoils and controlled by merit and efficiency. A committee appointed last year to investigate the working of the law, reported that it had been systematically disregarded, evaded, and violated, by the very Governor elected and commissioners appointed to carry it into execution, so that the number of offices distributed as spoils had steadily increased, and the proportion of appointments for ascertained merits and fitness had decreased twenty-five per cent in a year and a half. That is the first instance. And the second is like unto it. The people of the largest city in the Union, regardless of party, joined hands last fall in a successful effort to drive out a corrupt and oppressive organization which had long fattened on the spoils of municipal office. They elected a chief magistrate pledged to administer the affairs of the city on a business basis, with a single eye to the welfare of the city, and without regard to partisan influence. To this chief magistrate now appears a man from the rural districts, like Banquo's ghost, but without a crown and with plenty of "speculation in his eyes," demanding that his counsel shall be taken, and his followers rewarded, and his faction "placated," in the distribution of the offices of this great city of which he is not even a citizen. I say that is as impudent an iniquity as George III. and his ministers ever proposed towards their colonies.

But who is responsible for it? I will tell you. The corporations from whom the Boss gets his gains in payment for his protection. The office-seekers, high or low, who go to the Boss for a place for themselves or for others. And the citizens who, by voting or not voting, have year after year filled our legislative chambers with men who were willing to do the Bosses' bidding, for a consideration.

It should be the desire and object of every patriotic American to remove these places as rapidly and as completely as possible from all chance of occupation or use by the Spoils System. Burn the nests, and the rats will evacuate. Clean the sewers, and the malaria will abate. Let it be understood that our chief elective officers are no longer to be sent into the fields to feed place-hunters, and it will no longer be difficult to get the most conscientious men to serve. Let the people once thoroughly repudiate and disown the "Spoils System," and then the spoilsman and the boss, the ring and the hall,

"Shall fold their tents like the Arabs  
And as silently steal away."

### NEW AMERICANISM

By HENRY WATTERSON, Journalist, Author; Member of Congress from Kentucky, 1876-77; Editor of *Louisville Courier-Journal*, 1868—. Born in Washington, D. C., 1840.

From an address at the annual meeting of the New England Society in New York City, December 22, 1894. See *New York Tribune*, Dec. 23, 1894.

Eight years ago, to-night, there stood where I am standing now a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here and, in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a



message of peace on earth, good will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that man, I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led *Hester Prynne* to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its

martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—darkened alike by kingcraft and priestcraft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism, and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried :

“ Dear God and Father of us all,  
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,  
Forgive the blindness that denies.  
  
Cast down our idols—overturn  
Our bloody altars—make us see  
Thyself in Thy humanity ! ”

## THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE, Clergyman, Author, Poet. Born in Boston, Mass., 1822.

From “The Man Without a Country,” published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. By permission of the author.

[Philip Nolan, “the man without a country,” was at one time an ambitious young officer in the United States Army. But because of intimacy with Aaron Burr, he was banished from his country and compelled to live upon a government vessel, where he was never allowed even to hear the name of his country.]

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the War, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home.

I first came to understand anything about “the man without a country” one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was

sent to take charge of her, and, after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that some one might be sent him who could talk Portuguese. But none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

There were not a great many of the negroes; most of them were out of the hold and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan. "Tell them they are free, Nolan," said Vaughan; "and tell them that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "Ah, non Palmas." The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said: "He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months."

Even the negroes stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, Vaughan said:

"Tell them, yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the mountains of the Moon, if they will."

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And they all fell to kissing him again.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into the boat. As we lay back in the stern-sheets and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to

be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand terrors. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with,—behind officers, and government, and people even,—there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother; and stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother.

## OXFORD COUNTY

By JOHN DAVIS LONG, Lawyer, Author; Governor of Massachusetts, 1882-88; Secretary of the Navy. 1897--. Born in Buckfield, Oxford County, Maine, 1838.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from a speech on Oxford County in "After Dinner and Other Speeches," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, copyright, 1895, by John D. Long.

Oxford County to me, sir, is a volume of poems, a paradise of nature. Her crests of blue against the summer sky, and in winter white with glistening snow, her pure waters, her cool woods, her picturesque roads winding over hill and down dale, her exquisite intermingling of forest and farm,

are such a natural park of loveliness and magnificence as no metropolitan wealth or art can ever imitate.

For one, I owe it a deeper debt. Enlarging and educating as were its physical influences, I pay my tribute still more gratefully to the living influences of its people. In American life and struggle, I believe there is no such education as that of a country boy's contact in school and at all times with the social democracy of a country such as Oxford County typifies,—absolutely meeting the ideal of a free and equal people, and ignorant of such a thing as caste or class.

Yes, my friends, I believe we are here to utter our gratitude to the men and women who gave a popular tone to Oxford County worthy of her hills and the grandeur and strength of her physical magnificence. My gratitude is from a full heart. I recognize with profound emotion the resolute, generous, and fruitful purpose and force which our fathers put into their farms and watercourses and trading-posts. I look back and behold worth and highmindedness driving the oxen afield, cutting the wood, tending the sawmill, leading the training field and the election, doing neighborly turns and kindnesses, bartering the worsted mitten over the counter, and making the wholesomest texture of a pastoral, provincial life the world has ever seen or ever will see,—the ideal combination of industry, equality, freedom, intelligence, and high character. It was the best blood of Massachusetts—pure English stock, little changed even to this day, the best families of Pilgrim and Puritan descent—which after the Revolutionary War made their way to Oxford County. But like all pioneers, they had little of this world's goods, and brought little except their splendid inheritance of worth and character, their brave hearts and honest, hard-working hands.

This was the sort of men who were most distinctive of Oxford County, and who gave it character. What splendid stock it was! What sturdy English names,—those Mitchells, Lincolns, Holmeses, Lorings, Emerys, Parsons, Taylors,

Cushings, Halls, Bicknells, Perrys, Washburns, Hamlins, Aldens, Whitmans, Mortons, and hundreds more! Hardly a family, however hard its fight with adverse circumstances, that has not been a contributor to the enterprise, the scholarship, the statesmanship, the patriotism, that have made our country great.

In every avenue of its usefulness you find their trace. You hear their eloquence in every court and congress. You saw the flash of their swords in every battle for freedom. Well may we recall the men of Oxford with pride and gratitude. No narrow scope was theirs. They nursed the schools. They valued and exemplified and maintained the education of the people. They contended for good politics. They discussed fundamental issues. Could you awake the voices of the past you would hear them also treat of reform, of tariff and revenue, and of the relations of the general government to its local components, with all the vigor and enlightenment which we sometimes think to be the exclusive attainment of our own time.

I thank you, sir, for permitting me to join with you in your tribute to Oxford. The occasion touches me very tenderly, for it carries my heart and betrays my utterance into sacred memories of my own boyhood and home. They come freshly back to me, as yours to you, and I stand again at the threshold of an opening world, with the sunrise on my face. Again I sit at the blessed family fireplace as of old, unthinking then of the love and fervent devotion to my welfare and advancement to which I owe everything, and which to me now, looking back, is all so clear. I knew not then that angels' wings brushed my cheeks. Now I strain my eyes to heaven to catch their flight.

## FROM "EVANGELINE"

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, Professor, Poet. Born in Portland, Maine, 1807; died in Cambridge, Mass., 1882.

By permission of the publishers of Longfellow's Poems, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,  
Stript of its golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.  
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the  
notary seated;

There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.  
Not far withdrawn from these by the cider-press and the  
beehives,

Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and  
of waistcoats.

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his  
snow-white

Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the  
fiddler

Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the  
embers.

Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,  
*Tous les Bourgeois de Chatres*, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,  
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.

Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances  
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;  
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among  
them.

Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!  
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the Blacksmith!

So passed the morning away. And lo! with summons  
sonorous

Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a  
drum beat.

Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without in  
the churchyard



Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung  
on the headstones  
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the  
forest.

Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly  
among them

Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor  
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and  
casement,—

Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal  
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the  
soldiers.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of  
the altar,

Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commis-  
sion.

"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's  
orders.

Clement and kind he has been; but how you have answered  
his kindness,

Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my  
temper

Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be  
grievous.

Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our  
monarch;

Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all  
kinds

Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this  
province

Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell  
there

Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!

Prisoners now I declare you; for such is his Majesty's  
pleasure!"

As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,

Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hail-  
stones  
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his  
windows,  
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from  
the house-roofs,  
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures;  
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the  
speaker.  
Silent they stood a moment in speechless wonder, and then  
rose  
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,  
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the  
doorway.  
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations  
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads  
of the others  
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,  
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.  
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly  
he shouted,—  
“ Down with these tyrants of England! we never have sworn  
them allegiance!  
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and  
our harvests! ”  
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a  
soldier  
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the  
pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,  
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician  
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the  
altar.

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into  
silence

All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;  
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and  
mournful

Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock  
strikes.

"What is this ye do, my children? what madness has seized  
you?

Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught  
you,

Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and  
privations?

Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgive-  
ness?

This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you  
profane it

Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?  
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon  
you!

See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy com-  
passion!

Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father,  
forgive them!'

Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail  
us,

Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!'

Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of the  
people

Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate  
outbreak,

While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive  
them!"

## THE MONROE DOCTRINE

By JOHN MELLEN THURSTON, Lawyer; Senator from Nebraska, 1895—.  
Born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, January 28, 1896; the Senate having under consideration a concurrent resolution relative to the assertion and enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. See *Congressional Record*, Jan. 28, 1896.

Mr. President, it is gravely argued that our country has outgrown the necessity for any further enforcement of the Monroe doctrine. It is urged that the United States has waxed strong and powerful; that we no longer need fear any foreign interference in our affairs; that all our boundary lines have been definitely settled; and that we cannot be affected or disturbed by South American controversies. It is, therefore, insisted that we can now afford to let the other American Republics look out for themselves, and that we should stand supinely by while foreign powers overawe and outrage our weak and defenseless neighbors.

Mr. President, ours is the one great nation of this continent; Mother of Republics, her lullaby has been sung over every cradle of liberty in the New World. Under the inspiration of her glorious example, the last throne has disappeared from the Western Hemisphere and the Old World's dominion over American territory and American affairs will not outlast the morning of the twentieth century. . . .

I am not unmindful of the seriousness and gravity of the present situation. We are calling a halt upon that settled policy of aggression and dominion which has characterized the extension of the British Empire from the hour in which her first adventurous prow turned to unknown seas. The history of the English people is an almost unbroken series of military achievements. Great Britain has cleared her pathway into every corner of the earth with the naked sword; she has acquired and held her vast possessions by force of arms; she has mastered and subjugated the people of every zone; her navies are upon every sea, her armies in every

clime. She has not a son who did not suckle inherited valor from his mother's breast. No nation can afford lightly to challenge her purposes or arouse her stubborn pride. But does this furnish any reason why Americans should abandon any settled policy of the United States, or retire from any position which the honor of this Republic and the welfare of America require that we should assume?

Mr. President, our people have been represented as eager for war, and the Senator from Colorado seems to believe that it is necessary to cool their ardor by disparagement of the Monroe doctrine and eulogium of British grandeur. Ours is a mighty nation, but its people are slow to wrath. They believe in the divine doctrine taught by the lowly Nazarene on the shores of Galilee. The fear of God, the love of peace is in their hearts and in their homes. Nothing that can be said, nothing that can be done, will move or incite them to any act of injustice or to any premature preparations for war. But there is no other land in which the honor of the nation is so dear; there is no other land in which the love of country, of liberty, and of justice is so strong; there is no other land whose citizens would sacrifice so much to maintain its institutions or defend its soil. . . .

Mr. President, I share with the Senator from Colorado in the heritage of English blood. I glory with him in the mighty achievements of the English-speaking race; but I have not forgotten that England, as a nation, compelled my ancestors in 1637 to cross the stormy ocean and take up habitation upon the rocky and inhospitable shores of the New England wilderness, in order that they might enjoy freedom of conscience and the worship of God according to their own beliefs. I have not forgotten that the persecution of Great Britain followed them across the sea; I have not forgotten that she heaped indignities and injustice upon the colonists until they could no longer be borne; I have not forgotten that my grandsires carried muskets, and gave their American blood, that British dominion over American

colonies should be forever at an end. I have not forgotten that our sailors and marines were forced to drive England's navy from the main to make the deck of an American ship American soil. . . .

Standing upon the floor of the American Senate and knowing whereof I speak, I say to the people of Great Britain that the grave issues which have been settled by brave men upon American battlefields can never be reopened. Sir, there is no division of sentiment in the United States. Let but a single drumbeat be heard upon our coast, announcing the approach of a foreign foe, and there will spring to arms in North and South the grandest army the world has ever known, animated by a deathless loyalty to their country's flag and marching on to the mingled and inspiring strains of our two national airs, Dixie and Yankee Doodle. . . .

Mr. President, the press of Great Britain has already seized upon the utterances of the Senator from Colorado as an indication that the people of this country are ready to abandon whatever place we now hold of duty and responsibility toward the republics and the affairs of the New World. But when the pending resolution comes on for final passage, I predict that it will be adopted by such a decisive vote as will advise all Christendom of the stand which the people of this country are prepared to make for the maintenance and enforcement of the Monroe doctrine.

Sir, believing that the honor of my country is involved, that the hour calls for the highest expression of loyalty and patriotism, calmly confident of the verdict of posterity, reverently calling God to witness the sincerity of my purpose, I shall vote for the resolution reported by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. I shall vote for it not as an affront to any other nation, but to uphold the dignity of my own. I shall vote for it in this time of profound tranquillity, convinced that peace with honor can be preserved. But, sir, I would vote for it just as surely were we already standing in the

awful shadow of declared war. I would vote for it were the navies of all Europe thundering at our harbors. I would vote for it were the shells of British battle-ships bursting above the dome of the nation's Capitol. I would vote for it and would maintain it at all hazards and at any cost, with the last dollar, with the last man; yea, though it might presage the coming of a mighty conflict whose conclusion should leave me without a son, as the last great contest left me without a sire.

### THE DEATH PENALTY

By VICTOR MARIE HUGO, Poet, Author. Born at Besançon, France, 1802; died at Paris, 1885.

Gentlemen OF THE JURY, if there is a culprit here, it is not my son,—it is myself,—it is I!—I, who for these twenty-five years have opposed capital punishment,—have contended for the inviolability of human life,—have committed this crime for which my son is now arraigned. Here I denounce myself, Mr. Advocate General! I have committed it under all aggravated circumstances; deliberately, repeatedly, tenaciously. Yes, this old and absurd *lex talionis*—this law of blood for blood—I have combated all my life—all my life, Gentlemen of the Jury! And, while I have breath, I will continue to combat it, by all my efforts as a writer, by all my words and all my votes as a legislator! I declare it before the crucifix; before that victim of the penalty of death, who sees and hears us; before that gibbet, to which, two thousand years ago, for the eternal instruction of the generations, the human law nailed the Divine!

In all that my son has written on the subject of capital punishment and for writing and publishing which he is now on trial,—in all that he has written, he has merely proclaimed the sentiments with which, from his infancy, I have inspired him. Gentlemen Jurors, the right to criticise a law, and to criticise it severely—especially a penal law—is



placed beside the duty of amelioration, like the torch beside the work under the artisan's hand. The right of the journalist is as sacred, as necessary, as imprescriptible, as the right of the legislator.

What are the circumstances? A man, a convict, a sentenced wretch, is dragged, on a certain morning, to one of our public squares. There he finds the scaffold! He shudders, he struggles, he refuses to die. He is young yet—only twenty-nine. Ah! I know what you will say,—“He is a murderer!” But hear me. Two officers seize him. His hands, his feet, are tied. He throws off the two officers. A frightful struggle ensues. His feet, bound as they are, become entangled in the ladder. He uses the scaffold against the scaffold! The struggle is prolonged. Horror seizes on the crowd. The officers,—sweat and shame on their brows,—pale, panting, terrified, despairing,—despairing with I know not what horrible despair,—shrinking under that public reprobation which ought to have visited the penalty, and spared the passive instrument, the executioner,—the officers strive savagely. The victim clings to the scaffold, and shrieks for pardon. His clothes are torn,—his shoulders bloody,—till he resists. At length, after three-quarters of an hour of this monstrous effort, of this spectacle without a name, of this agony,—agony for all, be it understood,—agony for the assembled spectators as well as for the condemned man,—after this age of anguish, Gentlemen of the Jury, they take back the poor wretch to his prison.

The People breathe again. The People, naturally merciful, hope that the man will be spared. But no,—the guillotine, though vanquished, remains standing. There it frowns all day, in the midst of a sickened population. And at night, the officers, reinforced, drag forth the wretch again, so bound that he is but an inert weight,—they drag him forth, haggard, bloody, weeping, pleading, howling for life,—calling upon God, calling upon his father and mother,—for like a very child had this man become in the prospect of

death,—they drag him forth to execution. He is hoisted on the scaffold, and his head falls! And then through every conscience runs a shudder. Never had legal murder appeared with an aspect so indecent, so abominable. All feel jointly implicated in the deed. It is at this very moment that from a young man's breast escapes a cry, wrung from his very heart,—a cry of pity and of anguish,—a cry of horror,—a cry of humanity. And this cry you would punish! And in the face of the appalling facts which I have narrated, you would say to the guillotine, "Thou art right!" and to Pity, saintly Pity, "Thou art wrong!" Gentlemen of the Jury, it cannot be! Gentlemen, I have finished.

### AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS

By CARL SCHURZ, Statesman, Journalist, Lecturer, Major-General, Senator from Missouri, 1869-75; Secretary of the Interior, 1877-81. Born near Cologne, Prussia, 1829.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from a "Eulogy on Charles Sumner," delivered in Boston, Mass., April 29, 1874, published by Lee and Shepard, Boston.

FROM Europe Mr. Sumner returned late in the fall of 1872, much strengthened, but far from being well. At the opening of the session he reintroduced two measures, which, as he thought, should complete the record of his political life. One was his civil-rights bill, which had failed in the last Congress; and the other, a resolution providing that the names of the battles won over fellow-citizens in the War of the Rebellion should be removed from the regimental colors of the army, and from the army register.

It was in substance only a repetition of a resolution which he had introduced ten years before, in 1862, during the war, when the first names of victories were put on American battle-flags. This resolution called forth a new storm against him. It was denounced as an insult to the heroic soldiers of the Union, and a degradation of their victories

and well-earned laurels. It was condemned as an unpatriotic act.

Charles Sumner insult the soldiers who had spilled their blood in a war for human rights! Charles Sumner degrade victories, and depreciate laurels, won for the cause of universal freedom!—how strange an imputation!

Let the dead man have a hearing. This was his thought: No civilized nation, from the republics of antiquity down to our days, ever thought it wise or patriotic to preserve in conspicuous and durable form the mementos of victories won over fellow citizens in civil war. Why not? Because every citizen should feel himself with all others as the child of a common country, and not as a defeated foe. All civilized governments of our days have instinctively followed the same dictate of wisdom and patriotism.

The Irishman, when fighting for old England at Waterloo, was not to behold on the red cross floating above him the name of the Boyne. The Scotch Highlander, when standing in the trenches of Sebastopol, was not by the colors of his regiment to be reminded of Culloden. No French soldier at Austerlitz or Solferino had to read upon the tricolor any reminiscence of the Vendee. No Hungarian at Sadowa was taunted by any Austrian banner with the surrender of Villagos. No German regiment from Saxony or Hanover charging under the iron hail of Gravelot was made to remember, by words written on a Prussian standard, that the black eagle had conquered them at Koniggratz and Langensalza.

Should the son of South Carolina, when at some future day defending the Republic against some foreign foe, be reminded, by an inscription on the colors floating over him, that under this flag the gun was fired that killed his father at Gettysburg? Should this great and enlightened Republic, proud of standing in the front of human progress, be less wise, less large-hearted, than the ancients were two thousand years ago, and the kingly governments of Europe are to-day?

Let the battle-flags of the brave volunteers, which they

brought home from the war with the glorious record of their victories, be preserved intact as a proud ornament of our State Houses and armories, but let the colors of the army, under which the sons of all the States are to meet and mingle in common patriotism, speak of nothing but union,—not a union of conquerors and conquered, but a union which is the mother of all, equally tender to all, knowing of nothing but equality, peace, and love among her children.

Do you want conspicuous mementos of your victories? They are written upon the dusky brow of every freeman who was once a slave; they are written on the gate-posts of a restored Union; and the most glorious of all will be written on the faces of a contented people, reunited in common national pride.

### THE BELL-RINGER OF '76

ANONYMOUS.

PLAIN red-brick walls, the windows partly framed in stone, the hall-door ornamented with pillars,—such is the State House of Philadelphia in the year of our Lord 1776.

Why do those clusters of citizens with anxious faces gather around the State-House walls? There in yonder wooden steeple, which crowns the State House, stands an old man in humble attire, with white hair and sunburnt face. His eye gleams as it is fixed upon the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. He tries to read the inscription, but cannot. By his side, gazing at his face in wonder, stands a fair-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

“Come here, my boy. You can read; spell me these words and I’ll bless ye, my good child.” And the child raised himself on tiptoe, and pressing his tiny hands against the bell read these memorable words—

“Proclaim Liberty to all the Land and all the Inhabitants thereof.”

The old man ponders for a moment on those strange words, then gathering the boy in his arms, speaks—"Look here, my child, wilt do the old man a kindness? Then haste ye down stairs and wait in the hall by the big door, until a man shall give you a message for me. When he gives you the word, then run out yonder in the street and shout it up to me."

It needed no second command. The boy sprang from the bell-keeper's arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs. Leaning over the railing of the steeple, the old man looked anxiously for the fair-haired boy. Minutes passed, yet still he came not.

"Ah! he has forgotten me! these old limbs will have to totter down the State-House stairs, and climb up again—"

Yet even as he spoke, a merry laugh broke on his ear. There among the crowd on the pavement stood the boy, clapping his tiny hands, while the breeze blew the flaxen hair all about his face. Then swelling his little chest, he raised himself and shouted a single word, "*Ring!*"

Do you see that old man's eye catch fire? Do you see that arm suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? The old man is young again; his veins are filled with new life. Backward and forward, with sturdy strokes, he swings the tongue. The bell speaks out! The crowds in the street hear it, and burst forth in one long shout! The city hears it and starts up from desk and work-bench, as if an earthquake had spoken. Yes, as the old man swung that iron tongue, the bell spoke to all the world.

That sound crossed the Atlantic—pierced the dungeons of Europe—the workshops of England—the vassal-fields of France. That echo spoke to the slave—bade him look up from his toil, and know himself a man. That echo startled the kings upon their crumbling thrones. That echo was the knell of all crafts born of the darkness of ages, and baptized in seas of blood. For under that very bell pealing out

noonday, in that old hall, fifty-six traders, farmers, and mechanics had assembled to strike off the shackles of the world. And that bell that now voices the Declaration of Independence speaks out to the world—

*God has given the American continent to the free, the toiling millions of the human race, as the last altar of the rights of man on the globe, the home of the oppressed, forevermore!*

## THE TRIUMPH OF PEACE

By EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, Preacher, Lecturer, Essayist. Born at Union Village, N. Y., 1814; died in New York City, 1880.

Selected, by permission of the publishers, from Chapin's "Living Words," published, in 1869, by the Universalist Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Stand, in imagination, of a summer's morning, upon a field of battle. Earth and sky melt together in light and harmony; the air is rich with fragrance, and sweet with the song of birds. But suddenly breaks in the sound of fiercer music, and the measured tramp of thousands. Eager squadrons shake the earth with thunder, and files of bristling steel kindle in the sun; and, opposed to each other, line to line, face to face, are now arrayed men whom God has made in the same likeness, and whose nature he has touched to the same issues. The same heart beats in all. In the momentary hush, like a swift mist sweep before them images of home; voices of children prattle in their ears; memories of affection stir among their silent prayers. They cherish the same sanctities, too. They have read from the same Book. It is to them the same charter of life and salvation; they have been taught to observe its beautiful lessons of love; their hearts have been touched alike with the meek example of Jesus. But a moment, and all these affinities are broken, trampled under foot, swept away by the shock and the shouting. Confusion rends the air; the simmering bomb plows up the earth; the iron hail cuts the quivering flesh; the steel bites to the bone; the cannon-shot crashes through



serried ranks; and under a cloud of smoke that hides both earth and heaven the desperate struggle goes on. The day wanes, and the strife ceases. On the one side there is a victory, on the other a defeat. The triumphant city is lighted with jubilee, the streets roll out their tides of acclamation, and the organ heaves from its groaning breast the peal of thanksgiving. But under that tumultuous joy there are bleeding bosoms and inconsolable tears; and, whether in triumphant or defeated lands, a shudder of orphanage and widowhood—a chill of woe and death—runs far and wide through the world. The meek moon breaks the dissipating veil of the conflict, and rolls its calm splendor above the dead. And see now how much woe man has mingled with inevitable evils of the universe! See now the fierceness of his passion, the folly of his wickedness, witnessed by the torn standards, the broken wheels, the pools of clotted blood, the charred earth, the festering heaps of slain. Nature did not make these horrors, and when those fattening bones shall have moldered in the soil she will spread out luxuriant harvests to hide those horrors forever.

Fancy yourselves standing on the banks of the Delaware more than a century and a half ago. The winds have stripped the leaves from the primeval forest, save where the pines lift their dark drapery to the sky. The river travels silently on its way. All around lies the solitude of nature, unbroken by wheels of traffic or triumphs of civilization. Apart from the roar and conflict of nations,—apart from the hurrying tides of interest and passion,—this lone spot in the wilderness, beside the calm river, is a spot for peace and love,—a spot where the children of humanity may come, bury their war-weapons, and embrace. Lo! it is that spot. From the recesses of the forest there glides a file of red and naked men, wild in their strength, and uncurbed in all the native impulses of humanity. As they cluster beneath the arching elm, or brood in dusky lines along the woody background, their eyes glisten with the fires of their fierce nature,



and here and there a hand grasps more closely its weapon; yet in the grave silence and studied repose the old men bend forward their scarred faces, and the young incline their ears to hear. He who stands up to speak to them is a white man, unarmed, and almost companionless, yet in his mien there is neither hesitation nor fear, and his face, where mildness sweetly blends with dignity, banishes the suspicion of deceit. Consider him well; for in the true record of his life his name is enrolled higher than those of heroes. Unbending before kings, he reverences the rudest savage as a man. Guided by the "inner light," the law of conscience and of truth, the Indian's rights are sacred as the white man's, and he asks no force to aid him but the force of love. And as he utters those simple words of peace and justice, those savage bosoms grow warm with the Christian law, those glittering eyes melt with charity. The child of the red man clasps the hand of the white stranger, the belt of wampum is made a beautiful symbol, and the words of solemn promise go forth,—the winds lift them higher than any shout of victory, the woods repeat them far inland, and the Delaware bears them rolling by,—“We will live with William Penn and his children as long as the sun and the moon shall endure.” It was an honest compact. It was a bloodless conquest. It was the triumph of peace and right. The historian records it with a glow. The philanthropist quotes it, and takes courage. The Christian remembers it, and clings with new faith to the religion that accomplished it.

## GREEK REVOLUTION

By HENRY CLAY, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress from Kentucky, 1811-25; Secretary of State, 1825-29; Senator from Kentucky, 1831-42, 1849-52. Born in Hanover County, Va., 1777; died in Washington, D. C., 1852.

From a speech in the House of Representatives, January 20, 1824; the House having under consideration the resolution that provision ought to be made by law for defraying the expense incident to the appointment of a commissioner to Greece. See "Life and Speeches of Henry Clay," Vol. I, published in 1844 by Van Amringe & Bixby, New York, N. Y.

No united nation that resolves to be free can be conquered. And has it come to this? Are we so humbled, so low, so debased, that we dare not express our sympathy for suffering Greece; that we dare not articulate our detestation of the brutal excesses of which she has been the bleeding victim, lest we might offend some one or more of their imperial and royal majesties? If gentlemen are afraid to act rashly on such a subject, suppose that we unite in an humble petition, addressed to their majesties, beseeching them, that of their gracious condescension they would allow us to express our feelings and our sympathies. How shall it run? "We, the representatives of the *free* people of the United States of America, humbly approach the thrones of your imperial and royal majesties, and supplicate that, of your imperial and royal clemency—" I cannot go through the disgusting recital; my lips have not yet learned to pronounce the sycophantic language of a degraded slave! Are we so mean, so base, so despicable, that we may not attempt to express our horror, utter our indignation, at the most brutal and atrocious war that ever stained earth or shocked high heaven? At the ferocious deeds of a savage and infuriated soldiery, stimulated and urged on by the clergy of a fanatical and inimical religion, and rioting in all the excesses of blood and butchery, at the mere details of which the heart sickens and recoils?

But, sir, it is not for Greece alone that I desire to see this

measure adopted. It will give to her but little support, and that purely of a moral kind. It is principally for America, for the credit and character of our common country, for our own unsullied name, that I hope to see it pass. What appearance on the page of history would a record like this exhibit? "In the month of January, in the year of our Lord and Savior 1824, while all European Christendom beheld, with cold and unfeeling indifference, the unexampled wrongs and inexpressible misery of Christian Greece, a proposition was made in the Congress of the United States, almost the sole, the last, the greatest depository of human hope and human freedom, the representatives of a gallant nation, containing a million of freemen ready to fly to arms, while the people of that nation were spontaneously expressing its deep-toned feeling, and the whole continent, by one simultaneous emotion, was rising, and solemnly and anxiously supplicating and invoking high Heaven to spare and succor Greece, and to invigorate her arms in her glorious cause, whilst temples and senate houses were alike resounding with one burst of generous and holy sympathy; in the year of our Lord and Savior—that Savior of Greece and of us—a proposition was offered in the American Congress to send a messenger to Greece, to inquire into her state and condition, with a kind expression of our good wishes and our sympathies—and it was rejected!" Go home, if you can; go home, if you dare, to your constituents, and tell them that you voted it down; meet, if you can, the appalling countenances of those who sent you here, and tell them that you shrank from the declaration of your own sentiments; that you cannot tell how, but that some unknown dread, some indescribable apprehension, some indefinable danger, drove you from your purpose; that the specters of cimeters, and crowns, and crescents, gleamed before you and alarmed you; and that you suppressed all the noble feelings prompted by religion, by liberty, by national independence, and by humanity. I cannot bring myself to believe that such will be the feeling

of a majority of the committee. But, for myself, though every friend of the cause should desert it, and I be left to stand alone with the gentleman from Massachusetts, I will give to his resolution the poor sanction of my unqualified approbation.

### THE PATH OF DUTY

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1868-76; Senator, 1877—. Born in Concord, Mass., 1826.

From an open letter published in the daily papers of Boston, January, 10, 1900.

“What he wants us to do I can define in no other words than these: He wants us to skulk from our duty.”

I wish to put against this statement my emphatic denial. What I wanted the American people to do in the beginning, what I have wanted them to do all along, what I want them to do now is to do in the Philippines exactly what we have done, are doing, and expect to do in Cuba. . . . We have liberated both from Spain, and we have had no thought—at least I have had no thought—of giving either back to Spain.

I should as soon give back a redeemed soul to Satan as give back the people of the Philippine Islands to the cruelty and tyranny of Spain. . . . Having delivered them from Spain, we were bound in all honor to protect their newly acquired liberty against the ambition or greed of any other nation on earth. And we were equally bound to protect them against our own. We were bound to stand by them, a defender and protector, until their new governments were established in freedom and in honor; until they had made treaties with the powers of the earth and were as secure in their national independence as Switzerland is secure, as Denmark is secure, as Belgium is secure, as San Domingo or Venezuela is secure.

Now, if this be a policy of skulking from duty, I fail to see it. . . .

We based our policy in regard to Cuba, did we not, on the ground that it was the policy of righteousness and

liberty? We did not tempt the cupidity of any millionaire or even the honest desire for employment of any workman, by the argument that if we reduced the people of Cuba to our dominion we could make money out of her and she could not help herself. In those days we were appealing to the great, noble heart of America, and not to the breeches-pocket. . . .

If we were bound in honor and in righteousness; bound by the history of our own past; bound by the principles and pledges of our people, to abstain from depriving Cuba of the liberty we had given her because it was right, we are, in my judgment, all the more bound to abstain from depriving the people of the Philippine Islands of their liberties because it is right. . . .

I would send Gen. Wood or Gen. Miles or Admiral Dewey to Luzon. I would have him gather about him a cabinet of the best men among the Filipinos who have the confidence of the people and desire nothing but their welfare. In all provinces and municipalities where civil government is now established possessing the confidence of the people, I would consult with their rulers and representatives. I would lend the aid of the army of the United States only to keep order. I would permit the people to make laws and to administer laws, subject to some supervision or inspection, till the disturbed times are over and peace has settled down again upon that country, insuring the security of the people against avarice, ambition, or speculation.

So soon as it seems that government can maintain itself peacefully and in order, I would by degrees withdraw the authority of the United States, making a treaty with them that we would protect them against the cupidity of any other nation and would lend our aid for a reasonable time to maintain order and law. I would not hesitate, if it were needful, although I have not the slightest belief that it would be needful, to vote to make them a loan of a moderate sum to replenish their wasted treasury.

Now if this be skulking, if this be ignoble, if this be unworthy of an American citizen or a Massachusetts Senator, then I must plead guilty to Mr. Quigg's charge. But these are the things I would have done, and this is the thing I would do now. If this counsel had been followed, not a man would have died on either side; not a drop of blood would have been spilt; not a recruit would have been needed by army or navy since the day when Manila capitulated to Otis. . . .

I do not know what other men may think, or what other men may say. But there is not a drop of blood in my veins, there is not a feeling in my heart that does not respect a weak people struggling with a strong one. . . .

When Patrick Henry was making his great speech in the state-house at Williamsburg for the same cause for which the Filipinos are now dying, he was interrupted by somebody with a shout of "treason." He finished his sentence, and replied, as every Essex schoolboy knows: "If this be treason, make the most of it." I am unworthy to loose the latchet of the shoes of Patrick Henry. But I claim to love human liberty as well as he did, and I believe the love of human liberty will never be held to be treason by Massachusetts.

There were five of my name and blood who stood in arms at Concord bridge in the morning of the Revolution, on the 19th of April, 1775. My grandfather stood with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson and Benjamin Franklin when they presented to the Continental Congress that great paper, the bringing in of which was the foremost action of human history, which declares that the just powers of government rest upon the consent of the people, and that when a people desires it, the laws of nature and the laws of God entitle them to take a separate and equal station among the nations of the earth. . . .

I have no right to feel any peculiar pride in the action of any ancestor of my own in those great days which tried

men's souls, and when all true Americans thought in that way, although I should be disgraced, and ought to hide my head from the gaze of men, if I were to depart from those principles. But I have a right to feel a just pride in, and to boast of something much higher than any personal kindred. I am a son of Massachusetts. For more than three-score years and ten I have sat at her dear feet. I have seen the light from her beautiful eyes. I have heard high counsel from her lips. She has taught me to love liberty, to stand by the weak against the strong, when the rights of the weak are in peril; she has led me to believe that if I do this, however humbly, however imperfectly, and whatever other men may say, I shall have her approbation, and shall be deemed not unworthy of her love. Other men will do as they please. But as for me, God helping me, I can do no otherwise.

## THE MAIDEN MARTYR

ANONYMOUS.

A troop of soldiers waited at the door;  
A crowd of people gathered in the street,  
Aloof a little from them bared sabers gleamed  
And flashed into their faces. Then the door  
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped  
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,  
A woman full of tears and full of woes;  
The other was a maiden in her morn;  
And they were one in name and one in faith,  
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ  
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street  
The people followed, ever falling back  
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.  
But in the midst the women simply went  
As if they two were walking side by side



Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn;  
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,  
But as they went about their daily tasks;  
They went to prison and they went to death,  
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted; all the shining sands  
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had  
Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,  
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,  
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be  
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men  
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops  
Dismounted, and the people passing near  
Then heard the pardon proffered with the oath  
Renouncing and abjuring part with all  
The persecuted, covenanted folk,  
But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,  
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,  
We have no part with him."

On this they took

The elder Margaret, and led her out  
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,  
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her  
Upon the farthest stake, already reached  
By every rising wave, and left her there;  
And as the waves crept about her feet she prayed  
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,  
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore  
There paced the Prophet and the Laird of Lag,  
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Grahame,  
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,  
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,  
Waiting her doom delayed, said, "She would  
Turn before the tide, seek refuge in their arms

From the chill waves." But ever to her lips  
There came the wondrous words of life and peace;  
"If God be for us, who can be against?"  
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"  
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

And still the tide was flowing in;  
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,  
Where something white was floating—something  
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;  
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;  
Then disappeared. And round the shore  
And stake the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson,  
With cursing, vowed that he would wait  
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her  
Down, and tied her hands, and round her  
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope; for  
Windram came and eased it while he whispered  
In her ear, "Come, take the test and you are free."  
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save  
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"  
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,  
And drove the people back and silenced them.  
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,  
She sang the Psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"  
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,  
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.  
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,  
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,  
And there was glory over all the sea,  
A flood of glory, and the lifted face  
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,  
And Scotland's maiden martyr went to God.

## THE STATE OF MAINE

By WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Maine, 1871-81; Senator, 1881—. Born in Lewiston, Maine, 1831.

From an address delivered at the annual banquet of the New England Society in Brooklyn, December 22, 1886. See Sixth Annual Report of the Society.

I love the State of Maine better than any spot in the wide, wide world. The farther I travel, the more I see, the better I love her. This may seem strange to some luxuriously fed and clothed and housed son of the Empire State. But let me refer to what some would call the disadvantages of my native State, and illustrate the magnificent law of compensation.

"Your soil is hard and unproductive." Yes, no poet with any practical knowledge of it would talk about "tickling it with a hoe to make it laugh with the harvest." No tickling process will do there, but it responds gratefully to hard work; and you, sir, and I know that success attained by adequate achievement is that alone which is worth anything. Did you know that Maine last year raised more wheat than all the rest of New England put together? Her hay crop was worth fifteen million dollars, and we have an agricultural county in the extreme northeast part of the Republic called Aroostook which has quadrupled in population and wealth since 1860.

"But the surface of your State is rugged, hilly, mountainous." Yes, it is; but remember that every single mountain has a fertile valley, and that five thousand rivers seek the sea through those valleys, with currents so swift and strong that to-day they can carry every spindle in the United States of America.

"But these rivers and lakes are ice-bound one-third of the year." Yes, but sixty-five hundred men cut the ice into crystal blocks, load it on five hundred Maine vessels, and send it to every port in the United States.

"But your coast is dangerous, tempestuous, rock-

bound." Our coast is rock-bound, I admit. But seven thousand men cut and hammer and chisel that rough granite into things of beauty to adorn every city in the Republic; load them on five hundred more Maine vessels, and every year bring us back one million seven hundred thousand dollars in cash.

"But you have immense forests in Maine." Yes, we have. We have one forest in the center of which you might plant the whole Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and then the entire population would be compelled to hire guides to find their way over the border. But they are forests of pine, and spruce, and hemlock, and ten thousand men every year cut the trees, haul the logs, drive them to sawmills, manufacture them into lumber, load them on vessels, and bring home annually seven million dollars.

But after all the best product of the State of Maine is its men and women. The fathers scattered the seed of patience, of endurance, of honesty, of faith in God, and of hope in a glorious immortality, and a hundred years of Indian wars, in which one in every twenty of our people was slain; a ceaseless strife with the Earth and the Sea for the necessities of life, strengthened that seed. Neither despotism, nor slavery, nor great wealth, nor extreme poverty, nor ease, nor luxury choked its growth. This Republic of ours has reaped from it a magnificent harvest and grown strong.

Were you to ride to a small country town in Maine, to the summit of a beautiful hill, where are an old Puritan meeting-house and an old Puritan schoolhouse, you could see there a cradle in which one mother had rocked one United States senator, one Cabinet officer, five members of the National House of Representatives, four governors of States, two ministers plenipotentiary, one major-general in the United States Army, and one captain in the United States Navy. She was, indeed, one of our Puritan mothers.

Were you to sound the bugle of recall to-night, what a magnificent procession of the great, the powerful, the learned,

the successful, would take up their line of march back to the old State. Many great western cities would mourn for their sons and refuse to be comforted because they were not. And all the States and Territories of the great North would look with dismay upon the wonderful exodus which was taking place.

Yes, our climate is cold; our snows are deep and long continued, it is true. But our homes are warm, our firesides bright, our winter evenings long, our books plenty; and the result is thoughtful, earnest, active, home-loving men and women.

### DANIEL WEBSTER

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1868-76; Senator, 1877—. Born in Concord, Mass., 1826.

From a speech in the Senate December 20, 1894, on the receiving of the statues of Webster and Stark. See *Congressional Record*, Dec. 20, 1894.

Until the 7th of March, 1850, Daniel Webster was the oracle of New England. His portrait was upon the farmers' walls. He seemed to dwell at every fireside, not so much a guest as at home, in an almost bodily presence, mingling with every discussion where the power, the glory, or the authority of the country was in question. . . .

No language can fitly describe the condition of mind with which the report of Mr. Webster's speech of the 7th of March, 1850, was heard. Nothing could have resisted the dominion of Daniel Webster over New England until he provoked an encounter with the inexorable conscience of the Puritan. The shock of amazement, of consternation, and of grief which went through the North has had no parallel save that which attended the assassination of Lincoln. Is it you, Daniel Webster, that are giving us this counsel? Do you tell us that when the fugitive slave girl lays her suppliant hands on the horns of the altar, that it is our duty to send her back to be scourged, to be outraged, to be denied

the right to read her Bible, to be the mother of a progeny for whom, for countless generations, these things shall be the common and relentless doom? Is it you, the orator of Plymouth Rock, of Bunker Hill, defender of the Constitution, from whose volcanic lips came those words of molten lava, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable"? Has the intellect that wrought out the massive logic of the reply to Hayne descended to this pitiful argument?

Do we—

Ask for this great deliverer now, and find him  
Eyeless in Gaza at the mill with slaves?

Is it slavery and union, now and forever, one and inseparable? Do you, who erected in imperishable granite the eternal monument of Nathan Dane, among the massive columns of your great argument, tell us now that natural conditions are to determine the question of slavery, and that an ordinance of freedom is an affront to the South, and that we must reenact the law of God? Do you, who came to the side of Andrew Jackson in 1832, counsel that the lawful authority of this nation shall yield to threats of revolution and secession? Is it from you that we hear no higher law?

It would have been fortunate for Mr. Webster's happiness and for his fame if he had died before 1850. But what would have been his fame and what would have been his happiness if his life could have been spared till 1865? He would have seen the transcendent issue on which the fate of the country hung made up as he had framed it in 1830. Union and liberty, the law of man and the law of God, the Constitution and natural justice, the august voice of patriotism and the august voices of the men who settled the country and of the men who framed the Constitution are all speaking on the same side. He would have lived to see the time for concession all gone by; the flag falling from Sumter's walls caught as it fell by the splendid youth of 1861; the armed hosts pressing upon the Capitol beaten back, everything

which he had loved, everything which he had worked for in the prime of his years and in the strength of his manhood, rallying upon one side—patriotism, national authority, law, conscience, duty, all speaking together and all speaking through his lips and repeating his maxims. He would have seen his great arguments in the reply to Hayne, in the debates with Calhoun, inspiring, guiding, commanding, strengthening. The judge in the court is citing them. The orator in the Senate is repeating them. The soldier by the camp-fire is meditating them. The Union cannon is shotted with them. They are flashing from the muzzle of the rifle. They are gleaming in the stroke of the saber. They are heard in the roar of the artillery. They shine on the advancing banner. They mingle with the shout of victory. They conquer in the surrender of Appomattox. They abide forever and forever in the returning reason of an estranged section and the returning loyalty of a united people. Oh, if he could but have lived—if he could but have lived, how the hearts of his countrymen would have come back to him!

The bitterest enemy, the most austere judge, must grant to Daniel Webster a place with the great intellects of the world. He was among the greatest. Of all the men who have rendered great services to America and to the cause of constitutional liberty, there are but two or three names worthy to be placed by the side of his. Of all the lovers of his country, no man ever loved her with a greater love. In all the attributes of a mighty and splendid manhood he never had a superior on earth. Master of English speech, master of the loftiest emotions that stirred the hearts of his countrymen, comprehending better than any other man save Marshall the principles of her Constitution, he is the one foremost figure in our history between the day when Washington died and the day when Lincoln took the oath of office.



## THE WAR WITH AMERICA

By WILLIAM PITT, *Earl of Chatham*, Statesman. Born in Boconnoc, Cornwall, England, 1708; died in Hayes, Somerset, 1778.

From a speech made in the House of Lords, November 18, 1777, on "An Address to the Throne Concerning Affairs in America." This was the great orator's last speech. See "British Orations," Vol. I, published in 1884 by G. P. Putnam's Sons New York, N. Y.

I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. I cannot concur in a blind and servile address, which approves and endeavors to sanctify the monstrous measures which have heaped disgrace and misfortune upon us. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment! It is not a time for adulation. The smoothness of flattery cannot now avail—cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the Throne in the language of truth. We must dispel the illusion and the darkness which envelop it, and display, in its full danger and true colors, the ruin that is brought to our doors.

Can the minister of the day now presume to expect a continuance of support in this ruinous infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and its duty as to be thus deluded into the loss of the one and the violation of the other? To give an unlimited credit and support for the steady perseverance in measures not proposed for our parliamentary advice, but dictated and forced upon us—in measures, I say, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to ruin and contempt! "But yesterday, and England might have stood against the world: now none so poor to do her reverence." The desperate state of our arms abroad is in part known. No man thinks more highly of them than I do. I love and honor the English troops. I know their virtues and their valor. I know they can achieve anything except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You cannot, I venture to say it, *you cannot* conquer America. Your

armies in the last war effected everything that could be effected; and what was it? It cost a numerous army, under the command of a most able general [Lord Amherst], now a noble Lord in this House, a long and laborious campaign to expel five thousand Frenchmen from French America. My Lords, *you cannot conquer America*. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing and suffered much. As to conquest, therefore, my Lords, I repeat, it is impossible. You may swell every expense and every effort still more extravagantly; pile and accumulate every assistance you can buy or borrow; traffic and barter with every little pitiful German prince that sells and sends his subjects to the shambles of a foreign prince; your efforts are forever vain and impotent—doubly so from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your enemies, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty! If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!

### BRIER-ROSE

By HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN. Novelist, Professor. Born in Norway, 1848; died in New York, 1895.

From "Idyls of Norway and Other Poems," copyright, 1882, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

Said Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:

"What *will* become of you, my child, there is nobody knows.

You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;

You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,  
The goodwife, as she bustled with pot, and tray, and sieve;

But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:  
"Why, I shall marry, mother dear," full merrily she said.

"*You* marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found  
To marry such a worthless maid, these seven leagues  
around."

But Brier-Rose, she laughed, and she trilled a merry lay:  
"Perhaps he'll come, my mother dear, from *seventeen*  
leagues away!"

The goodwife, with a "humph!" and a sigh, forsook the  
battling,  
But threw her pots and pails about with much vindictive  
rattling.

"Alas! what sin did I commit in youthful days and wild,  
That I am punished in my age with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,  
And, laughing, pressed an airy kiss behind the goodwife's  
ear.

And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: "Oh, Heaven only  
knows

Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose."

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,  
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her wrath could  
hide;

For girls were made for housewives, for spinning-wheel and  
loom,

And not to drink the sunshine and wild flower's perfume. . .

Thus flew the years light-winged over Brier-Rose's head,  
Till she was twenty summers old, and yet remained unwed.  
And all the parish wondered: "If anybody knows,  
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-Rose?"

And while they wondered came the Spring a-dancing o'er  
the hills;

Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the mountain  
rills  
With their tinkling, and their rippling, and their rushing  
filled the air,  
With the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled  
Adown the tawny eddies, that hissed, and seethed, and  
swirled;  
Now shooting through the rapids, and, with a reeling swing,  
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline  
The waters plunged, and wreathed in foam the dark boughs  
of the pine,  
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each  
straggling beam  
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream. . .

And yet—methinks I hear it now —wild voices in the night,  
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flaring light,  
And wandering gusts of dampness, and round us far and  
nigh,  
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears of gold  
and red,  
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the narrows  
sped.  
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty tree-tops sway,  
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers of spray.

“Now, lads,” the sheriff shouted, “you are strong, like  
Norway's rock;  
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the lumber-lock!  
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil  
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary years of toil.”

We looked each at the other; each hoped his neighbor would  
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant Norsemen  
should.

But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,  
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm  
rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless  
stood the crowd.

"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious tones  
and loud.

But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,  
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands, and with fainting hearts we  
stood,

We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.

We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,

And saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the  
throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people round about.

"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;

"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God Himself scarce  
knows

Why ever He created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile

Across her fair face flitted that might a stone beguile;

And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:

"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll  
break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and  
old;

"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever  
bold."

And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hand was flung,  
When, lo! into the river's midst, with daring leaps, she  
sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding  
spray;

From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play.  
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through  
the mist,

A crimson waist, a golden head, a little, dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,  
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.  
For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange and creaking  
sound,

And then a crash of thunder, which shook the very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the rocky  
steep.

We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the deep;

We saw a tiny form which the torrents swiftly bore

And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst not weave or  
spin;

Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy mocking kin;  
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy death to save  
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the wave.

### "LET US HAVE PEACE"

By HENRY WATTERSON, Journalist, Author; Member of Congress from  
Kentucky, 1876-77. Born Washington, D. C., 1840.

From a speech before the Society of the Army of Tennessee, Oct. 9, 1891.

The war is over, and it is well over. God reigns, and the  
Government at Washington still lives. I am glad of that.  
I can conceive nothing worse for ourselves, nothing worse  
for our children, than what might have been if the war had  
ended otherwise, leaving two exhausted combatants, to

become the prey of foreign intervention and diplomacy, setting the clock of civilization back a century, and splitting the noblest of the continents into five or six weak and warring Republics, like those of South America, to repeat in the New World the mistakes of the Old.

The war is over, truly; and, let me repeat, it is well over. If anything were wanting to proclaim its termination from every house-top and door-post in the land, that little brush we had last spring with Signor Macaroni furnished it. As to the touch of an electric bell, the whole people rallied to the brave words of the Secretary of State, and, for the moment, sections and parties sunk out of sight and thought in one overmastering sentiment of racehood, manhood, and nationality. . . .

I came, primarily, to bow my head and to pay my measure of homage to the statue that was unveiled to-day. The career and the name which that statue commemorates belong to me no less than to you. When I followed him to the grave—proud to appear in the obsequies, though as the obscurest of those who bore an official part therein—I felt that I was helping to bury not only a great man, but a true friend. From that day to this the story of the life and death of General Grant has more and more impressed and touched me. . . .

He was the embodiment of simplicity, integrity, and courage; every inch a general, a soldier, and a man; but in the circumstances of his last illness, a figure of heroic proportions for the contemplation of the ages. I recall nothing in history so sublime as the spectacle of that brave spirit, broken in fortune and in health, with the dread hand of the dark angel clutched about his throat, struggling with every breath to hold the clumsy, unfamiliar weapon with which he sought to wrest from the jaws of death something for the support of wife and children when he was gone! If he had done nothing else, that would have made his exit from the world an epic!



A little while after I came to my home from the last scene of all, I found that a woman's hand had collected the insignia I had worn in the magnificent, melancholy pageant—the orders assigning me to duty and the funeral scarfs and badges—and had grouped and framed them; unbidden, silently, tenderly; and when I reflected that the hands that did this were those of a loving Southern woman, whose father had fallen on the Confederate side in the battle, I said: “The war indeed is over; let us have peace!” Gentlemen; soldiers; comrades; the silken folds that twine about us here, for all their soft and careless grace, are yet as strong as hooks of steel! They hold together a united people and a great nation; for, realizing the truth at last—with no wounds to be healed and no stings of defeat to remember—the South says to the North, as simply and as truly as was said three thousand years ago in the far-away meadow upon the shores of the mystic sea: “Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

### THE MISSION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL

By WILLIAM DE WITT HYDE, Clergyman, Author, Educator; President of Bowdoin College, 1885—. Born at Winchendon, Mass., 1859.

Taken from an article in *The Educational Review* for October, 1896.

What is it that, as taxpayers, as parents, as members of school boards, as teachers, we are trying to do for the children and youth committed to our charge? . . .

Do we support the public school for the sake of training intelligent voters? Why, half the scholars in these public schools, unless there shall be a constitutional amendment enlarging the basis of suffrage, will never vote at all. And then do we pretend that Latin and French, and physics and chemistry, and the twenty or thirty branches taught in the high school are necessary to fit a boy to cast an intelligent vote? We have long since left this motive far behind in the liberality of our provision for public instruction. The

political motive is not large enough to explain our devotion to our public schools.

Do we then support the public schools in order that the children may be trained to earn their own living, and thus not become burdens upon the charity of the State? We frequently hear that motive assigned. But we all know perfectly well that not half the subjects taught in our public schools have any direct bearing on the ability of the boys and girls to earn a livelihood. We have gone far beyond the industrial ideal of public education.

Let me try once more. Do we support the public schools because we wish that these children, who are to be our neighbors and fellow citizens, shall be intelligent, self-respecting, public-spirited neighbors and citizens; that they shall be good husbands and thrifty wives; that they shall be wise fathers and mothers; that they shall be interested in what is noble and pure; enthusiastic in support of what is generous and just; that their homes shall ring with healthful laughter and happy song; that their work shall be wrought in integrity and their recreation shall be healthful and uplifting? Is anything less than this the ideal we really cherish? Will anything lower or narrower justify the splendid efforts we are making for public education? . . .

Without our knowing it, the social ideal of an intelligent, full, free, happy, human life for every boy and girl born or brought into our midst has gained possession of our minds and hearts. . . .

This world in which we live is established through wisdom; founded on truth; governed by law; clothed in beauty; crowned with beneficence. The business of the school is to open the mind to understand that perfect wisdom; to appreciate that wondrous truth; to respect that universal law; to admire that radiant beauty; to praise that infinite beneficence.

Humanity, of which we are members, has brought forth great men and glorious deeds; it has formed languages and

reared civilizations; it has expressed its ideals and aspirations on canvas and in stone; it has uttered its joys and sorrows, its hopes and fears, in music and poetry. The province of the school is to interpret to the scholar these glorious deeds of noble men; to open to him the languages and civilizations of the past; to make him share the pure ideals and lofty aims of artist and architect; to introduce him to the larger world of letters and the higher realms of song.

Nothing lower than this interpretation of nature and humanity to man can be accepted as the end of education. To make one at home in the world, and friends with all which it contains, is the object of the school. . . .

The public school is the institution which says that the poor boy, though he may eat coarser food, and wear a shabbier coat, and dwell in a smaller house, and work earlier and later and harder than his rich companion, still shall have his eyes trained to behold the same glory in the heavens and the same beauty in the earth; shall have his mind developed to appreciate the same sweetness in music and the same loveliness in art; shall have his heart opened to enjoy the same literary treasures and the same philosophic truths; shall have his soul stirred by the same social influences and the same spiritual ideals as the children of his wealthier neighbors.

The socialism of wealth, the equalization of material conditions, is at present an idle dream, a contradictory conception, toward which society can take, no doubt, a few faltering steps, but which no mechanical invention or constitutional device can hope to realize in our day. The socialism of the intellect, the offering to all of the true riches of an enlightened mind and a heart that is trained to love the true, the beautiful, and the good—this is a possibility for the children of every workingman; and the public school is the channel through which this common fund of intellectual and spiritual wealth is freely distributed alike to rich and poor.

Here native and foreign born should meet to learn the common language and to cherish the common history and traditions of our country; here the son of the rich man should learn to respect the dignity of manual labor, and the daughter of the poor man should learn how to adorn and beautify her future humble home. Here all classes and conditions of men should meet together and form those bonds of fellowship, ties of sympathy, and community of interest and identity of aim which will render them superior to all the divisive forces of sectarian religion, or partisan politics, or industrial antagonisms; and make them all contented adherents, strong supporters, firm defenders of that social order which must rest upon the intelligence, the sympathy, the fellowship, the unity of its constituent members.

### THE SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER

By HENRY WATTERSON, Journalist, Author; Member of Congress from Kentucky, 1876-77; Editor of *Louisville Courier-Journal*, 1868—. Born in Washington, D. C., 1840.

From an address delivered at Chicago, Ill., Feb. 12, 1895.

What was Lincoln's mysterious power, and whence?

His was the genius of common sense; of common sense in action; of common sense in thought; of common sense enriched by experience and unhindered by fear. Inspired, he was truly, as Shakespeare was inspired; as Mozart was inspired; as Burns was inspired; each, like him, sprung directly from the people.

I look into the crystal globe that, slowly turning, reveals the story of his life, and I see a little heart-broken boy, weeping by the outstretched form of a dead mother, then bravely, nobly trudging a hundred miles to obtain her Christian burial. I see this motherless lad growing to manhood amid scenes that seem to lead to nothing but abasement; no teachers; no books; no chart, except his own

untutored mind; no compass, except his own undisciplined will; no light, save light from Heaven; yet, like the caravel of Columbus, struggling on and on through the trough of the sea, always toward the destined land. I see the full-grown man, stalwart and brave, an athlete in activity of movement and strength of limb, yet vexed by weird dreams and visions; of life, of love, of religion, sometimes verging on despair. I see the mind, grown as robust as the body, throw off these phantoms of the imagination and give itself to the practical uses of this work-a-day world; the rearing of children; the earning of bread; the cumulous duties of the husband, the father, and the citizen. I see the party leader, self-confident in conscious rectitude; original, because it was not his nature to follow; potent, because he was fearless, pursuing his convictions with earnest zeal, and urging them upon his fellows with the resources of an oratory which was hardly more impressive than it was many-sided. I see him, the preferred among his fellows, ascend to the eminence ordained for him, and him alone among the statesmen of the time, amid the derision of opponents and the distrust of supporters, yet unawed and unmoved, because thoroughly equipped to meet the emergency. The same being, from first to last; the little boy weeping over a dead mother; the great chief sobbing amid the cruel horrors of war; flinching not from duty, nor changing his lifelong ways of dealing with the stern realities which pressed upon him and hurried him forward. And, last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history, I see him lying dead there in the capitol of the nation, to which he had rendered "the last, full measure of his devotion," the flag of his country wrapped about him, and the world in mourning at his feet. Surely, he was one of God's elect; not in any sense a creature of circumstance, or accident, or chance.

The inspired are few. Whence their emanation, where and how they got their power, by what rule they lived, moved and had their being, we know not. There is no explication

to their lives. They rose from shadow and they went in mist. We see them, feel them, but we know them not. They came, God's word upon their lips; they did their office, God's mantle about them; and they vanished, God's holy light between the world and them; leaving behind a memory, half mortal and half myth. From first to last they were the creations of some special Providence.

Tried by this standard, where shall we find an illustration more impressive than Abraham Lincoln, whose career might be chanted by a Greek chorus as at once the prelude and the epilogue of the most imperial theme of modern times? . . .

Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no story, no tragedy, no epic poem will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling, than that which tells of his life and death.

### THE FOOL'S PRAYER

By EDWARD ROWLAND SILL, Poet, Professor, Editor. Born in Windsor, Conn., 1841; died in Cleveland, Ohio, 1887.

Reprinted, by special arrangement with and permission of the publishers, from "Poems by Edward Rowland Sill," copyright, 1887, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care,  
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool;  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin: but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool.

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;  
But for our blunders—oh, in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool  
That did his will; but Thòu, O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"



## THE MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON

By JOHN MELLEN THURSTON, Lawyer; Senator from Nebraska, 1895—  
Born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

From an address at a banquet of the Michigan Club of Detroit, February 21, 1890.

Sometimes in passing along the street I meet a man who, in the left lapel of his coat, wears a little, plain, modest, unassuming bronze button. The coat is often old and rusty; the face above it seamed and furrowed by the toil and suffering of adverse years; perhaps beside it hangs an empty sleeve, and below it stumps a wooden peg. But when I meet the man who wears that button I doff my hat and stand uncovered in his presence—yea! to me the very dust his weary foot has pressed is holy ground, for I know that man, in the dark hour of the nation's peril, bared his breast to the hell of battle to keep the flag of our country in the Union sky.

Maybe at Donaldson he reached the inner trench; at Shiloh held the broken line; at Chattanooga climbed the flame-swept hill, or stormed the clouds on Lookout Heights. He was not born or bred to soldier life. His country's summons called him from the plow, the forge, the bench, the loom, the mine, the store, the office, the college, the sanctuary. He did not fight for greed of gold, to find adventure, or to win renown. He loved the peace of quiet ways, and yet he broke the clasp of clinging arms, turned from the witching glance of tender eyes, left good-by kisses upon tiny lips to look death in the face on desperate fields.

And when the war was over he quietly took up the broken threads of love and life as best he could, a better citizen for having been so good a soldier.

What mighty men have worn this same bronze button! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Logan, and an hundred more, whose names are written on the title-page of deathless fame. Their glorious victories are known of men; the history of

their country gives them voice; the white light of publicity illuminates them for every eye. But there are thousands who, in humbler way, no less deserve applause. How many knightliest acts of chivalry were never seen beyond the line or heard of above the roar of battle.

God bless the men who wore the button! They pinned the stars of Union in the azure of our flag with bayonets, and made atonement for a nation's sin in blood. They took the negro from the auction-block and at the altar of emancipation crowned him—citizen. They supplemented "Yankee Doodle" with "Glory Hallelujah," and Yorktown with Appomatox. Their powder woke the morn of universal freedom and made the name "American" first in all the earth. To us their memory is an inspiration and to the future it is hope.

### LIBERTY AND UNION

By DANIEL WEBSTER, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress from New Hampshire, 1813-17; from Massachusetts, 1823-27; Senator from Massachusetts, 1827-41, 1845-50; Secretary of State, 1841-43. Born in Salisbury, N. H., 1782; died in Marshfield, Mass., 1852.

From "The Second Speech on Foot's Resolution," delivered in the Senate, January 26, 1830. See "The Works of Daniel Webster," Vol. III, published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has

teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed.

While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that, in my day at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth?" Nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward;" but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its

ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment dear to every true American heart—Liberty *and* Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

## THE SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE

(Abridged.)

By THOMAS NELSON PAGE, Lawyer, Poet, Story-writer. Born in Oakland, Va., 1853.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Elsket and Other Stories," copyright, 1891, by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

It was his greatest pride in life that he had been a soldier—a soldier of the empire. He was known simply as "The Soldier," and it is probable there was not a man, and certain that there was not a child in the Quarter who did not know the tall, erect old Sergeant with his white mustache, and his face seamed with two saber cuts.

Yes, they all knew him, and knew how, when he was not over thirteen, he had received the cross which he always wore over his heart, sewed in the breast of his coat, from the hand of the emperor himself. He was "the Sergeant," a soldier of the empire, and there was not a dog in the Quarter which did not feel and look proud when it could trot on the inside of the sidewalk by him.

Pierre, his son, was not popular in the Quarter. He was nineteen years old when war was declared with Prussia. All Paris was in an uproar. Of all the residents of the Quarter, none took a deeper interest than the soldier of the empire.

The war began in earnest. The troops were sent to the front, the crowds shouting "On to Berlin." Nearly all the young men had enlisted and gone. Pierre, however, still remained behind.

Suddenly the levy came. Pierre was conscripted.

That night the Sergeant enlisted in the same company.

The day they were mustered in, the captain of the com-

pany sent for him and bade him have the first sergeant's chevrons sewed on his sleeve.

The army lay still and no battles were fought. Thus it was for several weeks, but at last one evening, it was apparent that some change was at hand, and the army stirred. It was high time. The Prussians were almost on them, and had them in a trap. At length they marched.

The Sergeant saw once more the field of glory and heard again the shout of victory; he beheld the tricolor floating over the capitol of the enemies of France. Perhaps it would be planted there by Pierre—Ha! France would ring with Pierre's name; the Quarter should go wild with delight.

Just then the skirmishers ahead began to fire, and in a few moments it was answered by a sullen note from the villages beyond the plain, and the battle had begun. The fire was terrific.

Suddenly an officer galloped up, and spoke to the lieutenant of the nearest battery.

"Where's the colonel?"

"Killed."

"Where's your captain?"

"Dead there under the gun."

"Are you in command?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, hold this hill."

"How long?"

"Forever." And he galloped off.

His voice was heard clear and ringing in a sudden lull, and the old Sergeant, clutching his musket, shouted:

"We will, forever."

There was a momentary lull.

Suddenly the cry was:

"Here they are."

In an instant a dark line of men appeared coming up the slope. The Lieutenant of the company, looking along the line, called the Sergeant, and ordered him to go back down

the hill and tell the General to send them a support instantly or they could not hold the hill much longer. He delivered his message.

"Go back and tell him he must hold it," was the reply. "Upon it depends the fate of France. Hold it for France!" he called after him.

The words were heard perfectly clear even above the din of battle which was steadily increasing all along the line, and they stirred the old soldier like a trumpet. He pushed back up the hill with a run. In his ears rang the words—"For France!" They came like an echo from the past; it was the same cry he had heard at Waterloo. "*For France!*"—the words were consecrated; the emperor himself had used them. Was it not glorious to die for France!

With these thoughts was mingled the thought of Pierre—Pierre also would die for France. The smoke hid everything. Just then it shifted a little. As it did so, he saw a man in the uniform of his regiment steal out of the dim line, and start towards him at a run. His cap was pulled over his eyes, and he saw him deliberately fling away his gun. He was skulking. All the blood boiled up in the old soldier's veins. Desert—not fight for France! Why did not Pierre shoot him! Just then the coward passed close to him and the old man seized him with a grip of iron. The deserter, surprised, turned his face; it was pallid with terror and shame; but no more so than his captor's.

"Pierre!" he gasped. "Good God! where are you going?"

"I am sick," faltered the other.

"Come back," said the father sternly.

"I cannot," was the terrified answer.

"It is for France, Pierre," pleaded the old soldier pitifully. There was a pause. "Then, dastard!" hissed the father, flinging his son from him with indescribable scorn.

Pierre, free once more, was slinking off with averted face, when a new idea seized the other, and his face grew grim as

stone. Cocking his musket, he took *careful and deliberate aim* at his son's retreating figure and brought his finger slowly down upon the trigger. But, before he could fire, a shell exploded directly in the line of his aim, and when the smoke blew off Pierre had disappeared. The coward had in the very act of flight met the death he dreaded. The countenance of the living man was more pallid than that of the dead. No word escaped him, except that refrain, "For France, for France!"

The fierce onslaught of the Prussians had broken the line somewhere beyond the batteries, and the French were being borne back. All order was lost. It was a rout. The soldiers of his own regiment began to rush by the spot where the old Sergeant stood above his son's body. They attempted to hurry him along, but raising his voice so that he was heard even above the tumult of the rout, he shouted, "Are ye all cowards? Rally for France—for France!"

They tried to bear him along; it was no use; still he shouted that rallying cry, "*For France, for France! Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" and steadied by the war-cry, accustomed to obey an officer, the men around him fell instinctively into something like order, and for an instant the rout was arrested. The fight was renewed over Pierre's dead body, but the Prussians were too strong for them, they were soon surrounded. There was no thought of quarter; none was asked, none was given. Cries, cheers, shouts, blows were mingled together, and clear above all rang the old soldier's war-cry, "*For France, for France! Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!*" It was the refrain from an older and bloodier field. He thought he was at Waterloo. Mad with excitement, the men took up the cry and fought like tigers, but the issue could not be doubtful.

Man after man fell with the cry "*For France!*" on his lips, and his comrades, standing astride his body, fought till they too fell. Almost the last one was the old Sergeant.

It was best, for France was lost.



That night a group of Prussian officers going over the field with lanterns looking after their wounded, stopped near the spot where the old Sergeant had made his last stand for France.

"It was just here," said one, "that they made that splendid rally."

A second, looking at the body of an old French Sergeant, said simply:

"There died a brave soldier."

Another, stooping to examine the broken cross of the Legion on the dead man's breast, said reverently:

"He was a soldier of the empire."

### OUR NATIONAL FLAG

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, Clergyman, Editor. Author; Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1847-87. Born in Litchfield, Conn., 1813; died in Brooklyn, 1887.

From a sermon delivered to two companies of the "Brooklyn Fourteenth," many of them members of the Plymouth Church. Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Patriotic Addresses" by H. W. Beecher, published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbol, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, that belong to the nation that sets it forth. When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-colored Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long buried, but never dead, principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George, on a fiery ground, set forth the banner of old England, we see not the cloth merely: there rises up before the mind the idea of that great monarchy.

This nation has a banner, too. Not another flag on the

globe has such an errand, or goes forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever this flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion, and no fierce eagle; no embattled castles, or insignia of imperial authority; they see the symbols of light. It is the banner of Dawn. It means *Liberty*; and the galley-slave, the poor, oppressed conscript, the trodden-down creature of foreign despotism, sees in the American flag that very promise and prediction of God,—“The people which sat in the darkness saw a great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death light is sprung up.”

If one, then, asks me the meaning of our flag, I say to him, it means just what Concord and Lexington meant, what Bunker Hill meant; it means the whole glorious Revolutionary War, which was, in short, the rising up of a valiant young people against an old tyranny, to establish the most momentous doctrine that the world had ever known, or has since known—the right of men to their own selves and to their liberties.

Our flag means, then, all that our fathers meant in the Revolutionary War; it means all that the Declaration of Independence meant; it means all that the Constitution of our people, organizing for justice, for liberty, and for happiness, meant. Our flag carries American ideas, American history, and American feelings. Beginning with the Colonies, and coming down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored

chiefly this supreme idea: Divine right of liberty in man. Every color means liberty; every form of star and beam or stripe of light means liberty; not lawlessness, not license; but organized, institutional liberty—liberty through law, and laws for liberty!

## OUR PLEDGE TO PUERTO RICO

By CHARLES E. LITTLEFIELD, Lawyer; Attorney-General of State of Maine, 1889-93; Member of Congress from Maine, 1899—. Born in Lebanon, Me., 1851.

From a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, February 23, 1900; the House having under consideration the bill to regulate the trade of Puerto Rico. See *Congressional Record*, Feb. 23, 1900.

In 1898 the army of the United States, in a war declared in the interest of humanity, and upon the proposition that the old flag would carry with it liberty and freedom and equal opportunity and all the blessings of a Christian civilization, went where? It went to the island of Puerto Rico, and Major-General Miles held the standard. In the proclamation with which General Miles signalized his advent upon Puerto Rican soil, he said: "We come bearing the banner of freedom, inspired by a noble purpose, to seek the enemies of our country and yours, and to destroy or capture all who are in armed resistance. We bring you the fostering arm of a nation of free people, *whose greatest power is in its justice and humanity to all those living within its fold*. We have not come to make war upon the people of a country that for centuries has been oppressed, but, on the contrary, to bring you protection, not only to yourselves but to your property, to promote your prosperity, *and to bestow upon you the immunities and blessings of the liberal institutions of our government*."

Relying upon this proclamation these people did what?

They prostrated themselves before him; they covered him with wreaths and garlands of flowers; they kissed the flag that was carried there under that promise, and the delegates

from Puerto Rico stand here, asking the Republican party to make good the promise made by General Miles for the Republic, when they eagerly delivered "The Ever-Faithful Isle" into his all-conquering hands. Miles, the magnificent representative of our institutions, the typical American citizen, who won his way, by sheer force of merit, ability, and valor, from the position of a common soldier, step by step, to the position of leader of the Armies of the Republic.

I never will vote to violate the promise he made or to repudiate the pledge. The Republic cannot afford, in this or any other campaign, to violate that sacred promise. It is written in the blood of our heroes that fought at El Caney, San Juan, and Santiago. It was made in the presence of all Christendom, and it is sealed by the God of battles. The Republic cannot violate that promise made to this weak and helpless people, without sullyng its honor and tarnishing its fame. . . . Why, gentlemen here say that we are about to inaugurate a policy of colonial government. I want to ask the gentlemen in this House if they desire to signalize their entry upon a colonial government, in their very first act, by a breach of good faith. Do you remember the history of proud Spain? What is it? What is it that has characterized Spain ever since the sixteenth century, ever since Pizarro rode ruthless and roughshod over Mexico, and the Duke of Alva filled the Netherlands with carnage, blood, butcheries, and indescribable horrors, in his infamous attempt to crush out the very beginning of civil and religious liberty? What is it that has characterized her and made her contemptible before every honorable nation upon the earth? It is her duplicity and her breaches of good faith.

Puerto Rico kneels to-day, weak, helpless, starving, with her hands held toward us in supplication. She pleads for the fulfillment of this promise. Her prayers may fall upon deaf ears, that will not hear in this House, but there is one tribunal to which I fully believe they may confidently appeal

—the enlightened, unselfish, Christian conscience of a great and free people.

We hear a great deal in these days about the glory of the Republic, the grandeur of its institutions, its unparalleled civilization. May the action of the House worthily exemplify these lofty sentiments. Then may our flag float over the whole Republic, in the Occident as well as the Orient, over the Pearl of the Antilles, and the Thousand Islands near far-off Cathay, upon land and sea, over schoolhouse and church, the emblem of our integrity and good faith, of liberty and freedom, of the inestimable blessings of a Christian civilization. Thus, and only thus, will it be and ever remain, by the blessing and favor of Almighty God, the unsullied and untarnished symbol of our honor, our glory, and our splendor.

### HORACE GREELEY

By HENRY WARD BEECHER, Clergyman, Editor, Author; Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1847-87. Born in Litchfield, Conn., 1813; died in Brooklyn, 1887.

Spoken at the funeral of Horace Greeley, November, 1872.

There is no one that dies whose death is not momentous, if we but behold it as God's angels do. Every day hundreds and hundreds are borne through your streets and laid away to sleep in yonder Greenwood, leaving behind them sorrow and tears, and many reverent thoughts; yet no one, I think, has gone bearing with him so many sympathies, so much kindness, so many tender recollections, as he who lies before you.

Who is this man, bearing upon him all the civic honors that the land could give him? Who is this man? One whose wealth has made him a prince in benevolence? He was not rich in living, nor in dying rich. Who is this man? Some one gifted with all kindness of heart, and singular tact of administration, that should make every one his friend who came near him? But he was a man of war, who for thirty

years has filled the land with the racket of various controversies; and yet to-day, without office, without title, without place except that of the humblest citizen, the Government itself stands still, and the honored representative and Chief Magistrate of this great people is here to bow his head in unfeigned sympathy. Here are men who have scarcely yet laid down the bow from which the last arrow has been shot—all gathered in genuine sympathy around about this man who can speak no more, walk in our presence no more, but has gone out from us forever.

Is it that death has made us forget all our differences? We have not forgotten them. We differ to-day as much in theory, as much in philosophy, in the best methods of policy, as we did a month ago. A month ago the whole land was full of clamor. A little while ago men were in fierce battle. There has been no change in it; and yet he who was the chief mark on one side lies before you; and you press around him in tears to-day to do him reverence. It is because the man is more than a professional man; not the candidate, not the editor. The man that lay under them all is honored and honorable. And when the conflicts of life intermit for a moment, and you can look into that which belongs to your essential manhood, you do revere him and love him. And you are brought together to express here your honor and your reverence for Horace Greeley.

For thirty years he has builded for himself no outward monument, no long line of literary efforts, no mansion, no estate; but for thirty years that heart that meant well by every human being has been beating, beating, and giving some drops of its blood to countless multitudes, until to-day, between the two oceans, there is hardly an intelligent man or child that does not feel the influence of the life of Horace Greeley.

And now what matters it, in your present thought, that in the party divisions of life he was on one side and you were on the other? Horace Greeley gave the strength of his life

to education, to honest industry, to humanity, especially toward the poor and the unfriended. He was feet for the lame; he was tongue for the dumb; he was an eye for the blind; and had a heart for those who had none to sympathize with them. His nature longed for more love than it had, and more sympathy than was ever administered to it. The great heart working through life fell at last. It had been for intelligence, for industry, for an honest life and a nobler manhood; and his deeds will be known and felt to the latest generations in our land. He has been a national benefactor; and to-day we are all speaking kindly of him—sorrowfully.

Oh! men, is there nothing for you to do—you who with uplifted hands a few short weeks ago were doing such battle? Think of those conflicts, in which you forgot charity, kindness, goodness! What do you think of them now? Look here at all that remains of this man. Did you not magnify the differences? It is not enough that you should mourn with those that mourn. Carry back with you a kinder and chastened feeling.

At last, at last! he rests as one that has been driven through a long voyage by storms that would not abate, but reaches the shore and stands upon the firm earth; sees again the shady trees, and the green fields, and the beaming sun. So he, through a long and not untempestuous voyage, has reached the shore and is at rest. How blessed are the dead that die in the Lord!

### INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. Born in Camberwell, England, 1812; died in Venice, Italy, 1889.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon:  
 A mile or so away  
 On a little mound, Napoleon  
 Stood on our storming-day;



With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,  
Legs wide, arms locked behind,  
As if to balance the prone brow  
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, " My plans  
That soar, to earth may fall,  
Let once my army-leader Lannes  
Waver at yonder wall,"—  
Out 'twixt the battery smokes there flew  
A rider, bound on bound  
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew  
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,  
And held himself erect  
By just his horse's mane, a boy:  
You hardly could suspect—  
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,  
Scarce any blood came through)  
You looked twice ere you saw his breast  
Was all but shot in two.

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace  
We've got you Ratisbon!  
The Marshal's in the market-place,  
And you'll be there anon  
To see your flag-bird flap his vans  
Where I, to heart's desire,  
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans  
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently  
Softened itself, as sheathes  
A film the mother-eagle's eye  
When her bruised eaglet breathes;

“ You’re wounded! ” — “ Nay, ” the soldier’s pride  
Touched to the quick, he said:  
“ I’m killed, Sire! ” And his chief beside,  
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

### SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS

By LYDIA MARIA CHILD, Novelist, Journalist; Author of the first anti-slavery book printed in America. Born in Medford, Mass., 1802; died in Wayland, Mass., 1880.

Taken from the novel, “ The Rebels of Boston before the Revolution, ” published in 1822.

England may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles like those against which we now contend have cost one king of England his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation from whom we are proud to derive our origin we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be, extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “ Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper? ” No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth that avarice, aided by power, cannot exhaust? True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam which has brought it forth on

the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

But perhaps others will say, "We ask no money from your gratitude,—we only demand that you should pay your own expenses." And who, I pray, is to judge of their necessity? Why, the King,—and, with all due reverence to his sacred majesty, he understands the real wants of his distant subjects as little as he does the language of the Choctaws! Who is to judge concerning the frequency of these demands? The Ministry. Who is to judge whether the money is properly expended? The Cabinet behind the Throne. In every instance, those who take are to judge for those who pay. If this system is suffered to go into operation, we shall have reason to esteem it a great privilege that rain and dew do not depend upon Parliament; otherwise they would soon be taxed and dried. But, thanks to God, there is freedom enough upon earth to resist such monstrous injustice! The flame of liberty is extinguished in Greece and Rome; but the light of its glowing embers is still bright and strong on the shores of America. Actuated by its sacred influence, we will resist unto death. But we will not countenance anarchy and misrule. The wrongs that a desperate community have heaped upon their enemies shall be amply and speedily repaired. Still, it may be well for some proud men to remember that a fire is lighted in these Colonies which one breath of their King may kindle into such fury that the blood of all England cannot extinguish it!

## THE SOLUTION OF THE SOUTHERN PROBLEM

By BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON, Orator, Educator; Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Born a slave near Hale's Ford, Va., in 1857 or 1858.

From an address delivered at the opening of the Cotton States and International Exposition, at Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 18, 1895.

A ship lost at sea for many days suddenly sighted a friendly vessel. From the mast of the unfortunate vessel was seen a signal: "Water, water; we die of thirst!" The answer from the friendly vessel at once came back: "Cast down your bucket where you are." A second time the signal, "Water, water; send us water!" ran up from the distressed vessel, and was answered: "Cast down your bucket where you are." . . . The captain of the distressed vessel, at last heeding the injunction, cast down his bucket, and it came up full of fresh, sparkling water from the mouth of the Amazon River. To those of my race who depend on bettering their condition in a foreign land, or who underestimate the importance of cultivating friendly relations with the Southern white man, who is their next-door neighbor, I would say: "Cast down your bucket where you are"—cast it down in making friends in every manly way of the people of all races by whom we are surrounded.

Cast it down in agriculture, in mechanics, in commerce, in domestic service, and in the professions. . . .

Our greatest danger is, that in the great leap from slavery to freedom we may overlook the fact that the masses of us are to live by the productions of our hands, and fail to keep in mind that we shall prosper in proportion as we learn to dignify and glorify common labor and put brains and skill into the common occupations of life; shall prosper in proportion as we learn to draw the line between the superficial and the substantial, the ornamental gewgaws of life and the useful. No race can prosper till it learns that there is as much dignity in tilling a field as in writing a poem. It is

at the bottom of life we must begin, and not at the top. Nor should we permit our grievances to overshadow our opportunities.

To those of the white race who look to the incoming of those of foreign birth and strange tongue and habits for the prosperity of the South, were I permitted I would repeat what I say to my own race, "Cast down your bucket where you are." Cast it down among the eight million negroes whose habits you know, whose fidelity and love you have tested in days when to have proved treacherous meant the ruin of your firesides. Cast down your bucket among these people who have, without strikes and labor wars, tilled your fields, cleared your forests, builded your railroads and cities, and brought forth treasures from the bowels of the earth, and helped make possible this magnificent representation of the progress of the South. Casting down your bucket among my people, helping and encouraging them to education of head, hand, and heart, you will find that they will buy your surplus land, make blossom the waste places in your fields, and run your factories. While doing this, you can be sure in the future, as in the past, that you and your families will be surrounded by the most patient, faithful, law-abiding, and unresentful people that the world has seen. As we have proved our loyalty to you in the past, in nursing your children, watching by the sick-bed of your mothers and fathers, and often following them with tear-dimmed eyes to their graves, so in the future, in our humble way, we shall stand by you with a devotion that no foreigner can approach, ready to lay down our lives, if need be, in defense of yours, interlacing our industrial, commercial, civil, and religious life with yours in a way that shall make the interests one. . . .

And here, bending, as it were, over the altar that represents the results of the struggles of your race and mine, both starting practically empty-handed three decades ago, I pledge that in your effort to work out the great and intricate

problem which God has laid at the doors of the South you shall have at all times the patient, sympathetic help of my race; only let this be constantly in mind: that, while from representations in these buildings of the product of field, of forest, of mine, of factory, of letters and art, much good will come, yet far above and beyond material benefits will be that higher good which, let us pray God, will come in a blotting out of sectional differences and racial animosities and suspicions, in a determination to administer absolute justice, in a willing obedience among all classes to the mandates of law. This, this, coupled with our material prosperity, will bring into our beloved South a new heaven and a new earth.

### THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SPANISH WAR

By JOHN DAVIS LONG, Lawyer, Author; Governor of Massachusetts, 1880-82; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1882-88; Secretary of the Navy, 1897—. Born in Buckfield, Maine.

From a speech made at a dinner of the Republican Club of Massachusetts, October 26, 1898. See *Boston Herald and Journal*, Oct. 27, 1898.

I cannot stand in this generous presence and not be keenly alive to the fact that it emphasizes, not the kindness of personal friendship, not even the spirit of partisan zeal, but the warm, enthusiastic pride of the American citizen in the administration of the American government; pride in his country, and pride especially, I am sure, from your welcome to-night to me, in the glory of the American navy. Were there ever such pages as that navy has written, not in water, but in letters of light on the firmament of history? Why should I speak for it, when the navy speaks for itself?

Is it not enough to say that it has maintained the glorious standard to which it rose in the War of the American Revolution, and in the War of 1812, and in the War for the Union? Its achievements during the last six months have been one blaze of unprecedented triumph. Not only the triumph of battle, but the finer triumph of the highest professional skill, of scientific achievement, and of that preparation and fore-

sight which makes the public service efficient, accurate, and successful. It has added new names to the already glittering constellation of heroic stars.

The marvelous victories at Manila and Santiago, where Dewey and Sampson only led a list which runs without a break in its merit from the admiral to the humblest sailor and marine, have made the naval power of the United States master of the sea.

Of its professional spirit I cannot speak too highly. That spirit animated the officer on the deck, the commandant at the yard, the chief in the bureau, and no less the grades, every one of them, below these. Line and staff, superior and subordinate, have all worked with matchless fidelity and ability, and in harmonious co-operation, and deserve equal honor.

When Hobson tendered his life on the forlorn hope of the *Merrimac*, the decks of the ships at Santiago were crowded with heroes, whose names are written in water, but who were eager to give their own lives to win the same high meed of praise and to do the same noble service for their country.

The glory of the navy, and the glory of the war which it shares with the army, is not, however, in battle alone; or, rather, it is not in the brutal elements of battle. It is rather in the fine instinct, the heroic courage, the splendid devotion, the intense patriotism which nerve men to endure what otherwise were the unpardonable horrors of armed conflict, for the sake of the great ends and causes for which battles are fought. The war through which we have just passed was not waged for the exultation of victory. It was for the unloosing of the yoke of bondage, the elevation of an oppressed people, the diviner civilization of the coming century. Its finer touches were more in the generous humanity it aroused than in the splendid courage it evoked.

Not a trace of personal animosity toward the foe was visible from beginning to end. Few words will last longer than those which Captain Evans uttered when he said of his



men during the battle of Santiago that "So long as the enemy flew its flag they fought like American seamen, but when the flag was hauled down they were as gentle and tender as American women." It was a revelation to the Spanish prisoners when they found themselves received with Christian kindness in an incampment rather than a prison at Portsmouth; their wounds bound up and every want provided for.

The lesson has not been lost on the civilization of the time when Cervera, returning to his seat in the Spanish Senate, proclaims the humanity of America, and suggests to Spain that she benefit by our example, waken from her heritage to its limitations, and follow the lead of American enterprise and American institutions. . . .

I stood a few days ago on the portico of the executive mansion. I recalled that in my youth I there met President Lincoln as he came out of the White House door. We were alone. Had I then lost, as I have since lost, the awe which a young man feels on meeting a great one, I should have presumed to speak to him, and, perhaps, one of the saddest facts on which I ever looked might have been touched, in the passing greeting, with that kindly smile and lighting of the eyes which sometimes transformed it into beauty.

The burden of the great war was then upon his gaunt frame. He had emancipated the slave, but the war was not over. The freedom of a race, the issue of equal rights for all men, high or low, black or white, was still troubling in the balance.

A few days ago I stood with President McKinley on the same portico. We were not alone. Every foot of space, the railings, the grounds, were filled with a crowd of eager, interested people, men and women and children, waiting the march of the 10th regular cavalry, colored troops, who soon came passing in review. They were dismounted and marching in column. They were the heroes of the recent war. They had saved the brave Roosevelt and his Rough Riders.

They had stormed and swept the hill of San Juan. They had ranked themselves with the bravest of the brave.

Their uniforms none I saw, but it was the uniform of the United States soldier. They swept by with easy, swinging step. With heads erect and flashing eyes and kindling faces, bearing in their dusky hands the torn colors of their regiment, they passed in review, and the President of the United States bared his head in token of respect.

There and then I saw the consummation of Lincoln's work. Mayhap he was looked down from the portico of a mansion eternal in the heavens. The issue which trembled in his great hand is settled; the slave is free; there are equal rights for all; the second distinction of color is gone. The black man is the American soldier and the American citizen. There is no a crumb of business life in which he does not walk; no profession of which he is not a member; no school of learning or of athletics in which he does not rank; and on the platform, one of his race is to-day the best orator in America.

## KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, Poet, Newspaper Editor at Greentown, Indiana, 1853.

Taken from "Afterwiles," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright, 1887. Used by permission of the publisher, The Century Company, New York, N. Y.

Tell you what I like the best—

'Long about knee-deep in June,

'Bout the time strawberries melts

On the vine,—some afternoon

Like to jes' git out and rest,

And not work at nothin' else!

Orchard's where I'd ruther be—

Needn't fence it in fer me!

Jes' the whole sky overhead,

And the whole airth underneath—

Sorto' so's a man kin breathe  
 Like he ort, and kindo' has  
 Elbow-room to keerlessly  
 Sprawl out len'thways on the grass  
 Where the shadders thick and soft  
 As the kivvers on the bed  
 Mother fixes in the loft  
 Allus, when they's company!

Jes' a-sorto' lazin' there—  
 S'lazy, 'at you peek and peer  
 'Through the wavin' leaves above,  
 Like a feller 'at's in love  
 And don't know it, ner don't keer!  
 Ever'thing you hear and see  
 Got some sort o' interest—  
 Maybe find a bluebird's nest  
 Tucked up there conveniently  
 Fer the boy 'at's apt to be  
 Up some other apple-tree!  
 Watch the swallers skootin' past  
 'Bout as peert as you could ast;  
 Er the Bob-white raise and whiz  
 Where some other's whistle is.

Ketch a shadder down below,  
 And look up to find the crow—  
 Er a hawk,—away up there,  
 'Pearantly *froze* in the air!—  
 Hear the old hen squawk, and squat  
 Over ever' chick she's got,  
 Suddent-like!—And she knows where  
 That-air hawk is, well as you!—  
 You jes' bet yer life she do!—  
 Eyes a-glitterin' like glass,  
 Waitin' till he makes a pass!

Pee-wees' singin', to express  
My opinion, 's second class,  
Yit you'll hear 'em more er less;  
Sapsucks gittin' down to biz,  
Weedin' out the lonesomeness;  
Mr. Bluejay, full o' sass,  
In them base-ball clothes o' his,  
Sportin' 'round the orchard jes'  
Like he owned the premises!  
Sun out in the fields kin sizz,  
But flat on yer back, I guess,  
In the shade's where glory is!  
That's jes' what I'd like to do  
Stiddy fer a year er two!

Plague! ef they ain't somepin' in  
Work 'at kindo' goes ag'in'  
My convictions!—'long about  
Here in June especially!—  
Under some old apple-tree,  
Jes' a-restin' through and through,  
I could git along without  
Nothin' else at all to do  
Only jes' a-wishin' you  
Was a-gittin' there like me,  
And June was eternity!

Lay out there and try to see  
Jes' how lazy you kin be!—  
Tumble round and souse yer head  
In the clover-bloom, er pull  
Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,  
And peek through it at the skies,  
Thinkin' of old chums 'at's dead,  
Maybe, smilin' back at you  
In betwixt the beautiful  
Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—

Month a man kin raily love—  
June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

March aint never nothin' new!  
Aprile's altogether too  
Brash fer me! and May—I jes'  
'Bominate its promises,—  
Little hints o' sunshine and  
Green around the timber-land—  
A few blossoms, and a few  
Chip-birds, and a sprout er two—  
Drap asleep, and it turns in  
'Fore daylight and *snows* ag'in!—

But when *June* comes—Clear my th'oat  
With wild honey!—Rench my hair  
In the dew! and hold my coat!  
Whoop out loud! and th'ow my hat!—  
June wants me, and I'm to spare!  
Spread them shadders anywhere,  
I'll git down and waller there,  
And obleeged to you at that!

### LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD

By JOHN MELLEN THURSTON, Lawyer; Senator from Nebraska, 1895—.  
Born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

Extract from an address before the Chicago Lincoln Association, February 12, 1891.

God's providence has raised up a leader in every time of a people's exceeding need.

Moses, reared in the family of Pharaoh, initiated in the sublime mysteries of the priestcraft of Egypt, partaking of the power and splendor of royal family and favor, himself a ruler and almost a king, was so moved by the degraded and helpless condition of his enslaved brethren that for their sake he undertook what to human understanding seemed the impossible problem of deliverance. . . .

A peasant girl, a shepherdess, dreaming on the hills of France, feels her simple heart burn with the story of her country's wrongs. Its army beaten, shattered and dispersed; its fields laid waste; its homes pillaged and burned; its people outraged and murdered; its prince fleeing for life before a triumphant and remorseless foe. Hope for France was dead. Heroes, there were none to save. What could a woman do?

Into the soul of this timid, unlettered mountain maid there swept a flood of glorious resolve. Some power, unknown to man, drew back the curtain from the glass of fate and bade her look therein. As in a vision, she sees a new French army, courageous, hopeful, victorious, invincible. A girl, sword in hand, rides at its head; before it the invaders flee. She sees France restored, her fields in bloom, her cottages in peace, her people happy, her prince crowned.

The rail-splitter of Illinois became President of the United States in the darkest hour of the nation's peril. Inexperienced and untrained in governmental affairs, he formulated national politics, overruled statesmen, directed armies, removed generals, and, when it became necessary to save the Republic, set at naught the written Constitution. He amazed the politicians and offended the leaders of his party; but the people loved him by instinct, and followed him blindly. The child leads the blind man through dangerous places, not by reason of controlling strength and intelligence, but by certainty of vision. Abraham Lincoln led the nation along its obscure pathway, for his vision was above the clouds, and he stood in the clear sunshine of God's indicated will.

So stands the mountain while the murky shadows thicken at its base, beset by the tempest, lashed by the storm, darkness and desolation on every side; no gleam of hope in the lightning's lurid lances, nor voice of safety in the crashing thunder-bolts; but high above the topmost mist, vexed by no wave of angry sound, kissed by the sun of day, wooed

by the stars of night, the eternal summit lifts its snowy crest, crowned with the infinite serenity of peace.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light on the ocean, light on the land.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the cross of calvary, light from the souls of men.

"And God said—let there be light, and there was light." Light from the emancipation proclamation, light on the honor of the nation, light on the Constitution of the United States, light on the black faces of patient bondmen, light on every standard of freedom throughout the world.

From the hour in which the cause of the Union became the cause of liberty, from the hour in which the flag of the Republic became the flag of humanity, from the hour in which the stars and stripes no longer floated over a slave: yea, from the sacred hour of the nation's new birth, that dear old banner never faded from the sky, and the brave boys who bore it never wavered in their onward march to victory. . . .

After a quarter of a century of peace and prosperity, all children of our common country kneel at the altar of a reunited faith. The blue and gray lie in eternal slumber side by side. Heroes all, they fell face to face, brother against brother, to expiate a nation's sin. The lonely fire-sides and the unknown graves, the memory of the loved, the yearning for the lost, the desolated altars and the broken hopes, are past recall. The wings of our weak protest beat in vain against the iron doors of fate. But through the mingled tears that fall alike upon the honored dead of both, the North and South turn hopeful eyes to that new future of prosperity and power, possible only in the shelter of the dear old flag. To the conquerors and the conquered, to the white man and the black, to the master and the slave, Abraham Lincoln was God's providence.



## THE TRUE WAR SPIRIT

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1868-76; Senator, 1877—. Born in Concord, Mass., 1826.

From a speech delivered in the United States Senate, April 14, 1898.

Mr. President, I regret, speaking for myself, that any Senator feels it to be his duty to indulge in harsh criticism of the President of the United States. Do gentlemen, when they criticise this brave American soldier's love of peace—and every brave American soldier from the beginning of our history has been a lover of peace—reflect what war is and who it is that suffers by it? The persons who suffer by modern wars are not the men who provoke them or the men who are guilty of the causes to which they owe their origin. Every modern war is an additional burden on the poor man, the laboring man, the plain man, while the glory is reaped by a few officers and the profits by a few stock jobbers and contractors.

It is not even the guilty Spaniard who is primarily to suffer by the terrible punishment which we are expected to inflict upon Spain. It is not the Weylers or even the Sagastas or the Blancos. It is the poor peasant whose first-born is to be drafted into the military service, never to return or to return a wreck. It is the widow whose stay is to be taken from her, who is to get no share of the glory, but only the full of the suffering. This war, if it be to come upon us, is to add a new and terrible burden, even if it be confined within the limits to which we hope it may be confined, to the already overburdened and suffering peasantry of Europe. The results of a great war are due to the policy of the king and the noble and the tyrant, not the policy of the people.

Every child upon the continent of Europe to-day was born with a mortgage of three hundred and fifty dollars about his little neck and an armed soldier riding upon his back. So while I agree, as will be seen before I finish, that war may

be necessary, and it may be necessary now, yet I cannot myself agree with my honorable friend, the Senator from Mississippi, when he said so lightly that he thought it was a good plan to have a war once in a while, that it prevented the dry rot of prolonged peace. A nation is made up of human homes, and the glory of a nation and the value of its possessions are in its humble homes. I do not agree with the Senator who thinks that a home is made better by the loss of its boys or the crippling for life of its head.

I do not like what follows war. I do not like the piling up in this country of thousands upon thousands of millions more of our public debt. I have not read history like the Senator from Mississippi in a way to lead me to think that war is ever a purifying process. The seasons which follow great wars, either in this country or elsewhere, are times of debts and jobs and disordered currency and popular discontent. The periods that have followed the great wars are the worst periods in history. If we enter upon this war, we are to subject our ships to many disasters like that of the *Maine* and our soldiers to pestilence and yellow fever. The destruction in the soldier who survives of the capacity for the rest of his life for the works of peace is a not insignificant result even of the best and most necessary war, to say nothing of the increase of the debt and of the pension list. . . .

Mr. President, I expect to vote for the House resolutions, unless I should have an opportunity to vote for the resolution of the honorable Senator from Colorado. That leads to war. There is no doubt about it. It will lead to the most honorable single war in all history, unless we except wars entered upon by brave people in the assertion of their own liberty. It leads to war. It is a war in which there does not enter the slightest thought or desire of foreign conquest or of national gain or advantage.

I have not heard throughout this whole discussion in Senate or House an expression of a desire to subjugate and

occupy Cuba for the purposes of our own country. There is nothing of that kind suggested. It is disclaimed by the President, disclaimed by the committee, disclaimed by everybody, so far as I am aware. It is entered into for the single and sole reason that three or four hundred thousand human beings, within ninety miles of our shores, have been subjected to the policy intended, or at any rate having the effect, deliberately to starve them to death—men, women, and children, old men, mothers, and infants.

If there have been any hasty or unwise utterances of impatience in such a cause as that, and I think there have been, they have been honest, brave, humane utterances. But when I enter upon this war, I want to enter upon it with a united American people—President and Senate and House, and Navy and Army, and Democrat and Republican, all joining hands and all marching one way. I want to enter upon it with the sanction of international law, with the sympathy of all humane and liberty-loving nations, with the approval of our own consciences, and with a certainty of the applauding judgment of history.

I confess I do not like to think of the genius of America angry, snarling, shouting, screaming, kicking, clawing with her nails. I like rather to think of her in her august and serene beauty, inspired by a sentiment even toward her enemies not of hate, but of love, perhaps a little pale in the cheek and a dangerous light in her eye, but with a smile on her lips, as sure, determined, unerring, invincible as was the Archangel Michael when he struck down and trampled upon the Demon of Darkness.

## CHARLES SUMNER

By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS, Author, Orator, Lecturer, Editor. Born in Providence, R. I., 1824; died at Staten Island, N. Y., 1892.

From a eulogy on Charles Sumner delivered before the Legislature of Massachusetts in Music Hall, Boston, June 9, 1874. Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Orations and Addresses of George William Curtis." Copyright 1894, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The anti-slavery contest had closed many a door and many a heart against Charles Sumner. It had exposed him to the sneer, the hate, the ridicule, of opposition; it had threatened his life and assailed his person. But the great issue was clearly drawn; his whole being was stirred to its depths; he was in the bloom of youth, the pride of strength; history and reason, the human heart and the human conscience, were his immortal allies; and around him were the vast, increasing hosts of liberty; the men whose counsels he approved; the friends of his heart; the multitude that thought him only too eager for unquestionable right; the prayer of free men and women, sustaining, inspiring, blessing him. But here was another scene, a far fiercer trial. His old companions in the Free-soil days, the great abolition leaders, most of his warmest personal friends, the great body of the party whom his words had inspired, looked at him with sorrowful surprise. Ah! no one who did not know that proud and tender heart, trusting, simple, almost credulous as that of a boy, could know how sore the trial was. He stood, among his oldest friends, virtually alone; with inexpressible pain they parted, each to his own duty. "Are you willing," I said to him one day, when he had passionately implored me to agree with him—and I should have been unworthy his friendship had I been silent—"is Charles Sumner willing at this time, and in the circumstances of to-day, to intrust the colored race in this country with all their rights, their liberty newly won and yet flexible and nascent, to a party, however fair it professes, which com-

prises all who have hated and despised the negro? The slave of yesterday in Alabama, in Carolina, in Mississippi, will his heart leap with joy or droop dismayed when he knows that Charles Sumner has given his great name as a club to smite the party that gave him and his children their liberty?" The tears started to his eyes, that good gray head bowed down, but he answered, sadly, "I must do my duty." And he did it. He saw the proud, triumphant party that he had led so often—men and women whom his heart loved, the trusted friends of a life, the sympathy and confidence and admiration upon which, on his great days and after his resounding words, he had been joyfully accustomed to lean—he saw all these depart, and he turned to go alone and do his duty.

Living how Sumner served us and dying, at this moment how he serves us still. In a time when politics seem peculiarly mean and selfish and corrupt, when there is a general vague apprehension that the very moral foundations of the national character are loosened, when good men are painfully anxious to know whether the heart of the people is hardened, Charles Sumner dies; and the universality and sincerity of sorrow, such as the death of no man left living among us could awaken, show how true, how sound, how generous, is still the heart of the American people. This is the dying service of Charles Sumner, a revelation which inspires every American to bind his shining example as a frontlet between the eyes, and never again to despair of the higher and more glorious destiny of his country.

And of that destiny what a foreshowing was he! In that beautiful home at the sunny and leafy corner of the national city, where he lived among books and pictures and noble friendships and lofty thoughts . . . how the stately and gracious and all-accomplished man seemed the very personification of that new union for which he had so manfully striven, and whose coming his dying eyes beheld—the union of ever wider liberty and juster law, the America of compre-

hensive intelligence and of moral power! For that he stands; up to that his imperishable memory, like the words of his living lips, forever lifts us—lifts us to his own great faith in America and in man. Suddenly from his strong hand—my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof!—the banner falls. Be it ours to grasp it, and carry it still forward, still higher! Our work is not his work, but it can be well done only in his spirit. And as, in the heroic legend of your Western valley, the men of Hadley, faltering in the fierce shock of Indian battle, suddenly saw at their head the lofty form of an unknown captain, with white hair streaming on the wind, by his triumphant mien strengthening their hearts and leading them to victory, so, men and women of Massachusetts, of America, if in that national conflict already begun, as vast and vital as the struggle of his life, the contest which is beyond that of any party or policy or measure—the contest for conscience, intelligence, and morality as the supreme power in our politics and the sole salvation of America—you should falter or fail, suddenly your hearts shall see once more the towering form, shall hear again the inspiring voice, shall be exalted with the moral energy and faith of Charles Sumner, and the victories of his immortal example shall transcend the triumphs of his life.

### THE VAGABONDS

By JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE, Editor, Author, Poet. Born in Ogden, N. Y., 1827; living in Arlington, Mass.

We are two travelers, Roger and I.

Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp.  
Jump for the gentleman,—mind your eye!

Over the table,—look out for the lamp!—  
The rogue is growing a little old;

Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,  
And slept out doors when nights were cold,  
And ate and drank—and starved—together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you!  
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,  
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,  
The paw he holds up there has been frozen),  
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle  
(This out-door business is bad for strings),  
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,  
And Roger and I set up for kings!

No, thank you, Sir,—I never drink;  
Roger and I are exceedingly moral,—  
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink!—  
Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel.  
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head?  
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk—  
He understands every word that's said,—  
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,  
I've been so sadly given to grog,  
I wonder I've not lost the respect  
(Here's to you, Sir!) even of my dog.  
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;  
And this old coat with its empty pockets,  
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,  
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living  
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,  
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,  
To such a miserable thankless master!  
No, Sir!—see him wag his tail and grin!  
By George! it makes my old eyes water!  
That is, there's something in this gin  
That chokes a fellow. But no matter!



We'll have some music, if you are willing,  
And Roger (hem! what a plague a cough is, Sir!)  
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain!  
Stand straight! 'Bout face! Salute your officer!  
Put up that paw! Dress! Take your rifle!  
(Some dogs have arms, you see!) Now hold  
Your cap while the gentlemen give a trifle  
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March! Halt! Now show how the rebel shakes  
When he stands up to hear his sentence.  
Now tell how many drams it takes  
To honor a jolly new acquaintance.  
Five yelps, that's five; he's mighty knowing!  
The night's before us, fill the glasses!  
Quick, Sir! I'm ill,—my brain is going;  
Some brandy,—thank you; there,—it passes!

Why not reform? That's easily said;  
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,  
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,  
And scarce remembering what meat meant,  
That my poor stomach's past reform;  
And there are times when, mad with thinking,  
I'd sell out heaven for something warm  
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?  
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,  
A dear girl's love,—but I took to drink;—  
The same old story; you know how it ends.  
If you could have seen these classic features—  
You needn't laugh, Sir; they were not then  
Such a burning libel on God's creatures:  
I was one of your handsome men!

If you had seen her, so fair and young,  
Whose head was happy on his breast!  
If you could have heard the songs I sung  
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guessed  
That ever I, Sir, should be straying  
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,  
Ragged and penniless, and playing  
To you to-night for a glass of grog!

She's married since,—a parson's wife:  
'Twas better for her that we should part,—  
Better the soberest, prosiest life  
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.  
I have seen her? Once: I was weak and spent  
On the dusty road; a carriage stopped:  
But little she dreamed, as on she went,  
Who kissed the coin that her fingers dropped!

You've set me talking, Sir; I'm sorry;  
It makes me wild to think of the change!  
What do you care for a beggar's story?  
Is it amusing? you find it strange?  
I had a mother so proud of me!  
'Twas well she died before—— Do you know  
If the happy spirits in heaven can see  
The ruin and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden  
This pain; then Roger and I will start.  
I wonder has he such a lumpish, leaden,  
Aching thing, in place of a heart?  
He is sad sometimes, and would weep, if he could,  
No doubt, remembering things that were,—  
A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,  
And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now; that glass was warming—

You rascal! limber your lazy feet!

We must be fiddling and performing

For supper and bed, or starve in the street.—

Not a very gay life to lead, you think?

But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,

And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink;—

The sooner the better for Roger and me.

### THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

By JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, Journalist, Statesman, Author; Member of Congress from Maine, 1863-76, Senator, 1876-81; Secretary of State, 1881; 1889-92. Born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, 1830; died in Washington, D. C., 1893.

From a memorial oration delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Feb. 27, 1882. Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Political Discussions," by J. G. Blaine; published by Henry Bill Publishing Co., Norwich, Conn.

On the morning of Saturday, July second, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly, happy. On his way to the railroad-station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him, and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon

his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him, no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of Murder he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death. And he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant broken plans, what baffled high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation; a great host of sustaining friends; a cherished and happy mother wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day, and every day rewarding, a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound, and uni-

versal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation he bowed to the divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison-walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders—on its far sails whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a farther shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

## CUBA

By WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE, Lawyer ; Member of Congress from Maine, 1871-81; Senator, 1881-. Born in Lewiston, Maine, 1831.

From a speech delivered in the Senate, February 28, 1896; the Senate having under consideration a resolution relative to the war in Cuba. See *Congressional Record*, February 28, 1896.

Mr. President, in the Committee on Foreign Relations, I voted for the pending resolution, but it is no fetich of mine. I am prepared to vote for that or for any other resolution, however drastic and however far-reaching, which can justly and without violating international obligations be passed by Congress. I have but one desire, and that is to see Cuba an independent republic, and whatever I can do justly and honorably to that end I am prepared now to do.

Mr. President, I am weary and heartsick to see this splendid Republic of ours, its foundation-stones the equal rights of man, doing day after day and month after month police duty for the most wicked despotism there is to-day on this earth. When I read two or three days ago that a vessel carrying arms, ammunition, supplies, and a few men to aid the Cuban insurgents, had been successfully seized by the United States of America, I recognized the fact of the supremacy of law; but I was mortified and humiliated beyond expression, and I should have been delighted if I could have read in the very next item that Almighty God, without destroying innocent human life, had sent a commotion of nature, a grand tidal wave, and had sent skyward the seizing vessel, and had sent the succoring ship Cubaward; I should have rejoiced beyond measure.

Sir, I never can forget what I felt when I read in the press years and years ago that a poor black man escaping from slavery had been seized by a United States marshal, aided by a regiment of United States soldiers, in the streets of Boston, right in front of the Cradle of Liberty, and had been manacled and sent back into slavery. I recognized that the

law had been vindicated; but there was not a humane or a Christian man or woman in the entire North who would not have thanked God, who would not have rejoiced without limit, if He, in His divine providence, had right at that time paralyzed the strong arm of the law and the poor slave had gone free.

Sir, I say I am tired and wearied with doing police duty for the despotism of Spain, and I look upon these resolutions and the action of Congress now as the first step in calling a halt.

Mr. President, my creed in these regards has no thirty-nine articles. It is a very brief one. These insurgents in this beautiful, but ill-fated and cruelly misgoverned, island have my profoundest sympathies. I cannot forget that where we had one just cause to rebel against the mother country these men have scores as just for their rebellion; and I shall do or say or vote anything, consistent with the honor and the integrity of the Republic, which shall, in my opinion, promote the success of the Cuban patriots who are to-day so bravely struggling to wrest liberty from the iron grasp of a cruel and relentless despotism.

## PIETY AND CIVIC VIRTUE

By CHARLES HENRY PARKHURST, Preacher, Author; Pastor of the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, New York City, 1880—. Born at Framingham, Mass., 1842.

The fault with the mass of civic virtue is that there is not enough Christian live coal in it to make it safe to be counted on for solid effects. What a wicked man will do on election day you can tell. What a good man will do you cannot tell. Most likely he will not do anything. It is a singular fact that goodness cannot be so confidently trusted as depravity can to do what is expected of it. It is not so reliable. It takes a larger consideration to prevent a bad



man from casting his ballot for rum than it does to prevent a good man from going and voting against it.

Average decency is not so much in earnest as average profligacy. Elections in city and State are very likely to turn on the weather. Singularly enough a watery day is apt to mean a rum government. Respectability looks at the barometer before it steps out of doors. Decency is afraid of taking cold. Piety does not like to get its feet wet. Wickedness is amphibious and thrives in any element or in no element. There are a good many lessons which the powers of darkness are competent to teach the children of light, and that is one of them. Vice is a good deal spryer than virtue, has more staying power, can work longer without getting out of breath, and has less need of half-holidays.

I know because of this people say, you can't do anything. You can. One man can chase a thousand; we have the Almighty's word for it. I have done it. I am not bragging of it; but I have done it. And any man can do it be he Catholic, Republican, or Democrat, if he have the truth on his side, dares to stand up and tell it, is distinguished by consecrated hang-to-itiveness, and when he has been knocked down once preserves his serenity, gets up, and goes at it again. One man can chase a thousand. Let our earnest, fiery citizens once get but an inkling of what citizenship means, in its truest and innermost sense, and there is no wall of misrule too solidly constructed for it to overthrow; no "machine" of demagogism too elaborately wrought for it to smash. There is nothing that can stand in the way of virtue on fire. A fact you can misstate, a principle you can put under a false guise, but a man you cannot down; that is to say, if he is a man who has grit, grace, and sleeps well o' nights.

There is no play about this work; there is no fun in it. It means annoyances; it means enmities. It is no more possible to stand up in the presence of the community and speak the truth in cold monosyllables now than it was in

Jerusalem two thousand years ago. Human nature has not altered any in that time. There is not so much wickedness now, perhaps, as there was then, but what there is is just as wicked and just as malignant. If a man butts his head against a wall, he may be able to do a little something towards weakening the wall, but it will be certain to give him the headache. Action and reaction are bound to be equal. Nothing less than the steady pull of a long and devout purpose will be sufficient under those circumstances to keep the man a-going.

Men now are precisely what they were when they thrust Jeremiah into a hole and took off the head of John the Baptist. But that makes not a whit of difference. Every blow tells. Wickedness is cowardly and Pentecostal virtue is not. That makes a huge difference. The matter of numbers does not come into the account. History is not administered on the basis of arithmetic. The declaration of Solomon that the battle is not to the strong has been justified by every age of moral, political, and military history.

No cause can be called a weak cause that has vitality enough about it to make devotees out of its advocates. Philip Second could do nothing with poor little Holland because the Protestant's idea put recruits on their feet faster than Philip's mercenaries could shoot or roast the veterans.

If any one anywhere is anxious to accomplish something in the way of ameliorating the condition of his town or city, and asks me what he shall do, I answer in ten words: Get the facts; state them; stand up to them.

## ON THE OTHER TRAIN: A CLOCK'S STORY

ANONYMOUS.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until the 1.05 A.M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"She—"

"*She!* You fool! What else could you expect of her! Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poorhouse. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!" and our worthy ticket agent shook his fist menacingly at his subordinate.

"You've missed your train, marm," he remarked, coming forward to a queer-looking bundle in the corner.

A trembling hand raised the faded black veil, and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir; I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently.

"Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her colored handkerchief.

The station was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry

until the 0.50 train going east came due: then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the station becomes silent and empty.

The ticket agent put on his great-coat, and, bidding Simmons keep his wits about him for once in his life, departed for home.

But he had no sooner gone than that functionary stretched himself out upon the table, as usual, and began to snore vociferously.

Then it was that I witnessed such a sight as I never had before and never expect to witness again.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh, the look of agony on that poor pinched face!

“I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, ‘Ise love you, mamma,’ and now, O God! they've turned against me! Where am I going? To the poorhouse! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!”

And sinking upon her knees, she sobbed out in prayer: “O God, spare me this and take me home! O God, spare me this disgrace; spare me!”

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt! I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained, burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see, it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the station with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildiy round. I heard him say:

" 'Tis train-time, ma'am. Come! "

A look of joy came over her face.

" I am ready," she whispered.

" Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took, and from it read aloud:

" Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

" That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready? "

The light died away, and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle sounded " down breaks "; the train was duc. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

" Wake up, marm; 'tis train-time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white set face, and, dropping his lantern, fled.

The up train halted, the conductor shouted " All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict " apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the station, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile

so heavenly. I keep with me yet; and when I think of the occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, which never stopped at the poorhouse.

## OPPORTUNITY TO LABOR

By THOMAS BRACKETT REED, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress from Maine, 1877-99. Speaker of the 51st, 54th, and 55th Congresses. Born in Portland, Me., 1839; resides in New York, N. Y.

From an address delivered at Old Orchard, Me., August 25, 1896. See *Portland Daily Press*, Aug. 27, 1896.

What seemed the great primeval curse that in the sweat of his face should man eat bread has been found, in the wider view of the great cycles of the Almighty, to be the foundation of all sound hope, all sure progress, and all permanent power. Man no longer shuns labor as his deadliest foe, but welcomes it as his dearest friend. Nations no longer dream of riches as the spoils of war, but as the fruits of human energy directed by wise laws and encouraged by peace and good will. Battlements and forts and castles, armies and navies, are day by day less and less the enginery of slaughter, and more and more the guarantee of peace with honor. What the world longs for now is not the pageantry and devastation of war for the aggrandizement of the few, but the full utilization of all human energy for the benefit of all mankind.

Give us but the opportunity to labor, and the whole world of human life will burst into tree and flower.

To the seventy-five millions of people who make up this great Republic, the opportunity to labor means more than to all the world besides. It means the development of resources great beyond the comprehension of any mortal, and the diffusion among all of the riches to which the glories of "The Arabian Nights" are but the glitter of the pawnshop, and to which the sheen of all the jewels of this earth are but the gleam of the glowworm in the pallor of the dawn.

To develop our great resources, it is the one prime necessity that all our people should be at work, that all the brain and muscle should be in harmonious action, united in their endeavors to utilize the great forces of nature and to make wealth out of senseless matter and out of all the life which begins with the cradle and ends with the grave, and out of all the powers which ebb and flow in the tides of the ocean, in the rush of the rivers, and out of the great energies which are locked up in the bosom of the earth.

## THE BENEDICTION

By FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, Poet, Dramatist. Born in Paris, France, 1842.

It was in eighteen hundred—yes—and nine,  
That we took Saragossa. What a day  
Of untold horrors! I was sergeant then.  
The city carried, we laid siege to the houses,  
All shut up close, and with a treacherous look,  
Raining down shots upon us from the windows.  
“ ‘Tis the priests’ doing! ” was the word passed round;  
So that—although since daybreak under arms,  
Our eyes with powder smarting, and our mouths  
Bitter with kissing cartridge-ends—piff! piff!  
Rattled the musketry with ready aim,  
If shovel hat and long black coat were seen  
Flying in the distance. Up a narrow street  
My company worked on. I kept an eye  
On every house-top, right and left, and saw  
From many a roof flames suddenly burst forth,  
Coloring the sky, as from the chimney-tops  
Among the forges. Low our fellows stooped,  
Entering the low-pitched dens. When they came out,  
With bayonets dripping red, their bloody fingers  
Signed crosses on the wall; for we were bound,  
In such a dangerous defile, not to leave  
Foes lurking in our rear. There was no drum-beat,



No ordered march. Our officers looked grave;  
The rank and file uneasy, jogging elbows  
As do recruits when flinching.

All at once,

Rounding a corner, we are hailed in French  
With cries for help. At double-quick we join  
Our hard-pressed comrades. They were grenadiers,  
A gallant company, but beaten back  
Inglorious from the raised and flag-paved square  
Fronting a convent. Twenty stalwart monks  
Defended it, black demons with shaved crowns,  
The cross in white embroidered on their frocks,  
Barefoot, their sleeves tucked up, their only weapons  
Enormous crucifixes, so well brandished  
Our men went down before them. By platoons  
Firing we swept the place; in fact, we slaughtered  
This terrible group of heroes, no more soul  
Being in us than in executioners.

The foul deed done—deliberately done—  
And the thick smoke rolling away, we noted,  
Under the huddled masses of the dead,  
Rivulets of blood run trickling down the steps;  
While in the background solemnly the church  
Loomed up, its doors wide open. We went in.  
It was a desert. Lighted tapers starred  
The inner gloom with points of gold. The incense  
Gave out its perfume. At the upper end,  
Turned to the altar, as though unconcerned  
In the fierce battle that had raged, a priest,  
White-haired and tall of stature, to a close  
Was bringing tranquilly the mass. So stamped  
Upon my memory is that thrilling scene,  
That, as I speak, it comes before me now—  
The convent, built in old time by the Moors;  
The huge, brown corpses of the monks; the sun

Making the red blood on the pavement steam;  
And there, framed in by the low porch, the priest;  
And there the altar, brilliant as a shrine;  
And here ourselves, all halting, hesitating,  
Almost afraid.

I, certes, in those days  
Was a confirmed blasphemer. 'Tis on record  
That once, by way of sacrilegious joke,  
A chapel being sacked, I lit my pipe  
At a wax candle burning on the altar.  
This time, however, I was awed—so blanched  
Was that old man!

“Shoot him!” our captain cried.  
Not a soul budged. The priest beyond all doubt  
Heard; but, as though he heard not, turning round,  
He faced us with the elevated Host,  
Having that period of the service reached  
When on the faithful benediction falls.  
His lifted arms seemed as the spread of wings;  
And as he raised the pyx, and in the air  
With it described the cross, each man of us  
Fell back, aware the priest no more was trembling  
Than if before him the devout were ranged.  
But when, intoned with clear and mellow voice,  
The words came to us—

*Vos benedicat!*

*Deus Omnipotens!*

The captain's order  
Rang out again and sharply, “Shoot him down,  
Or I shall swear!” Then one of ours, a dastard,  
Leveled his gun and fired. Upstanding still,  
The priest changed color, though with steadfast look  
Set upwards, and indomitably stern.

*Pater et Filius!*

Came the words. What frenzy,  
What maddening thirst for blood, sent from our ranks

Another shot, I know not; but 'twas done.  
 The monk, with one hand on the altar's ledge,  
 Held himself up; and strenuous to complete  
 His benediction, in the other raised  
 The consecrated Host. For the third time  
 Tracing in the air the symbol of forgiveness,  
 With eyes closed, and in tones exceeding low,  
 But in the general hush distinctly heard,  
*Et Sanctus Spiritus!*

He said; and ending  
 His service, fell down dead.

### SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS

By EPES SARGENT, Editor, Author, Poet. Born in Gloucester, Mass.,  
 1813; died in Boston, Mass., 1880.

Envoys of Rome, the poor camp of Spartacus is too much honored by your presence. And does Rome stop to parley with the escaped gladiator, with the rebel ruffian, for whom heretofore no slight has been too scornful? You have come, with steel in your right hand, and with gold in your left. What heed we give the former, ask Cossinius; ask Claudius; ask Varinius; ask the bones of your legions that fertilize the Lucanian plains. And for your gold—would ye know what we do with *that*,—go ask the laborer, the trodden poor, the helpless and the hopeless, on our route; ask all whom Roman tyranny had crushed, or Roman avarice plundered. Ye have seen me before; but ye did not then shun my glance as now. Ye have seen me in the arena, when I was Rome's pet ruffian, daily smeared with blood of men or beasts. One day—shall I forget it ever?—*ye* were present;—I had fought long and well. Exhausted as I was, your munerator, your lord of the games, bethought him, it were an equal match to set against me a new man, younger and lighter than I, but fresh and valiant. With Thracian sword and buckler, forth he came, a beautiful defiance on

his brow! Bloody and brief the fight. "He has it!" cried the people: "*habet! habet!*" But still he lowered not his arm, until, at length, I held him, gashed and fainting, in my power. I looked around upon the Podium, where sat your senators and men of state, to catch the signal of release or mercy. But not a thumb was reversed. To crown your sport, the vanquished man must die! Obedient brute that I was, I was about to slay him, when a few hurried words—rather a welcome to death than a plea for life—told me he was a Thracian. I stood transfixed. The arena vanished. I was in Thrace, upon my native hills! The sword dropped from my hands. I raised the dying youth tenderly in my arms. O, the magnanimity of Rome! Your haughty leaders, enraged at being cheated of their death-show, hissed their disappointment, and shouted, "Kill!" I heeded them as I would heed the howl of wolves. Kill *him*? They might have better asked the mother to kill the babe, smiling in her face. Ah! he was already wounded unto death; and, amid the angry yells of the spectators, he died. That night I was scourged for disobedience. I shall not forget it. Should memory fail, there are scars here to quicken it.

Well; do not grow impatient. Some hours after, finding myself, with seventy fellow gladiators, alone in the amphitheater, the laboring thought broke forth in words. I said—I know not what. I only knew that, when I ceased, my comrades looked each other in the face—and then burst forth the simultaneous cry—"Lead on! Lead on, O Spartacus!" Forth we rushed,—seized what rude weapons chance threw in our way, and to the mountains speeded. There, day by day, our little band increased. Disdainful Rome sent after us a handful of her troops, with a scourge for the slave Spartacus. Their weapons soon were ours. She sent an army; and down from Old Vesuvius we poured, and slew three thousand. Now it was Spartacus the dreadful rebel! A larger army, headed by the Prætor, was sent, and routed; then another still. And always I remembered that

fierce cry, riving my heart, and calling me to "kill!" In three pitched battles have I not obeyed it? And now affrighted Rome sends her two consuls, and puts forth all her strength by land and sea, as if a Pyrrhus or a Hannibal were on her borders!

Envoys of Rome! To Lentulus and Gellius bear this message: "Their graves are measured!" Look on that narrow stream, a silver thread, high on the mountain's side! Slenderly it winds, but soon is swelled by others meeting it, until a torrent, terrible and strong, it sweeps to the abyss, where all is ruin! So Spartacus comes on! So swells *his* force,—small and despised at first, but now resistless! On, on to Rome we come! The gladiators come! Let Opulence tremble in all his palaces! Let Oppression shudder to think the oppressed may have their turn! Let Cruelty turn pale at thought of redder hands than his! O! we shall not forget Rome's many lessons. She shall not find her training was all wasted upon indocile pupils. Now, begone! Prepare the Eternal City for *our* games!

### AGAINST THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW

By THEODORE PARKER, Preacher, Reformer, Lecturer, Author. Born at Lexington, Mass., 1810; died at Florence, Italy, 1860.

From a sermon preached in Boston, Mass., November 28, 1850. See Parker's "Speeches, Addresses, and Occasional Sermons," published in 1852 by Wm. Crosby and H. P. Nichols, Boston, Mass.

Come with me, my friends, a moment more, pass over this Golgotha of human history, treading reverent as you go, for our feet are on our mothers' graves, and our shoes defile our fathers' hallowed bones. Let us not talk of them; go farther on, look and pass by. Come with me into the inferno of the nations, with such poor guidance as my lamp can lend. Let us disquiet and bring up the awful shadows of empires buried long ago, and learn a lesson from the tomb. "Come, old Assyria, with the Nineviteish dove upon

thy emerald crown! what laid thee low?" "I fell by my cwn injustice. Thereby Nineveh and Babylon came with me also to the ground."—"O, queenly Persia, flame of the nations, wherefore art thou so fallen, who trodest the people under thee, bridgedst the Hellespont with ships, and pouredst thy temple-wasting millions on the world?" "Because I trod the people under me, and bridged the Hellespont with ships, and poured my temple-wasting millions on the western world, I fell by my own misdeeds."—"Thou muse-like Grecian queen, fairest of all thy classic sisterhood of states, enchanting yet the world with thy sweet witchery, speaking in art and most seductive song, why liest thou there, with beauteous yet dishonored brow, reposing on thy broken harp?" "I scorned the law of God; banished and poisoned wisest, justest men; I loved the loveliness of thought, and treasured that in more than Parian speech. But the beauty of justice, the loveliness of love, I trod them down to earth! Lo, therefore have I become as those barbarian states—as one of them!"—"O, manly and majestic Rome, thy sevenfold mural crown all broken at thy feet, why art thou here? It was not injustice brought thee low; for thy great book of law is prefaced with these words—justice is the unchanged, everlasting will to give each man his right! It was not the saint's ideal; it was the hypocrite's pretense. I made iniquity my law. I trod the nations under me. Their wealth gilded my palaces—where thou mayest see the fox and hear the owl—it fed my courtiers and my courtesans. Wicked men were my cabinet counselors, the flatterer breathed his poison in my ear. Millions of bondsmen wet the soil with tears and blood. Do you not hear it crying yet to God? Lo, here have I my recompense, tormented with such downfall as you see! Go back and tell the new-born child who sitteth on the Alleghanies, laying his either hand upon a tributary sea, a crown of thirty stars upon his youthful brow—tell him that there are rights which States must keep, or they shall suffer

wrongs! Tell him there is a God who keeps the black man and the white, and hurls to earth the loftiest realm that breaks his just, eternal law! Warn the young empire, that he come not down dim and dishonored to my shameful tomb! Tell him that justice is the unchanging, everlasting will to give each man his right. I knew it, broke it, and am lost. Bid him know it, keep it, and be safe."

### A MESSAGE FROM THE SOUTH

By BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON, Educator, Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Born a slave near Hale's Ford, Va., in 1857 or 1858.

From an address delivered at the unveiling of the Shaw Monument, Boston, Mass., May 31, 1897. See *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, Sept. 1897.

If that heart could throb and if those lips could speak, what would be the sentiment and words that Robert Gould Shaw would have us feel and speak at this hour? He would not have us dwell long on the mistakes, the injustice, the criticisms of the days

"Of storm and cloud, of doubt and fears  
That 'cross the eternal sky must lower,  
Before the glorious noon appears."

He would have us bind up with his own undying fame and memory, and retain by the side of his monument, the name of John A. Andrew, who, with clear vision and strong arm, helped make the existence of the Fifty-fourth Regiment possible; and that of George L. Stearns, who, with hidden generosity and a great, sweet heart, helped to turn the darkest hour into day, and in doing so freely gave service, fortune, and life itself to the cause which this day commemorates. Nor would he have us forget those brother officers, living and dead, who, by their baptism in blood and fire, in defense of Union and freedom, gave us an example of the highest and purest patriotism. . . .

But an occasion like this is too great, too sacred for mere individual eulogy. The individual is the instrument, national



virtue the end. That which was three hundred years being woven into the warp and woof of our democratic institutions could not be effaced by a single battle, magnificent as was that battle; that which for three centuries had bound master and slave, yea, North and South, to a body of death, could not be blotted out by four years of war, could not be atoned for by shot and sword nor by blood and tears.

Not many days ago, in the heart of the South, in a large gathering of the people of my race, there were heard from many lips praises and thanksgiving to God for His goodness in setting them free from physical slavery. In the midst of that assembly a Southern white man arose, with gray hair and trembling hands, the former owner of many slaves, and from his quivering lips there came the words: "My friends, you forget in your rejoicing that in setting you free God was also good to me and my race in setting us free." But there is a higher and deeper sense in which both races must be free than that represented by the bill of sale. The black man who cannot let love and sympathy go out to the white man is but half free. The white man who would close the shop or factory against a black man seeking an opportunity to earn an honest living is but half free. The white man who retards his own development by opposing a black man is but half free. The full measure of the fruit of Fort Wagner and all that this monument stands for will not be realized until every man covered by a black skin shall, by patience and natural effort, grow to that height in industry, property, intelligence, and moral responsibility where no man in all our land will be tempted to degrade himself by withholding from his black brother any opportunity which he himself would possess.

Until that time comes this monument will stand for effort, not victory complete. What these heroic souls of the Fifty-fourth Regiment began we must complete. It must be completed not in malice, not narrowness; nor artificial progress, nor in efforts at mere temporary political gain, nor in abuse

of another section or race. Standing as I do to-day in the home of Garrison and Phillips and Sumner, my heart goes out to those who wore the gray as well as to those clothed in blue, to those who returned defeated, to destitute homes, to face blasted hopes and a shattered political and industrial system. To them there can be no prouder reward for defeat than by a supreme effort to place the negro on that footing where he will add material, intellectual, and civil strength to every department of State. . . .

What lesson has this occasion for the future? What of hope, what of encouragement, what of caution? "Watchman, tell us of the night, what the signs of promise are." If through me, an humble representative, nearly ten million of my people might be permitted to send a message to Massachusetts, to the survivors of the Fifty-fourth Regiment, to the committee whose untiring energy has made this memorial possible, to the family who gave their only boy that we might have life more abundantly, that message would be, Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain, that up from the depths of ignorance and poverty we are coming, and if we come through oppression out of the struggle we are gaining strength. By the way of the school, the well-cultivated field, the skilled hand, the Christian home, we are coming up; that we propose to invite all who will to step up and occupy this position with us.

Tell them that we are learning that standing-ground for a race, as for an individual, must be laid in intelligence, industry, thrift, and property, not as an end, but as a means to the highest privileges; that we are learning that neither the conqueror's bullet nor fiat of law could make an ignorant voter an intelligent voter, could make a dependent man an independent man, could give one citizen respect for another, a bank account, nor a foot of land, nor an enlightened fireside. Tell them that, grateful as we are to artist and patriotism for placing the figures of Shaw and his comrades in physical form of beauty and magnificence, after all,

the real monument, the greater monument, is being slowly but safely builded among the lowly in the South, in the struggles and sacrifices of a race to justify all that has been done and suffered for it.

One of the wishes that lay nearest Colonel Shaw's heart was that his black troops might be permitted to fight by the side of white soldiers. Have we not lived to see that wish realized, and will it not be more so in the future? Not at Wagner, not with rifle and bayonet, but on the field of peace, in the battle of industry, in the struggle for good government, in the lifting up of the lowest to the fullest opportunities. In this we shall fight by the side of white men North and South. And if this be true, as under God's guidance it will, that old flag, that emblem of progress and security which brave Sergeant Carney never permitted to fall upon the ground, will still be borne aloft by southern soldier and northern soldier, and in a more potent and higher sense we shall all realize that

“The slave's chain and the master's alike are broken.  
The one curse of the races held both in tether.  
They are rising, all are rising.  
The black and the white together.”

## THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ, Artist, Poet. Born in Chester County, Penn., 1822; died in New York City, 1872.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from “The Poetical Works of Thomas Buchanan Read; copyright 1863, by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

Out of the North the wild news came,  
Far flashing on its wings of flame,  
Swift as the boreal light which flies  
At midnight through the startled skies.  
And there was tumult in the air,  
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat.  
And through the wide land everywhere  
The answering tread of hurrying feet;

While the first oath of Freedom's gun  
Came on the blast from Lexington;  
And Concord roused, no longer tame,  
Forgot her old baptismal name,  
Made bare her patriot arm of power,  
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak  
The church of Berkley Manor stood;  
There Sunday found the rural folk,  
And some esteemed of gentle blood.  
In vain their feet with loitering tread  
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;  
All could not read the lesson taught  
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,  
The vale with peace and sunshine full,  
Where all the happy people walk,  
Decked in their homespun flax and wool,  
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;  
And every maid, with simple art,  
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,  
A bud whose depths are all perfume;  
While every garment's gentle stir  
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came; his snowy locks  
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;  
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,  
He led into the house of prayer.  
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;  
The psalm was warrior David's song;  
The text, a few short words of might:  
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"  
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,  
Of sacred rights to be secured;

Then from his patriot tongue of flame  
The startling words for Freedom came.  
The stirring sentences he spake  
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,  
And, rising on his theme's broad wing,  
And grasping in his nervous hand  
The imaginary battle-brand,  
In face of death he dared to fling  
Defiance to a tyrant-king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed  
In eloquence of attitude,  
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;  
Then swept his kindling glance of fire  
From startled pew to breathless choir;  
When suddenly his mantle wide  
His hands impatient flung aside,  
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes  
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause—  
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor! cease;  
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,  
When God is with our righteous cause;  
His holiest places then are ours,  
His temples are our forts and towers  
That frown upon the tyrant foe;  
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,  
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now before the open door—

The warrior priest had ordered so—  
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar  
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,  
Its long reverberating blow,

So loud and clear, it seemed the ear  
Of dusty Death must wake and hear.  
And there the startling drum and fife  
Fired the living with fiercer life;  
While overhead, with wild increase,  
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,  
The great bell swung as ne'er before.  
It seemed as it would never cease;  
And every word its ardor flung  
From off its jubilant iron tongue  
Was "War! war! war!"

"Who dares"—this was the patriot's cry,  
As striding from the desk he came—  
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,  
For her to live, for her to die?"  
A hundred hands flung up reply,  
A hundred voices answered, "I!"

### COLUMBIAN ORATION

By CHAUNCEY MITCHELL DEPEW, Lawyer, Railroad President; United States Senator from New York, 1899—. Born in Peekskill, N. Y., 1834.

From an oration delivered at the opening of the World's Fair, Chicago, October 21 1892. See "Life and Later Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew," published in 1894, by the Cassell Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

This day belongs not to America but to the world. The results of the day it commemorates are the heritage of the peoples of every race and clime. We celebrate the emancipation of man. The preparation was the work of almost countless centuries; the realization was the revelation of one. The cross on Calvary was hope; the cross raised on San Salvador was opportunity. But for the first Columbus would never have sailed; but for the second, there could have been no place for the planting, the nurture, the expansion of civil and religious liberty. Force was the factor in

the government of the world when Christ was born, and force was the sole source and exercise of authority both for Church and State when Columbus sailed from Palos.

The reign of physical force is one of perpetual struggle for the mastery. Power which rests upon the sword neither shares nor limits its authority. The king destroyed the lords, and the monarchy succeeded feudalism. Neither of these institutions considered or consulted the people. They had no part but to suffer or die, in this mighty strife of masters for the mastery. The dungeon was ready for the philosopher who proclaimed the truths of the solar system or the navigator who would prove the sphericity of the earth. Reason had no seat in spiritual or temporal realms. Punishment was the incentive to patriotism and piety was held possible by torture. For all that humanity to-day cherishes as its best heritage and choicest gifts, there was neither thought nor hope.

Fifty years before Columbus sailed from Palos, Gutenberg and Faust had forged the hammer which was to break the bonds of superstition and open the prison-doors to the mind. They had invented the printing-press and movable types. The first service of the press, like all its succeeding efforts, was for the people. The first-born of the marvelous creation of these primitive printers of Mayence was the printed Bible. The priceless contributions of Greece and Rome to the intellectual training and development of the modern world came afterward through the same wondrous machine. The force, however, which made possible America, and its reflex influence upon Europe, was the open Bible by the family fireside. And yet neither the enlightenment of the new learning nor the dynamic power of the spiritual awakening could break through the crust of caste which had been forming for centuries. Church and State had so firmly and dexterously interwoven the bars of privilege and authority that liberty was impossible from within. Its piercing light and fervent heat must penetrate from without. The time



had come for the emancipation of the mind and soul of humanity. The factors wanting for its fulfillment were the new world and its discoverer.

God always has in training some commanding genius for the control of great crises in the affairs of nations and peoples. The number of these leaders are less than the centuries, but their lives are the history of human progress. Though Cæsar and Charlemagne, and Hildebrand and Luther, and William the Conqueror and Oliver Cromwell, and all the epoch makers prepared Europe for the event, and contributed to the result, the lights which illumine our firmament to-day are Columbus the discoverer, Washington the founder, and Lincoln the savior.

Neither realism nor romance furnishes a more striking and picturesque figure than that of Christopher Columbus. The mystery about his origin heightens the charm of his story. That he came from among the toilers of his time is in harmony with the struggles of our period. The perils of the sea in his youth upon the rich argosies of Genoa, or in the service of the licensed rovers who made them their prey, had developed a skillful navigator and intrepid mariner. To secure the means to test the truth of his speculations this poor and unknown dreamer must win the support of kings and overcome the hostility of the Church. He never doubted his ability to do both. His unshakable faith that Christopher Columbus was commissioned from Heaven, both by his name and by divine command to carry "Christ across the sea" to new continents and pagan peoples, lifted him so far above the discouragements of an empty purse and a contemptuous court that he was proof against the rebuffs of fortune or of friends. To conquer the prejudices of the clergy, to win the approval and financial support of the State, to venture upon that unknown ocean which, according to the beliefs of the age, was peopled with demons and savage beasts of frightful shape, and from which there was no possibility of return, required the zeal of Peter the

Hermit, the chivalric courage of the Cid, and the imagination of Dante.

If interest in the affairs of this world is vouchsafed to those who have gone before, the spirit of Columbus hovers over us to-day. Only by celestial intelligence can it grasp the full significance of this spectacle and ceremonial.

From the first century to the fifteenth counts but little in the history of progress, but into the period between the fifteenth and the twentieth is crowded the romance and reality of human development. Life has been prolonged and its enjoyments intensified. The powers of the air and water, the resistless forces of the elements, which in the time of the discoverer were visible terrors of the wrath of God, have been subdued to the service of man. Art and luxuries which could be possessed and enjoyed only by the rich and noble, the works of genius which were read and understood only by the learned few, domestic comforts and surroundings beyond the reach of lord or bishop, now adorn and illuminate the homes of our citizens. Serfs are sovereigns and the people are kings. The trophies and splendors of their reign are commonwealths, rich in every attribute of States, and united in a Republic whose power and prosperity and liberty and enlightenment are the wonder and admiration of the world.

All hail, Columbus, discoverer, dreamer, hero, and apostle! We here, of every race and country, recognize the horizon which bounded his vision and the infinite scope of his genius. The voice of gratitude and praise for all the blessings which have been showered upon mankind by adventure is limited to no language, but is uttered in every tongue. Neither marble nor brass can fitly form his statue. Continents are his monument, and unnumbered millions, past, present, and to come, who enjoy in their liberties and their happiness the fruits of his faith, will reverently guard and preserve, from century to century, his name and fame.

## MASSACHUSETTS

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

Taken, by permission of the author, from the closing speech in debate with Hon. John E. Russell, in Boston, Mass., October 23, 1891. See "Speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge," copyright 1892, by H. C. Lodge, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

To all who dwell within her confines, the old State [Massachusetts] is very, very dear. She has a right to our love and pride. "Behold her and judge for yourselves." Here she is, a queen among commonwealths, enthroned amidst her hills and streams, with the ocean at her feet. Trade is in her marts and prayer within her temples. Her cities stir with busy life. Her wealth grows, beyond the dreams of avarice. Her rivers turn the wheels of industry, and the smoke of countless chimneys tells the story of the inventor's genius and the workman's skill. But the material side is the least of it. We rejoice mightily in her prosperity, but our love and pride are touched by nobler themes. We love the old State. The sand-hills of the Cape, with the gulls wheeling over the waste of waters; the gray ledges and green pastures of Essex, with the seas surging forever on her rocks; the broad and fruitful valleys of the Connecticut; the dark hills and murmuring streams of Berkshire, have to us a tender charm no other land can give. They breathe to us the soft message that tells of home and country. Still it is something more than the look of hill and dale, something deeper than habit which stirs our hearts when we think of Massachusetts. Behind the outward form of things lies that which passeth show. It is in the history of Massachusetts, in the lives of her great men, in the sacrifices, in the deeds, and in the character of her people that we find the true secret of our love and pride. We may not explain it even to ourselves, but it is there in the good old name, and flushes into life at the sight of the white flag. Massachusetts! Utter

but the word and what memories throng upon her children! Here came the stern, God-fearing men to find a home and found a State. Here, almost where we stand, on the edge of the wilderness, was placed the first public school. Yonder, across the river, where the track of the savage still lingered and the howl of the wolf was still heard, was planted the first college. Here, through years of peril and privation, with much error and failure, but ever striving and marching onward, the Puritans built their State. It was this old town that first resisted England and bared its breast to receive the hostile spears. In the fields of Middlesex the first blood was shed in the American Revolution. On the slopes of Bunker Hill the British troops first recoiled under American fire. Massachusetts was the first great Commonwealth to resist the advance of slavery, and in the mighty war for the Union she had again the sad honor to lay the first blood-offering on the altar of the nation. This is the State that Winthrop founded. Warren died for her liberties, and Webster defended her good name. Sumner bore stripes in behalf of her beliefs, and her sons gave their lives on every battlefield for the one flag she held more sacred than her own. She has fought for liberty. She has done justice between man and man. She has sought to protect the weak, to save the erring, to raise the unfortunate. She has been the fruitful mother of ideas as of men. Her thought has followed the sun and been felt throughout the length of the land. May we not say, as Charles Fox said of Switzerland, "Every man should desire once in his life to make a pilgrimage to Massachusetts, the land of liberty and peace"? She has kept her shield unspotted and her honor pure. To us, her loving children, she is a great heritage and a great trust.

## THE DEATH-BRIDGE OF THE TAY

By WILL CARLETON, Lecturer, Journalist, Author, Poet. Born in Hudson, Mich., 1845; living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

From "Farm Festivals," by Will Carleton. Copyright, 1881, 1898, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The night and the storm fell together upon the old town of  
Dundee,

And, trembling, the mighty firth-river held out its cold hand  
toward the sea.

Like the dull-booming bolts of a cannon, the wind swept  
the streets and the shores;

It wrenched at the roofs and the chimneys, it crashed 'gainst  
the windows and doors;

Like a mob that is drunken and frenzied, it surged through  
the streets up and down,

And screamed the sharp, shrill cry of " Murder! " o'er river  
and hill-top and town.

It leaned its great breast 'gainst the belfries, it perched upon  
minaret and dome—

Then sprang on the shivering firth-river, and tortured its  
waves into foam.

'Twas a night when the landsman seeks shelter, and cares  
not to venture abroad;

When the sailor clings close to the rigging, and prays for  
the mercy of God.

Along the shore-line creeps the city, in crouching and  
sinuous shape,

With firesides so soon to be darkened, and doors to be  
shaded with crape!

To the south, like a spider-thread waving, there curves, for  
a two-mile away,

This world's latest man-devised wonder,— the far-famous  
bridge of the Tay.

It stretches and gleams into distance; it creeps the broad  
stream o'er and o'er,  
Till it rests its strong, delicate fingers in the palm of the  
| opposite shore.  
But look! through the mists of the southward, there flash to  
the eye, clear and plain,  
Like a meteor that's bound to destruction, the lights of a  
swift-coming train!

\* \* \* \* \*

'Mid the lights that so gayly are gleaming yon city of  
Dundee within,  
Is one that is waiting a wanderer, who long o'er the ocean  
has been.  
His age-burdened parents are watching from the window  
that looks on the firth,  
For the train that will come with their darling,—their truest-  
loved treasure on earth.  
“He'll be comin' the nicht,” says the father, “for sure the  
handwritin's his ain;  
The letter says, ‘Ha' the lamp lichted—I'll come on the  
seven-o'clock train.  
For years in the mines I've been toiling, in this wonderfu'  
West, o'er the sea;  
My work has brought kingly wages; there's plenty for you  
an' for me.  
Your last days shall e'en be your best days; the high-  
stepping youngster you knew,  
Who cost so much care in his raising, now'll care for himself  
and for you.  
Gang not to the station to meet me; ye never need run for  
me more;  
But when ye shall hear the gate clickit, ye maun rise up an'  
open the door.  
We will hae the first glow of our greeting when nae one o'  
strangers be nigh,

We will smile out the joy o' our meeting on the spot where  
we wept our good-bye.

Ye maun put me a plate on the table, an' set in the auld  
place a chair;

An' if but the good Lord be willing, doubt never a bit I'll  
be there.

So sit ye an' wait for my coming (ye will na' watch for me  
in vain),

An' see me glide over the river, along o' the roar of the train.

Ye may sit at the southernmost window, for I will come  
hame from that way;

I will fly where I swam, when a youngster, across the broad  
Firth o' the Tay.' "

So they sit at the southernmost window, the parents, with  
hand clasped in hand,

And gaze o'er the tempest-vexed waters, across to the  
storm-shaken land.

They see the bold acrobat-monster creep out on the treacher-  
ous line;

Its cinder-breath glitters like star-dust, its lamp-eyes they  
glimmer and shine.

It braces itself 'gainst the tempest—it fights for each inch  
with the foe—

With torrents of air all around it—with torrents of water  
below.

But look! look! the monster is stumbling, while trembles  
the fragile bridge-wall—

They struggle like athletes entwining—then both like a  
thunderbolt fall!

Down, down through the dark the train plunges, with speed  
unaccustomed and dire;

It glows with its last dying beauty—it gleams like a hail-  
storm of fire!

No wonder the mother faints death-like, and clings like a  
clod to the floor;



No wonder the man writhes in frenzy, and dashes his way  
through the door!  
He fights his way out through the tempest; he is beaten and  
baffled and tossed;  
He cries, "The train's gang off the Tay brig! lend help  
here to look for the lost!"  
Oh, little to him do they listen, the crowds to the river that  
flee;  
The news, like the shock of an earthquake, has thrilled  
through the town of Dundee.  
Like travelers belated, they're rushing to where the bare  
station-walls frown;  
Suspense twists the blade of their anguish, like maniacs they  
run up and down.  
Out, out, creep two brave, sturdy fellows, o'er danger-strewn  
buttress and piers;  
They can climb 'gainst that blast, for they carry the blood  
of old Scotch mountaineers.  
But they leave it along as they clamber; they mark all their  
hand-path with red;  
Till they come where the torrent leaps bridgeless,—a grave  
dancing over its dead.  
A moment they gaze down in horror; then creep from the  
death-laden tide,  
With the news, "There's nae help for our loved ones, save  
God's mercy for them who have died!"  
  
How sweetly the sunlight can sparkle o'er graves where our  
best hopes have lain!  
How brightly its gold beams can glisten on faces that whiten  
with pain!  
Oh, never more gay were the wavelets, and careless in inno-  
cent glee,  
And never more sweet did the sunrise shine over the town  
of Dundee.

But though the town welcomed the morning, and the firth  
threw its gold lances back,  
On the hearts of the grief-stricken people death's cloud  
rested heavy and black.  
And the couple who waited last evening their man-statured  
son to accost,  
Now laid their heads down on the table, and mourned for  
the boy that was lost.  
“ 'Twas sae sad,” moaned the crushed, aged mother, each  
word dripping o'er with a tear,  
“ Sae far he should come for to find us, and then he should  
perish sae near!  
O Robin, my bairn! ye did wander far from us for mony a  
day,  
And when ye ha' come back sae near us, why could na' ye  
come a' the way? ”

“ I *hae* come a' the way,” said a strong voice, and a bearded  
and sun-beaten face  
Smiled on them the first joyous pressure of one long and  
filial embrace:  
“ I cam' on last nicht far as Newport; but Maggie, my bride  
that's to be,  
She ran through the storm to the station, to get the first  
greeting o' me.  
I leaped from the carriage to kiss her; she held me sae fast  
and sae ticht,  
The train it ran off and did leave me; I could na' get over  
the nicht.  
I tried for to walk the brig over, my head it was a' in a  
whirl;  
I could na'—ye know the sad reason—I had to go back to  
my girl!  
I hope ye'll tak' kindly to Maggie; she's promised to soon  
be my wife;

She's a darling wee bit of a lassie, and her fondness it saved  
me my life."

The night and the storm fell together upon the sad town of  
Dundee;

The half-smothered song of the tempest swept out like a sob  
to the sea;

The voice of the treacherous storm-king, as mourning for  
them he had slain;

O cruel and bloodthirsty tempest! your false tears are shed  
all in vain!

\* \* \* \* \*

Thank God that whatever the darkness that covers His  
creature's dim sight,

He always vouchsafes *some* deliverance, throws *some one* a  
sweet ray of light;

Thank God that His well-tempered mercy came down with  
the clouds from above,

And saved one from out the destruction, and him by the  
angel of love.

## AGENCIES IN OUR NATIONAL PROGRESS

By ALEXANDER KELLY MCCLURE, Editor, Lawyer, Statesman, Author;  
Editor-in-Chief of Philadelphia *Times*, 1873—.

From an address before the literary societies of Dickinson College, June 26, 1873.  
See Cooper's "American Politics," published in 1883 by The Fireside Publishing Co.,  
Philadelphia, Penn. By permission of the author.

When we search for the agencies of the great epochs in  
our national progress, we look not to the accidents of place.  
Unlike all other governments, ours is guided supremely by  
intelligent and educated public convictions, and those who  
are clothed with authority are but the exponents of the pop-  
ular will. Herein is the source of safety and advancement  
of our free institutions. On every hand, in the ranks of  
people, are the tireless teachers of our destiny. Away in the  
forefront of every struggle are to be found the masters who

brave passion and prejudice and interest, in the perfection of our nationality.

Our free press reaching into almost every hamlet of the land; our colleges now reared in every section; our schools with open doors to all; our churches teaching every faith, with the protection of the law; our citizens endowed with the sacred right of freedom of speech and action; our railroads spanning the continent, climbing our mountains, and stretching into our valleys; our telegraphs making every community the center of the world's daily records—these are the agencies which are omnipotent in the expression of our national purposes and duties. Thus directed and maintained, our free government has braved foreign and domestic war, and been purified and strengthened in the crucible of conflict. It has grown from a few feeble States east of the Ohio wilderness to a vast continent of commonwealths, and forty millions of population. It has made freedom as universal as its authority within its vast possessions. The laws of inequality and caste are blotted from its statutes. It reaches the golden slopes of the Pacific with its beneficence, and makes beauty and plenty in the valleys of the mountains on the sunset side of the Father of Waters. From the cool lakes of the North to the sunny gulfs of the South, and from the eastern seas to the waters that wash the lands of the pagan, a homogeneous people obey one constitution and are devoted to one country.

Nor have its agencies and influences been limited to our own boundaries. The whole accessible world has felt its power and paid tribute to its excellence. Europe has been convulsed from center to circumference by the resistless throbbings of oppressed peoples for the liberty they cannot know and could not maintain. The proud Briton has imitated his wayward but resolute child, and now rules his own throne. France has sung the *Marseillaise*, her anthem of freedom, and waded through blood in ill-directed struggles for her disenthralment. The scattered tribes of the Father-

land now worship at the altar of German unity, with a liberalized Empire. The sad song of the serf is no longer heard from the children of the Czar. Italy, dismembered and tempest-tossed through centuries, again ordains her laws in the Eternal City, under a monarch of her choice. The throne and the inspiration of freedom has unsettled the title of despotism to the Spanish scepter. The trained lightning flashes the lessons of our civilization to the home of the Pyramids; the land of the heathen has our teachers in its desolate places, and the God of Day sets not upon the boundless triumphs of our government of the people.

### THE POWER OF HABIT

By JOHN BARTHOLOMEW GOUGH, celebrated Temperance Lecturer.  
Born in Sandgate, England, 1817; died at Frankford, Penn., 1886.

Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Platform Echoes," copyright 1887, by A. D. Worthington & Co., Hartford, Conn.

I remember once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?" "That," he said, "is the Niagara River." "Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I, "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?" "Only a mile or two," was the reply. "Is it possible that only one mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir."

And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara Falls I shall never forget.

Now launch your bark on that Niagara River; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim; and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha, ha! We have heard of the rapids; but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed; there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy, there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha, ha! We shall laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future? No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you."

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn. Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives; pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow. Set the mast in the socket! Hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over they go.

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up."

We see sometimes, on our city streets, placards posted, "Lost! Lost! Lost!" And I stop sometimes to think of the cherished treasure that is gone, the heartache at its loss, the longing for its return. On those same streets we hear sometimes, in the calm of the evening's deepening twilight, the ringing of the crier's bell, and his shrill voice, shouting, "Child lost! Child lost!" Yes! a child lost, away from the comfort and brightness of home, gone from the father's smile and the mother's fond embrace, strayed

out into the night, alone, amid its dreary, coming blackness. But the lost treasure is merely material; and the child is still in the pathway of loving humanity, still within the enfolding arms of an all-loving God.

But the drunkards! Lost! lost! lost! fathers, brothers, husbands, sons, lost to friends, to families, to loved ones, to society; lost to the world, to the church; and lost, forever lost, from the circle of the redeemed that shall gather around God's throne—over the rapids, and lost.

### O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

By WALT WHITMAN, Poet. Born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., 1819; died at Camden, N. J., 1892.

This poem, as is well known, refers to Abraham Lincoln. By permission of publisher, David McKay, Philadelphia.

O captain! my captain! our fearful trip is done,  
The ship has weathered every rock, the prize we sought is  
won.

The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;  
But O heart! heart! heart!  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

O captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;  
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,  
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores  
a-crowding,  
For you the call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;  
Hear captain! dear father!  
This arm beneath your head!  
It is some dream there on the deck,  
You've fallen cold and dead.



My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,  
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,  
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and  
done,

From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;  
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!  
But I with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

### THE RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE

By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author. Born near Yellow Springs, Penn., 1822;  
died in Philadelphia, 1854.

It was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frosted into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once, a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart.

Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood came a rider on a black horse, rushing towards the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and

lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there through intervals of cannon-smoke you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle?

Let us look for a moment into those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militiamen, their rude farmer-coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of red-coat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. At this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militiaman. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down."

This appeal was not without its effect. The militiaman turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start

back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militiamen. Then a confused conflict, a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers.

Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, towards the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemus' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seizes his rifle and starts toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that black steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on towards the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the black horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon-ball.

Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess

his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb; and you will see that it bears the mark of a former wound. The wound was received in the storming of Quebec. The rider of the black horse was Benedict Arnold.

## AGAINST IMPERIALISM

By GEORGE FRISBIE HOAR, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1868-76; Senator, 1877—. Born in Concord, Mass., 1826.

From a speech delivered in the Senate, April 17, 1900. See daily papers of Boston, April 18, 1900; also *Congressional Record*, April 17, 1900.

It is claimed that these appeals for imperialism have the sympathy of the American people. It is said that the statesman who will lay his ear to the ground will hear their voice. I do not believe it. The voice of the American people does not come from the ground. It comes from the sky. It comes from the free air. It comes from the mountains, where liberty dwells. Let the statesman who is fit to deal with the question of liberty or to utter the voice of a free people lift his ear to the sky—not lay it to the ground.

Mr. President, it was once my good fortune to witness an impressive spectacle in this chamber, when the senators answered to their names in rendering solemn judgment in a great State trial. By a special provision each senator was permitted, when he cast his vote, to state his reason in a single sentence. I have sometimes fancied that the question before us now might be decided not alone by the votes of us who sit here to-day, but of the great men who have been our predecessors in this chamber and in the Continental Congress from the beginning of the Republic.

Would that that roll might be called. The solemn assembly sits silent while the chair puts the question whose answer is so fraught with the hopes of liberty and the destiny of the Republic.

The roll is called. George Washington: "No. Why should we quit our own, to stand on foreign ground?"

Alexander Hamilton: "No. The Declaration of Independence is the fundamental constitution of every State."

Thomas Jefferson: "No. Governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Every people ought to have that separate and equal station among the nations of the world to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them."

John Adams: "No. I stood by the side of Jefferson when he brought in the Declaration; I was its champion on the floor of Congress. After our long estrangement, I come back to his side again."

Thomas Corwin: "No. I said in the days of the Mexican war: 'If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves'; and Ohio to-day honors and loves me for that utterance beyond all her other sons."

Daniel Webster: "No. Under our constitution there can be no dependencies. . . . A nation cannot be happy but under a government of its own choice. When I depart from these sentiments I depart from myself."

Abraham Lincoln: "No. I said in Independence Hall at Philadelphia, just before I entered upon my great office, that I rested upon the truth Thomas Jefferson has just uttered, and that I was ready to be assassinated, if need be, in order to maintain it. And I was assassinated in order to maintain it."

Mr. President, I know how feeble is a single voice amid this din and tempest, this delirium of empire. It may be that the battle for this day is lost. But I have an assured faith in the future. I have an assured faith in justice and the love of liberty of the American people. The stars in their courses fight for freedom. The ruler of the heavens is on that side. If the battle to-day go against it, I appeal to another day, not distant and sure to come. I appeal from the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet and the

brawling and the shouting to the quiet chamber where the fathers gathered in Philadelphia.

I appeal from the spirit of trade to the spirit of liberty. I appeal from the empire to the Republic. I appeal from the millionaire, and the boss, and the wire-puller, and the manager to the statesman of the older time, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened, who lived and died poor, and who left to his children and to his countrymen a good name far better than riches. I appeal from the present, bloated with material prosperity, drunk with the lust of empire, to another and a better age. I appeal from the present to the future and to the past.

### OUR RICH HERITAGE

By JOHN MELLEN THURSTON, Lawyer; Senator from Nebraska, 1895—. Born at Montpelier, Vt., 1847.

What is the heritage that has come down to us from the turbulent days of Lincoln's administration? On the historical field of Gettysburg Lincoln said, "A government of the people, by the people, for the people."

A government of the people so broad that it offers land, liberty, and labor to the downtrodden and oppressed of every clime; so strong that the sheathed swords of its citizen soldiers need never again be drawn to protect it from foes without or dissensions within; so just, that the blind goddess of its temples holds in equal poise the scales that measure out the rights and privileges and powers of all; so liberal, that in its sky the spires of every faith may find a place, and by its altars individual conscience fears not Church nor State; so wise in crafts of statesmanship, in policies of government and enacted laws, that all its industries and arts, ennobled by invention, stimulated by intelligence and zeal, flourish and prosper beyond compare; so well beloved, that the bright bayonet of its honor is in every American hand, and the certain bulwark of its safety in every American

heart. Its cities grow and thrive; its fertile fields increase; its inland commerce quickens all the land through arteries of steel; its white sails spread to catch the favoring breeze of every sea; its whirling spindles and its tireless wheels make merry music by every stream; its silver forests and its golden hills are inexhaustible treasuries of national wealth; the schoolhouse is the pride of every village, and happy motherhood the crown of every home.

This government is *by* the people. In it the unit of political power is individual citizenship. Under its constitution every citizen must be given equal voice in the formulation of laws, and in the selection of those who are to administer and enforce them; every avenue of preferment must be fairly open to all.

There are some who profess to believe that the rights and privileges of citizenship should be denied to the foreign-born. But in the hour when the Republic asked for brawny arms to bear its muskets, and willing feet to march beneath its flag, how many a volunteer made answer in his mother tongue, first learned on vineclad hills or by the Zuyder Zee? How many a dying patriot, with his latest breath, blessed Erin's wave-kissed shore? Every man who loved our country well enough to fight for it; every man who is willing to abandon for it his childhood home; every man who longs for the blessings of liberty, and is ready to support our constitution and obey our laws, is fitted to participate in a government by the people.

This is a government "*for* the people."

So framed and carried on that the stimulus of its possible reward rouses humanity to its best endeavors. Its history is replete with the name of those who, from the lowest condition, have risen to the highest station. On its great highway the barefoot boy may distance the golden chariot of ancestral wealth.



## HERVÉ RIEL

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. Born in Camberwell, England, 1812;  
died in Venice, Italy, 1889.

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,  
Did the English fight the French;—woe to France!  
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,  
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks  
pursue.

Came crowding ship on ship to St. Malo on the Rance,  
With the English fleet in view.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full  
chase,

First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfre-  
ville;

Close on him fled, great and small,

Twenty-two good ships in all;

And they signaled to the place,

“ Help the winners of a race!

Get us guidance, give us harbor, take us quick,—or,  
quicker still,

Here's the English can and will! ”

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leaped on  
board.

“ Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to  
pass? ” laughed they;

“ Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred  
and scored,

Shall the Formidable here, with her twelve and eighty  
guns,

Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,

Trust to enter where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty  
tons.

And with flow at full beside ?  
 Now 'tis slackest ebb of tide.  
 Reach the mooring ? Rather say,  
 While rock stands or water runs,  
 Not a ship will leave the bay ! ”

Then was called a council straight ;  
 Brief and bitter the debate :

“ Here's the English at our heels ; would you have them  
 take in tow

All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and  
 bow,

For a prize to Plymouth Sound ?

Better run the ships aground ! ”

(Ended Damfreville his speech.)

“ Not a minute more to wait !

Let the captains all and each

Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the  
 beach !

France must undergo her fate. ”

“ Give the word ! ” But no such word  
 Was ever spoke or heard ;

For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these,  
 A captain ? A lieutenant ? A mate,—first, second, third ?

No such man of mark, and meet

With his betters to compete !

But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the  
 fleet, —

A poor coasting pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.

And “ What mockery or malice have we here ? ” cries Hervé  
 Riel ;

“ Are you mad, you Malouins ? Are you cowards, fools,  
 or rogues ?

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the sound-  
 ings, tell

On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell  
    'Twixt the ofling here and Greve, where the river disem-  
        bogues ?  
Are you bought by English gold ? Is it love the lying's for ?  
    Morn and eve, night and day,  
    Have I piloted your bay,  
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.  
    Burn the fleet, and ruin France ? That were worse than  
        fifty Hogues !  
    Sirs, they know I speak the truth ! Sirs, believe me,  
        there's a way !  
Only let me lead the line,  
    Have the biggest ship to steer,  
    Get this Formidable clear,  
Make the others follow mine,  
And I lead them most and least by a passage I know well,  
    Right to Solidor, past Greve,  
    And there lay them safe and sound ;  
    And if one ship misbehave,—  
    Keel so much as grate the ground,—  
Why, I've nothing but my life ; here's my head ! " cries  
    Hervé Riel.  
Not a minute more to wait.  
" Steer us in, then, small and great !  
    Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron ! " cried  
        its chief.  
    Captains, give the sailor place !  
He is Admiral, in brief.  
    Still the north-wind, by God's grace.  
    See the noble fellow's face  
As the big ship, with a bound,  
Clears the entry like a bound,  
Keeps the passage as its inch of way were the wide sea's  
    profound !  
    See, safe through shoal and rock,  
    How they follow in a flock.

Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the  
ground,

Not a spar that comes to grief!

The peril, see, is past,

All are harbored to the last;

And just as Hervé Riel halloos "Anchor!"—sure as fate,

Up the English come, too late.

So the storm subsides to calm;

They see the green trees wave

On the heights o'erlooking Greve:

Hearts that bled are stanch'd with balm.

"Just our rapture to enhance,

Let the English rake the bay,

Gnash their teeth and glare askance

As they cannonade away!

Neath rampired Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!"

How hope succeeds despair on each captain's countenance!

Outbursts all with one accord,

"This is Paradise for Hell!

Let France, let France's king

Thank the man that did the thing!"

What a shout, and all one word,

"Hervé Riel!"

As he stepped in front once more,

Not a symptom of surprise

In the frank blue Breton eyes,

Just the same man as before.

Then said Damfreville, "My friend,

I must speak out at the end,

Though I find the speaking hard:

Praise is deeper than the lips;

You have saved the king his ships,

You must name your own reward.

Faith, our sun was near eclipse!

Demand whate'er you will,

France remains your debtor still.

Ask to heart's content, and have! or my name's not  
Damfreville."

Then a beam of fun outbroke  
On the bearded mouth that spoke,  
As the honest heart laughed through  
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:

"Since I needs must say my say,  
Since on board the duty's done,  
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a  
run?—

Since 'tis ask and have I may,—

Since the others go ashore,—

Come! A good whole holiday!

Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle  
Aurore!"

That he asked, and that he got,—nothing more.

Name and deed alike are lost;

Not a pillar nor a post

° In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell.

Not a head in white and black

On a single fishing smack

In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack

All that France saved from the fight whence England bore  
the bell.

Go to Paris; rank on rank

Search the heroes flung pell-mell

On the Louvre, face and flank;

You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.

So, for better and for worse,

Hervé Riel, accept my verse!

In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more

Save the squadron, honor France, love thy wife the Belle  
Aurore.

## TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

By THOMAS BRACKETT REED, Lawyer, Statesman. Member of Congress from Maine. 1877-99. Speaker of the 51st, 54th, and 55th Congresses. Born in Portland, Me., 1839; resides in New York City.

An address delivered at Grand Army Reunion, Old Orchard, Maine, August 7, 1884.

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic:—As a tribute to your worth and to your services, this vast and splendid audience, the largest on which my eye ever rested, surpasses any speeches we can possibly make. Free from all taint of ulterior purpose, spontaneous, natural as the tidal march of the ocean on the shore, it is a great throb of the popular heart beating in recognition of you and of your deeds. And why should not this throng of human beings pour from every hill and valley? They come to do honor to those noble qualities which have made human history in the past and human progress in the future possible. They are honoring their own better natures, their own higher attributes. War is a terrible misfortune, but some of the rarest virtues of humanity are evolved out of that crucible, white with the blinding heat of passion. All men rise to honor self-sacrifice, that noble quality which lifts us beyond our little personality and makes us part of the warp and woof of that race which has made the whole world blossom like the rose. All men rise to honor courage; not that brute fearlessness, born of ignorance and of the flesh, but that nobler courage, born of the soul, which faces not only death, but the long and terrible marches, the fever of wounds, the depression of defeat, and all the frightful experiences of that weary road which led to the glorious citadel of liberty, over which floats to-day in the serene upper air the flag of a land that knows no slave again forever. When Frederick the Great led his mighty army to the conquest of Silesia, his battalions marched and fought and conquered by the vigor of a discipline which had gone on for a quarter of a century.

When the troops of the German Empire set out for the campaign of Sadowa, a lifetime devoted to the exercises of war had made of them a machine fit to execute the will of despotic power. Not thus your march. Out of the midst of your fellow citizens you stepped. The sight of human blood had never filled your eyes. You went, not as machines, but as men, to execute your own will and the will of the people. And when your work was done, silently, like the subsidence of one of the great forces of nature, you took your places among your fellow men to help produce for them and yourselves the comforts and necessities of life. Upon no grander spectacle has human history ever looked! What you have done and suffered has not gone without its recompense. It is ordained in the providence of God that good deeds contain the germ of their own reward. Another day than this has been consecrated to the memory of the dead; this day is consecrated to the tender companionship and fraternity of the living. What is the best good of life? It is not high station, or high honors. My friend who sits there [Mr. Blaine], who has had them all, will tell you that good-fellowship of friends and hearty comradeship is better than all place and fame. To be interlaced one with another in thoughts and hopes and sympathies is to become part and parcel of that eternal humanity which is so much greater and nobler than any of us poor atoms. Comrades, you have been welded together by the white heat of battle! To have lived together, to have suffered together, to have had great thoughts and to have done great deeds together, what solidier foundation of friendship can there be on earth? It must outlast all time, and if it be true that on the other shore we take our characters and friendships where we leave them here, the great possibilities of reward in the future will transcend our highest hopes and our loftiest words.



## DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY

By ABRAHAM LINCOLN, Lawyer. Statesman; President of the United States, 1861-65. Born in Hardin County, Kentucky, 1809; died in Washington, D. C., 1865.

Delivered November 19, 1863, at the dedication of the cemetery in which were buried those slain in the battle of Gettysburg.

Fourscore and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

## TRUE AMERICANISM

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer, Editor, Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

Taken, by permission of the author, from a speech delivered at a dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, Dec. 22, 1884. See "Speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge," copyright 1892, by H. C. Lodge, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Mr. President, I am coming very close to what is called Americanism, but of Americanism of the right sort we cannot in this day and generation have too much. Mere vaporing and boasting become a nation as little as a man. But honest, outspoken pride and faith in our country are infinitely better and more to be respected than the cultivated reserve which sets it down as ill-bred and in bad taste ever to refer to our country except by way of depreciation, criticism, or general negation. The Puritans did great work in the world because they believed most fervently in their cause, their country, and themselves. It is the same to-day. Without belief of this sort nothing worth doing is ever done.

We have a right to be proud of our vast material success, our national power and dignity, our advancing civilization carrying freedom and education in its train. Most of all may we be proud of the magnanimity displayed by the American people at the close of the Civil War—a noble generosity unparalleled in the history of nations. But to count our wealth and tell our numbers, and rehearse our great deeds simply to boast of them, is useless enough. We have a right to do it only when we listen to the solemn undertone which brings the message of great responsibilities—responsibilities far greater than the ordinary political and financial issues, which are sure to find sooner or later a right settlement. Social questions are the great questions of the present and the future for the American people. The race for wealth has opened a broad gap between rich and poor.

There are thousands at your gates toiling from sunrise to sunset to keep body and soul together, and the struggle is a hard and bitter one. The idle, the worthless, the criminal, form but a small element of the community. There is a vast body of honest, God-fearing workingmen and women whose yoke is not easy and whose burden is far from right.

The destiny of the Republic is in the welfare of its workmen and women. We cannot push their troubles and cares into the background, and trust that all will come right in the end. Let us look to it that differences and inequalities of condition do not widen into ruin. It is most true that these differences cannot be eradicated; but they can be modified, and a great deal can be done to secure to every man the share of well-being and happiness to which his honesty, thrift, and ability entitle him. Legislation cannot change humanity or alter the decrees of nature, but it can help the solution of these grave problems.

Practical measures are plentiful enough; the hours of labor; emigration from our overcrowded cities to the lands of the West; economical and energetic municipal governments; proper building laws; the rigid prevention of adulteration in the great staples of food; wise regulation of the railroads and other great corporations; the extirpation of race and class in politics; above all, every effort to secure to labor its fair and full share of the profits earned by the combination of labor and capital. Here are matters of great pith and moment, more important, more essential, more pressing, than any others. They must be met; they cannot be shirked or evaded.

The past is across the water. The future is here in our keeping. We can do all that can be done to solve the social problems and fulfill the hopes of mankind. Failure would be a disaster unequalled in history. The first step to success is pride of country, simple, honest, frank, and ever present, and this is the Americanism that I would have. If we have this pride and faith we shall appreciate our mighty responsi-

bilities. Then if we live up to them we shall keep the words "an American citizen" what they now are—the noblest title any man can bear.

## THE PILOT'S STORY

By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, Editor, Author, Poet. Born at Martin Ferry, Ohio, 1837.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Howells and by permission of the publishers of his poems, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

It was a story the pilot told, with his back to his hearers, —  
Keeping his hand on the wheel and his eye on the globe of  
the jack-staff,  
Holding the boat to the shore and out of the sweep of the  
current,  
Lightly turning aside for the heavy logs of the driftwood,  
Widely shunning the snags that made us sardonic obeisance.

All the soft, damp air was full of delicate perfume  
From the young willows in bloom on either bank of the  
river, —  
Faint, delicious fragrance, trancing the indolent senses  
In a luxurious dream of the river and land of the lotus.

Not yet out of the west the roses of sunset were withered;  
In the deep blue above light clouds of gold and of crimson  
Floated in slumber serene, and the restless river beneath  
them  
Rushed away to the sea with a vision of rest in its bosom.  
Far on the eastern shore lay dimly the swamps of the cypress;  
Dimly before us the islands grew from the river's expanses, —  
Beautiful, wood-grown isles, with the gleam of the swart  
inundation,  
Seen through the swaying boughs and slender trunks of their  
willows;

And on the shore beside us the cotton-trees rose in the evening,  
Phantom-like, yearningly, wearily, with the inscrutable sadness  
Of the mute races of trees. While hoarsely the steam from her 'scape-pipes  
Shouted, then whispered a moment, then shouted again to the silence,  
'Trembling through all her frame with the mighty pulse of her engines,  
Slowly the boat ascended the swollen and broad Mississippi  
Bank-full, sweeping on, with nearing masses of driftwood,  
Daintily breathed about with hazes of silvery vapor,  
Where in his arrowy flight the twittering swallow alighted,  
And the belated blackbird paused on the way to its nestlings.

It was the pilot's story:—"They both came aboard there, at Cairo,  
From a New Orleans boat, and took passage with us for Saint Louis.  
She was a beautiful woman, with just blood enough from her mother,  
Darkening her eyes and her hair, to make her race known to a trader:  
You would have thought she was white. The man that was with her,—you see such,—  
Weakly good-natured and kind, and weakly good-natured and vicious,  
Slender of body and soul, fit neither for loving nor hating.  
I was a youngster then, and only learning the river,—  
Not over-fond of the wheel. I used to watch them at *monte*,  
Down in the cabin at night, and learned to know all of the gamblers.  
So when I saw this weak one staking his money against them,  
Betting upon the turn of the cards, I knew what was coming:  
*They* never left their pigeons a single feather to fly with.

Next day I saw them together,—the stranger and one of the gamblers:

Picturesque rascal he was, with long black hair and moustaches,

Black slouch hat drawn down to his eyes from his villainous forehead:

On together they moved, still earnestly talking in whispers,  
On toward the forecastle, where sat the woman alone by the gangway.

Roused by the fall of feet, she turned, and, beholding her master,

Greeted him with a smile that was more like a wife's than another's,

Rose to meet him fondly, and then, with the dread apprehension

Always haunting the slave, fell her eye on the face of the gambler,

Dark and lustful and fierce and full of merciless cunning.

Something was spoken so low that I could not hear what the words were:

Only the woman started, and looked from one to the other,  
With imploring eyes, bewildered hands, and a tremor

All through her frame: I saw her from where I was standing,  
she shook so.

'Say! is it so?' she cried. On the weak, white lips of her master

Died a sickly smile, and he said,—' Louise, I have sold you.'  
God is my judge! May I never see such a look of despairing,

Desolate anguish, as that which the woman cast on her master,

Gripping her breast with her little hands, as if he had stabbed her,

Standing in silence a space, as fixed as the Indian woman,  
Carved out of wood, on the pilot-house of the old Pocahontas!

Then, with a gurgling moan, like the sound in the throat of  
the dying,  
Came back her voice, that, rising, fluttered, through wild  
incoherence,  
Into a terrible shriek that stopped my heart while she  
answered:—  
'Sold me? sold me? sold—— And you promised to give  
me my freedom!—  
Promised me, for the sake of our little boy in Saint Louis!  
What will you say to our boy, when he cries for me there in  
Saint Louis?  
What will you say to our God?—Ah, you have been joking!  
I see it!  
No! God! God! He shall hear it,—and all of the angels in  
heaven,—  
Even the devils in hell!—and none will believe when they  
hear it!  
Sold me!—Fell her voice with a thrilling wail, and in  
silence  
Down she sank on the deck, and covered her face with her  
fingers.'

In his story a moment the pilot paused, while we listened  
To the salute of a boat, that, rounding the point of an island,  
Flamed toward us with fires that seemed to burn from the  
waters,—  
Stately and vast and swift, and borne on the heart of the  
current.  
Then, with the mighty voice of a giant challenged to battle,  
Rose the responsive whistle, and all the echoes of island,  
Swamp-land, glade, and brake replied with a myriad clamor,  
Like wild birds that are suddenly startled from slumber at  
midnight;  
Then were at peace once more, and we heard the harsh cries  
of the peacocks  
Perched on a tree by a cabin door, where the white-headed  
settler's



White-headed children stood to look at the boat as it passed  
them,

Passed them so near that we heard their happy talk and their  
laughter.

Softly the sunset had faded, and now on the eastern horizon  
Hung like a tear in the sky, the beautiful star of the evening.

Still with his back to us standing, the pilot went on with his  
story:—

“ Instantly, all the people, with looks of reproach and com-  
passion,

Flocked round the prostrate woman. The children cried,  
and their mothers

Hugged them tight to their breasts; but the gambler said to  
the captain,—

‘ Put me off there at the town that lies round the bend of  
the river.

Here, you! rise at once, and be ready now to go with me.’

Roughly he seized the woman’s arm and strove to uplift her.

She—she seemed not to heed him, but rose like one that is  
dreaming,

Slid from his grasp, and fleetly mounted the steps of the  
gangway,

Up to the hurricane-deck, in silence, without lamentation,

Straight to the stern of the boat, where the wheel was, she  
ran, and the people

Followed her fast till she turned and stood at bay for a  
moment,

Looking them in the face, and in the face of the gambler.

Not one to save her,—not one of all the compassionate  
people!

Not one to save her, of all the pitying angels in heaven!

Not one bolt of God to strike him dead there before her!

Wildly she waved him back, we waiting in silence and  
horror.

Over the swarthy face of the gambler a pallor of passion

Passed, like a gleam of lightning over the west in the night-time.

White, she stood, and mute, till he put forth his hand to secure her;

Then she turned and leaped, — in mid-air fluttered a moment, —

Down, there, whirling, fell, like a broken-winged bird from a tree-top,

Down on the cruel wheel, that caught her, and hurled her, and crushed her,

And in the foaming water plunged her, and hid her forever."

Still with his back to us all the pilot stood, but we heard him

Swallowing hard, as he pulled the bell-rope to stop her.

Then, turning, —

"This is the place where it happened," brokenly whispered the pilot.

"Somehow, I never like to go by here alone in the night-time."

Darkly the Mississippi flowed by the town that lay in the starlight,

Cheerful with lamps. Below we could hear them reversing the engines,

And the great boat glided up to the shore like a giant exhausted.

Heavily sighed her pipes. Broad over the swamps to the eastward

Shone the full moon, and turned our far-trembling wake into silver.

All was serene and calm, but the odorous breath of the willows

Smote like the subtle breath of an infinite sorrow upon us.

## AN APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE

By JOHN BRIGHT, Statesman. Born at Greenbank, England, 1811; died in London, 1889.

Selections from two speeches on Reform: the first delivered at Birmingham, England, August 27, 1866; the second at London, England, December 4, 1866. See "Speeches by John Bright," published by Macmillan & Company, London and New York. By permission of the publishers.

Our opponents have charged us with being the promoters of a dangerous excitement. They have the effrontery to say that I am the friend of public disorder. I am one of the people. Surely, if there be one thing in a free country more clear than another, it is, that any one of the people may speak openly to the people. If I speak to the people of their rights, and indicate to them the way to secure them,—if I speak of their danger to the monopolists of power,—am I not a wise counsellor, both to the people and to their rulers?

Suppose I stood at the foot of Vesuvius, or Ætna, and, seeing a hamlet or a homestead planted on its slope, I said to the dwellers in that hamlet, or in that homestead, "You see that vapor which ascends from the summit of the mountain. That vapor may become a dense, black smoke, that will obscure the sky. You see the trickling of lava from the crevices in the side of the mountain. That trickling of lava may become a river of fire. You hear that muttering in the bowels of the mountain. That muttering may become a bellowing thunder, the voice of a violent convulsion, that may shake half a continent. You know that at your feet is the grave of great cities, for which there is no resurrection, as histories tell us that dynasties and aristocracies have passed away, and their names have been known no more forever."

If I say this to the dwellers upon the slope of the mountain, and if there comes hereafter a catastrophe which makes the world to shudder, am I responsible for that catastrophe?

I did not build the mountain, or fill it with explosive materials. I merely warned the men that were in danger. So, now, it is not I who am stimulating men to the violent pursuit of their acknowledged constitutional rights.

The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation.

That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change; and from these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

### A TRIBUTE TO GENERAL SHERMAN

By HORACE PORTER, Brigadier-General, Lecturer, Author; United States Ambassador to France, 1897—. Born in Huntington, Penn., 1837.

From a speech at a banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, Dec. 22, 1891. See *New York Tribune*, Dec. 23, 1891.

In speaking of the sons of New England sires, I know that one name is uppermost in all minds here to-night—the name of one who added new luster to the fame of his distinguished ancestors. The members of your society, like the nation at large, found themselves within the shadow of a profound grief, and oppressed by a sense of sadness akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement, as they stood with uncovered heads beside the bier of William T. Sherman; when the echo of his guns gave place to the tolling of cathedral-bells; when the flag of his country, which had never been lowered in his presence, dropped to half-mast, as if conscious that his strong arm was no longer there to hold it to the peak; when he passed from the living here to join the other living, commonly called the dead. We shall never

meet the great soldier again until he stands forth to answer to his name at roll-call on the morning of the last great reveille. At the reunions of this Society he was always a thrice-welcome guest. The same blood coursed in his veins as that which flows in yours. All hearts warmed to him with the glow of an abiding affection. He was a many-sided man. He possessed all the characteristics of the successful soldier; bold in conception, vigorous in execution, and unshrinking under grave responsibilities. He was singularly self-reliant, demonstrating by all his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute." He combined in his temperament the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius. Under the magnetism of his presence his troops rushed to victory with all the dash of Cæsar's Tenth Legion. Opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again. He paused not till he saw the folds of his banners wave above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe.

While mankind will always appreciate the practical workings of the mind of the great strategist, they will also see in his marvelous career much which savors of romance as well as reality, appeals to the imagination and excites the fancy. They will picture him as a legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns, whose marches were measured not by single miles, but by thousands; as a general who could make a Christmas gift to his President of a great seaboard city; as a chieftain whose field of military operations covered nearly half a continent; who had penetrated everglades and bayous; the inspiration of whose commands forged weaklings into giants; whose orders all spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier; who fought from valley's depth to mountain height, and marched from inland rivers to the sea. No one can rob him of his laurels; no man can lessen the measure of his fame. His friends will never cease to sing pæans in his honor, and even the wrath of his enemies may be counted in his praise.

## MOTHER AND POET

By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, Poet. Born in Durham, England, 1809; died in Florence, Italy, 1861.

(Turin—After news from Gæta, 1861.)

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea,  
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast,  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me!

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said;  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
Forever, instead.

What art can a woman be good at? Oh, vain!  
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?  
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,  
And I proud, by that test.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings; to feel all their arms round her throat  
Cling, strangle a little; to sew by degrees  
And broider the long clothes and neat little coat;  
To dream and to doat!

To teach them . . . It stings there! I made them, indeed,  
Speak plain the word country. I taught them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

And when their eyes flashed . . . O my beautiful eyes,  
I exulted; nay, let them go forth at the wheels  
Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone! Then one weeps, then one  
kneels!

—God, how the house feels!

At first happy news came,—in gay letters, moiled  
With my kisses,—of camp-life and glory, and how  
They both loved me; and, soon coming home to be spoiled,  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

Then was triumph at Turin. Ancona was free!  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me:  
My Guido was dead! I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

I bore it; friends soothed me; my grief looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leaned on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
Writ now but in one hand: I was not to faint,—  
One loved me for two,—would be with me ere long:  
And, “*Viva l’Italia!*” he died for,—our saint,—  
Who forbids our complaint.”

My Nannie would add; he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls,—was impressed  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
And how ’twas impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest.



On which, without pause, up the telegraph-line

Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta:—" *Shot.*  
*Tell his mother.*" Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother, not  
 "mine;"

No voice says, "*My* mother" again to me. What!  
 You think Guido forgot?

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,

They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?

I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven

Through that Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
 The Above and Below.

Oh Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark

To the face of Thy Mother! consider, I pray,

How we common mothers stand desolate, mark

Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,  
 And no last word to say.

Both boys dead? but that's out of nature. We all

Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.

'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall;

And, when Italy's made, for what end is it done

If we have not a son?

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?

When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport

Of the fire-balls of death, crashing souls out of men?

When the guns of Cavalli, with final retort,

Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,

When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and  
 red,

When *you* have a country from mountain to sea,

And King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,

(And I have my dead)—

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly! *My* country is there,  
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow;  
*My* Italy's there, with my brave civic pair,  
To disfranchise despair!

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn;  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this; and we sit on, forlorn,  
When the man-child is born.

Dead! One of them shot by the sea in the west,  
And one of them shot in the east by the sea.  
Both, both my boys! If, in keeping the feast,  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at *me*!

## FOREFATHERS' DAY

By JOHN DAVIS LONG, Lawyer, Author; Governor of Massachusetts,  
1882-88; Secretary of the Navy, 1897—. Born in Buckfield, Maine,  
1838.

From a speech at a banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York,  
Dec. 22, 1884.

Reprinted, by permission of the author, from "After Dinner and Other Speeches,"  
published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. Copyright 1895, by John D. Long.

Never since Moses led the children of Israel toward the promised land has there been such an epic as the voyage of the *Mayflower* and the landing at Plymouth. . . . Ah, how narrowly and mistakenly we limit those men and women of the *Mayflower* when we shrivel them with the winter blast of a December day, harden them into the solemnity of ascetics, or think of them as refugees from personal annoyances.

While they were, as some one has said, "neither Puritans nor persecutors," they were, as is too rarely said, something far more—they were poets, they were idealists. They were

glad children of the light, seeking for "more light." They were warm with youth and adventure, yet transcendentalists mounting a new heaven. Read the compact drawn in the cabin of the *Mayflower*,—read in it the statement of the object of their coming, and say where has the genius of bard or prophet struck such a strain as those words expressive of their purpose: "For the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our King and countrie!" Here is no wretched care for personal interests, no craven thought of flight or escape from petty persecutions, no whining solicitude for individual fortune, but the high soul of men who "plant a colony" and found an empire for nothing less than the glory of God, the advancement of their faith, the honor of their country. . . . Do you think any ingobler spirit than the poet's wrought this vision, or would have kept them there when the first winter struck down half their number, and, standing on the hill, they watched the sails of the returning *Mayflower* fade out in the light of an April day? . . . You think they shrank from the savage and heard his whoop in their dreams. That is because you are timid, and live in cities. To them the Indian's first word was "Welcome, Englishmen." With now and then a rare and wholesome correction, he lived in peace with them for generations; and tradition has it that two children of the forest begged to be buried at the feet of Bradford, and now lie with him on Burial Hill. Fear! Standish, panting for the elbow-room of perfect freedom, and separating himself from the rest, even as they had all separated themselves from their English homes, dwelt apart across the channel in the grandeur of his solitary Duxbury realm.

You think there was no softness or merriment in their lives; but you forget that John Alden looked in the eyes of Priscilla Mullens and walked with her in the "lovers' lanes" of the "forest primeval." You forget to catch the laugh with which Mary Chilton, ancestress of Copley and Lyndhurst, waded from the boat to the shore—first woman of

them all to put her dainty foot on American soil. You forget the romance of Alice Southworth's coming later over from England to wed the young widower Bradford, who had loved her when a girl among the English hawthorns. . . .

These Pilgrims were men who were greater than the restrictions of English life; who were broader than the huckstering and traffic of their Holland tarrying-place; and who, therefore, fled from both, gasping for larger breath. They were no narrow Puritans, who vexed themselves over questions of method or form or discipline in the Church. They broke altogether from the Church itself, were separatists, and set up their own establishment for themselves and for the New World,—themselves an evangel of religious and civil liberty. . . . Sympathy for the hardships of the Pilgrim fathers! They would laugh at you. They never dreamed of yielding, or of going or looking back. Why, it were worth a thousand years, a cycle of Cathay, to have breathed the air with them, to have put one's name to that cabin compact, to have planted that colony. . . .

Our lives are comparatively humdrum prose or cheap doggerel. Theirs was a pæan. They were idealists, poets, seers; but it was that germinating and rich idealism which flowers out in the world's glory and beneficence. If it was poetry, it is a poetry that lives after them, in a larger vitality and range. Its music is not a far-off strain. It is not confined to a stone's throw from the rock on which they set foot. It rolls across a continent from sea to sea. . . . It is poetry, indeed, but the poetry of industry, of growth, of school and farm and shop and ship and car. You hear it now in the hum of ten thousand mills, in the trip of a hundred thousand hammers, in the bustle of myriad exchanges, in the voice of a mighty people who are a mighty people, and will be mightier yet, because, and so far as they are true to the courage of the Pilgrim Fathers, to their lofty stride and aspiration, to their superiority over fortune and the dust, to their foundations of education and the home,

and to their consecration of themselves to the glory of God, the advancement of faith, and the honor of their country.

Forefathers' Day! We have no day that is not Forefathers' Day. Our national independence is their separatism. Standish is the common prototype of Grant and Sherman. Whatever is wholesome in our social life is the effluence of their homes. Our constitutional liberty and our constitutional law are the consummate flower of their compact. I doubt if there be to-day a radical footprint that may not trace itself to them; and many an economic and industrial result is an issue from their good sense and honest labor. . . . This great democracy of ours, the broadest-based and securest government in the world, self-sufficient, self-sustaining, self-restrained, and developing new capacity to meet every new necessity and demand of its own stupendous and startling growth, is only the expansion of their own democracy. Let us do our duty by it as faithfully as they did theirs. Doing that, let us await its destiny as calmly as did they, assured, as they were, that liberty is better than repression: that liberty, making and obeying its own laws, is God; and that unless man, made in His image, is a failure, the self-government of a free and educated people, whatever its occasional vicissitudes, will not and cannot fail.

### DANGEROUS LEGISLATION

By JAMES McDOWELL, Statesman; Governor of Virginia, 1842-44; Member of Congress from Virginia, 1846-51.

From a speech made in the House of Representatives, February 23, 1849, on the formation of one or more new States out of the Territories of New Mexico and California. See *Appendix to Congressional Globe*, Feb. 23, 1849.

Mr. Chairman: When I pass by the collective parties in this case, and recall the particular ones; when I see that my own State is as deeply implicated in the trouble and the danger of it as any other, and shares to the full, with all of

her Southern colleagues, in the most painful apprehensions of its issue; when I see this, I turn involuntarily, and with unaffected deference of spirit, and ask, What, in this exigent moment to Virginia, will Massachusetts do? Will you, too (I speak to her as present in her representatives),—will you, too, forgetting all the past, put forth a hand to smite her ignominiously upon the cheek? In your own early day of deepest extremity and distress—the day of the Boston Port Bill—when your beautiful capital was threatened with extinction, and England was collecting her gigantic power to sweep your liberties away, Virginia, caring for no odds and counting no cost, bravely, generously, instantly, stepped forth for your deliverance. Addressing her through the justice of your cause and the agonies of your condition, you asked for her heart. She gave it: with scarce the reservation of a throb, she gave it freely and gave it all. You called upon her for her blood; she took her children from her bosom and offered them.

But in all this she felt and knew that she was more than your political ally—more than your political friend. She felt and knew that she was your near, natural-born relation—such in virtue of your common descent, but such far more still in virtue of the higher attributes of a congenial and kindred nature. Do not be startled at the idea of common qualities between the American Cavalier and the American Roundhead. An heroic and unconquerable will, differently directed, is the pervasive and master cement in the character of both. Nourished by the same spirit, sharing as twin sisters in the struggle of the heritage of the same revolution, what is there in any demand of national faith, or of constitutional duty, or of public morals, which should separate them now?

Give us but a part of that devotion which glowed in the heart of the younger Pitt, and of our own elder Adams, who, in the midst of their agonies forgot not the countries they had lived for, but mingled with the spasms of their dying

hour a last and imploring appeal to the Parent of all mercies, that He would remember in eternal blessings the land of their birth; give us their devotion—give us that of the young enthusiast of Paris, who, listening to Mirabeau in one of his surpassing vindications of human rights, and seeing him fall from his stand, dying, as a physician proclaimed, for the want of blood, rushed to the spot, and as he bent over the expiring man, bared his arm for the lancet, and cried again and again with impassioned voice: “Here, take it—oh! take it from me! let me die, so that Mirabeau and the liberties of my country may not perish!” Give us something only of such a love of country, and we are safe, forever safe; the troubles which shadow over and oppress us now will pass away like a summer cloud. The fatal element of all our discord will be removed from among us. . . .

It is said, sir, that at some dark hour of our revolutionary contest, when army after army had been lost; when, dispirited, beaten, wretched, the heart of the boldest and faithfulest died within them, and all for an instant seemed conquered, except the unconquerable soul of our father-chief,—it is said that at that moment, rising above all the auguries around him, and buoyed up by the inspiration of his immortal work for all the trials it could bring, he aroused anew the sunken spirit of his associates by this confident and daring declaration: “Strip me,” said he, “of the dejected and suffering remnant of my army—take from me all that I have left—leave me but a banner, give me but the means to plant it upon the mountains of West Augusta, and I will yet draw around me the men who shall lift up their bleeding country from the dust, and set her free!” Give to me, who am a son and representative here of the same West Augusta, give to me as a banner the propitious measure I have endeavored to support, help me to plant it upon this mountain-top of our national power, and the land of Washington, undivided and unbroken, will be our land, and the land of our children’s children forever! So help me to do this at



this hour, and, generations hence some future son of the South, standing where I stand, in the midst of our legitimate successors, will bless, and praise, and thank God that he, too, can say of them, as I of you, and of all around me—these, these are my brethren, and oh! this, this, too, is my country!

## THE PURITAN SABBATH

By HENRY VAN DYKE, Clergyman, Professor, Author, Poet; Pastor Brick Presbyterian Church, New York, 1882-99; Professor of English, Princeton University, 1899—.

From an address made at the annual banquet of the New England Society in New York City, Dec. 23, 1895; the anniversary having been postponed because Forefathers' Day that year fell on a Sunday. See *New York Tribune*, Dec. 24, 1895.

The Puritan fenced in his Sabbath with a wall of iron. We do not altogether admire the architecture of that wall; but let us never forget that within it were sheltered, through stormy centuries, three inestimable treasures—the sanctity of human rest, as well as of human labor; the peace and order of the Puritan household, and the dignity and simplicity of common worship. Let us never forget that out of that sacred enclosure issued the men and women, trained and solidified by self-restraint and sober discipline, who were to be the very backbone of the permanent morality of this nation. . . .

There is no question of the day, it seems to me, that comes closer to the life of the people and affects our future welfare more deeply than the Sunday question, with all that it involves of personal liberty, civic order, the rights of labor, and the freedom of conscience. In order to settle it, we must free our minds from cant; the cant of politics and the cant of religion. We must recognize the difference between the American Sunday and the Puritan Sabbath. The one is a day of restraint, the other is a day of liberty. The one is a religious observance, the other is a humane institution.

We ought not to confuse them, nor attempt to reconcile them by compromise. Compromise in matters of principle is always a failure. . . .

For those who believe in the substance of the Puritan Sabbath as a day of religious devotion, needful for the Christian life, to give up their private convictions and change their personal practice to conform to a passing fashion, is to make a false compromise. For those who believe in the American Sunday as a day of secular rest, needful for the national life, to narrow its liberty and imperil its security by overloading it with restrictions and attempting to change it into a day of forced religion, is to make a false compromise. Clear and distinct, the two days stand side by side; or, to speak more truly, circle within circle, sphere within sphere. The day of universal repose spreads like a fair, well-ordered garden, in whose pleasant ways the burdens of toil and the strifes of competition shall be laid aside, and all men shall be free to rest and refresh themselves in common joy and brotherly regard. Within that garden, protected by its beautiful peace, stands the day of divine worship, like a shining temple, into which none shall be compelled, but all shall be invited, to enter. There they will learn that the deepest rest comes through adoration, the strongest refreshment is drawn from faith, and the sweetest music is that which praises God.

Gentlemen, let us maintain the liberty of the garden, and let us use our own liberty to preserve the sanctity of the temple. Many of the outward forms of the Puritan Sabbath have passed away; but God grant that its spirit and substance may never vanish from our hearts and homes. What memories haunt our souls so strong, so precious, as those that come down to us from its morning hour of prayer around the household altar, its noontide hour of worship in the quiet house of God, its evening hour of music in the home, where voices long since fallen in silence joined in the sweet songs of Zion? All our lives long we shall remember

these things, and the remembrance will make us better, braver, more loyal and more steadfast men.

And shall our children have no such memories? Shall they look back from the coming conflict and turmoil of the twentieth century into homes where there was a Sunday but no Sabbath? Nay, will you not rather restore to your domestic and social life the potency and promise of your true Forefathers' Day? And will you not add to it the milder but no less sacred influence of that other day, so near at hand, which my forefathers revered and cherished, the day of St. Nicholas, the merry Christmas Day? 'There is no discord between them, but harmony and concord. Before the ancient temple at Jerusalem there stood two pillars, Jachin and Boaz, wreathed with lily-work and carven with pomegranites. So let these two memorial days stand at the doorway of our houses, like shining, steadfast columns, which never shall be removed, the Sabbath Day and Christmas Day, emblem of loyal faith and self-restraint, emblem of joyous hope and glad good-will to all, upholding with undesecrated purity and undiminished strength

"The homely beauty of the good old cause,  
Our peace, our fearful innocence.  
And pure religion breathing household laws."

From the shelter of such holy homes a new manhood shall come forth; serene, thoughtful, peaceful; prepared and able to defend the nation's honor, which is righteousness, and to preserve the nation's glory, which is peace.

## THE ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER

By ANNA ELIZABETH DICKINSON, Lecturer, Novelist, Playwright.  
Born in Philadelphia, 1842.

Through the whole afternoon there had been a tremendous cannonading of the fort from the gunboats and the land forces; the smooth, regular engineer lines were broken, and the fresh-sodded embankments torn and roughened by the unceasing rain of shot and shell. About six o'clock there came moving up the island, over the burning sands and under the burning sky, a stalwart, splendid-appearing set of men, who looked equal to any daring, and capable of any heroism,—men whom nothing could daunt and few things subdue. As this regiment, the famous Fifty-fourth, came up the island to take its place at the head of the storming party in the assault on Wagner, it was cheered on all sides by the white soldiers, who recognized and honored the heroism which it had already shown, and of which it was to give such new and sublime proof.

The evening, or rather the afternoon, was a lurid, sultry one. Great masses of clouds, heavy and black, were piled in the western sky, fringed here and there by an angry red, and torn by vivid streams of lightning. Not a breath of wind shook the leaves or stirred the high, rank grass by the water-side; a portentous and awful stillness filled the air—the stillness felt by nature before a devastating storm. Quiet, with the like awful and portentous calm, the black regiment, headed by its young, fair-haired, knightly colonel, marched to its destined place and action.

Here the men were addressed in a few brief and burning words by their heroic commander. Here they were besought to glorify their whole race by the luster of their deeds; here their faces shone with a look which said: "Though men, we are ready to do deeds, to achieve triumphs, worthy of the gods!" Here the word of command was given: "We

are ordered and expected to take Battery Wagner at the point of the bayonet. Are you ready?"

"Ay, Ay, sir! ready!" was the answer. And the order went pealing down the line: "Ready! Close ranks! Charge bayonets! Forward! Double-quick, march!"—and away they went under a scattering fire in one compact line till within one hundred feet of the fort, when the storm of death broke upon them.

Every gun belched forth its great shot and shell; every rifle whizzed out its sharp-singing, death-freighted messenger. The men wavered not for an instant; forward—forward they went; plunged into the ditch; waded through the deep water, no longer of a muddy hue, but stained crimson with their blood, and commenced to climb the parapet. The foremost line fell and then the next and the next. On, over the piled-up mounds of dead and dying, of wounded and slain, to the mouth of the battery; seizing the guns; bayoneting the gunners at their posts; planting their flag and struggling around it; their leader on the walls, sword in hand, his blue eyes blazing, his fair face aflame, his clear voice calling out: "Forward, my brave boys!"—then plunging into the hell of battle before him.

As the men were clambering up the parapet, their color-sergeant was shot dead, the colors trailing, stained and wet, in the dust beside him. A nameless hero sprang from the ranks, seized the staff from his dying hand, and with it mounted upward. A ball struck his right arm; but ere it could fall shattered by his side, his left hand caught the flag and carried it onward. Even in the mad sweep of assault and death, the men around him found breath and time to hurrah, and those behind him pressed more gallantly forward to follow such a lead. He kept in his place the colors flying (though faint with loss of blood and wrung with agony) up the slippery steep, up to the walls of the fort; on the wall itself, planting the flag where the men made their brief, splendid stand, and melted away like snow before furnace-

heat. Here a bayonet thrust met him and brought him down, a great wound in his brave breast, but he did not yield; dropping to his knees, pressing his unbroken arm upon the gaping wound—bracing himself against a dead comrade—the colors still flew; an inspiration to the men about him, a defiance to the foe.

At last, when the shattered ranks fell back, sullenly and slowly retreating, it was seen by those who watched him that he was painfully working his way downward, still holding aloft the flag, bent evidently on saving it, and saving it as flag had rarely if ever been saved before. Now and then he paused at some impediment; it was where the dead and dying were piled so thickly as to compel him to make a detour. Now and then he rested a moment, to press his arm tighter against his torn and open breast. Slowly, painfully, he dragged himself onward—step by step down the hill, inch by inch across the ground—to the door of the hospital; and then, while dying eyes brightened, while dying men held back their souls from the eternities to cheer him, gasped out: “I did—but do—my duty, boys—and the dear—old flag—never once—touched the ground”; and then away from the reach and sight of its foes, in the midst of its defenders, who loved and were dying for it, the flag at last fell.

The next day a flag of truce went up to beg the body of the heroic young chief who had so bravely led that marvelous assault. It came back without him. A ditch, deep and wide, had been dug; his body and those of twenty-two of his men, found dead upon and about him, flung into it in one common heap; and the word sent back was: “We have buried him with his niggers.”

It was well done. Slavery buried these men, black and white together—black and white in a common grave. Let liberty see to it, then, that black and white be raised together in a life better than the old.

## A TRIBUTE TO THE MEN OF THE MAINE

By ROBERT G. COUSINS, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Iowa, 1892—. Born in Cedar County, Iowa, 1859.

Delivered in the House of Representatives March 21, 1898; the House having under consideration the bill for the relief of the sufferers by the destruction of the U.S.S. *Maine* in the harbor of Habana, Cuba, March 15, 1898.

Mr. Speaker: Whether this measure shall prevail, either in the form in which it has come from the committee or in the form as proposed in the amendment, it is both appropriate and just; but hardly is it mentionable in contemplation of the great calamity to which it appertains. It will be an incidental legislative foot-note to a page of history that shall be open to the eyes of this Republic and of the world for all time to come. No human speech can add anything to the silent gratitude, the speechless reverence, already given by a great and grateful nation to its dead defenders and to their living kin. No act of Congress providing for their needs can make a restitution for their sacrifice. Human nature does, in human ways, its best, and still feels deep in debt.

Expressions of condolence have come from every country and from every clime, and every nerve of steel and ocean cable has carried on electric breath the sweetest, tenderest words of sympathy for that gallant crew who manned the *Maine*. But no human recompense can reach them. Humanity and time remain their everlasting debtors.

It was a brave and strong and splendid crew. They were a part of the blood and bone and sinew of our land. Two of them were from my native State of Iowa. Some were only recently at the United States Naval Academy, where they had so often heard the morning and the evening salutation to the flag—that flag which had been interwoven with the dearest memories of their lives, that had colored all their friendships with the lasting blue of true fidelity. But whether they came from naval school or civil life, from one



State or another, they called each other comrade—that gem of human language which sometimes means but a little less than love and a little more than friendship, that gentle salutation of the human heart which lives in all the languages of man, that winds and turns and runs through all the joys and sorrows of the human race, through deed and thought and dream, through song and toil and battle-field.

No foe had ever challenged them. The world can never know how brave they were. They never knew defeat; they never shall. While at their posts of duty sleep lured them into the abyss; then death unlocked their slumbering eyes but for an instant to behold its dreadful carnival, most of them just when life was full of hope and all its tides were at their highest, grandest flow; just when the early sunbeams were falling on the steep of fame and flooding all life's landscape far out into the dreamy, distant horizon; just at that age when all the nymphs were making diadems and garlands, waving laurel wreaths before the eyes of young and eager nature—just then, when death seemed most unnatural.

Hovering above the dark waters of that mysterious harbor of Hades, the black-winged vulture watches for the dead, while over it and over all there is the eagle's piercing eye sternly watching for the truth.

Whether the appropriation carried by this resolution shall be ultimately charged to fate or to some foe shall soon appear. Meanwhile a patient and a patriotic people, enlightened by the lessons of our history, remembering the woes of war, both to the vanquished and victorious, are ready for the truth and ready for their duty.

“The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart—  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget—lest we forget.”

## THE SOLDIER'S FAITH

By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Jurist, Professor, Author; Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, 1899—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1841.

Taken from an address delivered on Memorial Day, May 30, 1895, at a meeting called by the graduating class of Harvard University. See "Speeches by Oliver Wendell Holmes," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, Mass., 1896; also *Harvard Graduate's Magazine*, December, 1895. By permission of the author.

The ideals of the past for men have been drawn from war, as those for women have been drawn from motherhood. For all our prophecies, I doubt if we are ready to give up our inheritance. Who is there who would not like to be thought a gentleman? Yet what has that name been built on but the soldier's choice of honor rather than life? To be a soldier or descended from soldiers, in time of peace to be ready to give one's life rather than to suffer disgrace,—that is what the word has meant; and if we try to claim it at less cost than a splendid carelessness for life, we are trying to steal the good-will without the responsibilities of the place. We will not dispute about tastes. The man of the future may want something different. But who of us could endure a world, although cut up into five-acre lots and having no man upon it who was not well fed and well housed, without the divine folly of honor, without the senseless passion for knowledge outreaching the flaming bounds of the possible, without ideals the essence of which is that they never can be achieved? I do not know what is true. I do not know the meaning of the universe. But in the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing I do not doubt, that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt, and that is, that the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has no notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use.

Most men who know battle know the cynic force with

which the thoughts of common sense will assail them in times of stress; but they know that in their greatest moments faith has trampled those thoughts under foot. If you have been in line, suppose on Tremont street mall, ordered simply to wait and to do nothing, and have watched the enemy bring their guns to bear upon you down a gentle slope like that from Beacon street, have seen the puff of the firing, have felt the burst of the spherical case-shot as it came toward you, have heard and seen the shrieking fragments go tearing through your company, and have known that the next or the next shot carries your fate; if you have advanced in line and have seen ahead of you the spot which you must pass where the rifle bullets are striking; if you have ridden by night at a walk toward the blue line of fire at the dead-angle of Spottsylvania, where for twenty-four hours the soldiers were fighting on the two sides of an earthwork, and in the morning the dead and dying lay piled in a row six deep, and as you rode have heard the bullets splashing in the mud and earth about you; if you have been on the picket-line at night in a black and unknown wood, have heard the spat of the bullets upon the trees, and as you moved have felt your foot slip upon a dead man's body; if you have had a blind, fierce gallop against the enemy, with your blood up and a pace that left no time for fear,—if, in short, as some, I hope many, who hear me have known, you have known the vicissitudes of terror and of triumph in war, you know that there is such a thing as the faith I spoke of. You know your own weakness and are modest; but you know that man has in him that unspeakable somewhat which makes him capable of miracle, able to lift himself by the might of his own soul unaided, able to face annihilation for a blind belief. . . .

War, when you are at it, is horrible and dull. It is only when time has passed that you see that its message was divine. I hope it may be long before we are called again to sit at that master's feet. But some teacher of the kind we

all need. . . . We need it everywhere and at all times. For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism. . . .

We do not save our traditions, in this country. The regiments whose battle-flags were not large enough to hold the names of the battles they had fought vanished with the surrender of Lee, although their memories inherited would have made heroes for a century. It is the more necessary to learn the lesson afresh from perils newly sought, and perhaps it is not vain for us to tell the new generation what we learned in our day, and what we still believe. That the joy of life is living, is to put out all one's powers as far as they will go; that the measure of power is obstacles overcome; to ride boldly at what is in front of you, be it fence or enemy; to pray, not for comfort, but for combat; to keep the soldier's faith against the doubts of civil life, more besetting and harder to overcome than all the misgivings of the battle-field, and to remember that duty is not to be proved in the evil day, but then to be obeyed unquestioning; to love glory more than the temptations of wallowing ease, but to know that one's final judge and only rival is one's self; with all our failures in act and thought, these things we learned from noble enemies in Virginia or Georgia or on the Mississippi thirty years ago; these things we believe to be true.

“ ‘Life is not lost,’ said she, ‘for which is bought  
Endlesse renown.’ ”

We learned also, and we still believe, that love of country is not yet an idle name.

“ Deare country ! O how dearely deare  
Ought thy remembraunce, and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foster-child, that from thy hand  
Did commun breath and nouriture receave !  
How brutish is it not to understand  
How much to her we owe, that all us gave;  
That gave unto us all, whatever good we have ! ”

## THE DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, Novelist. Short story writer. Journalist.  
Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1864.

Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from "Cuba in War Time," copyright 1898, by R. H. Russell, New York.

Adolfo Rodriguez was the only son of a Cuban farmer. When the revolution broke out young Rodriguez joined the insurgents, leaving his father and mother and two sisters at the farm. He was taken by the Spanish, was tried by a military court for bearing arms against the government, and sentenced to be shot by a fusillade some morning before sunrise. His execution took place a half mile distant from the city, on the great plain that stretches from the forts out to the hills, beyond which Rodriguez had lived for nineteen years.

There had been a full moon the night preceding the execution, and when the squad of soldiers marched out from town it was still shining brightly through the mists. It lighted a plain two miles in extent broken by ridges and gullies and covered with thick, high grass and with bunches of cactus and palmetto. In the hollow of the ridges the mist lay like broad lakes of water, and on one side of the plain stood the walls of the old town. On the other rose hills covered with royal palms, that showed white in the moonlight, like hundreds of marble columns. A line of tiny camp-fires that the sentries had built during the night stretched between the forts at regular intervals and burned brightly.

As the light increased a mass of people came hurrying from the town with two black figures leading them, and the soldiers drew up at attention, and part of the double line fell back and left an opening in the square.

The merciful Spaniards made the prisoner walk for over half a mile across the broken surface of the fields. I expected to find the man stumbling and faltering on this

cruel journey, but as he came nearer I saw that he led all the others, and the priests on either side of him were tripping on their gowns and stumbling over the hollows, in their efforts to keep pace with him as he walked, erect and soldierly, at a quick step in advance of them.

He had a handsome, gentle face of the peasant type, a light, pointed beard, great wistful eyes, and a mass of curly black hair. He was shockingly young for such a sacrifice, and looked more like a Neapolitan than a Cuban. You could imagine him sitting on the quay at Naples or Genoa, lolling in the sun and showing his white teeth when he laughed. He wore a new scapula around his neck, hanging outside his linen blouse.

It was very quickly finished with rough, and, but for one frightful blunder, with merciful swiftness. The crowd fell back when it came to the square, and the condemned man, the priests, and the firing squad of six young volunteers passed in and the line closed behind them.

Rodriguez bent and kissed the cross which the priest held up before him. He then walked to where the officer directed him to stand, and turned his back to the square and faced the hills and the road across them which led to his father's farm. As the officer gave the first command he straightened himself as far as the cords would allow, and held up his head and fixed his eyes immovably on the morning light which had just begun to show above the hills.

He made a picture of such pathetic helplessness, but of such courage and dignity, that he reminded me on the instant of that statue of Nathan Hale, which stands in the City Hall Park, above the roar of Broadway, and teaches a lesson daily to the hurrying crowds of money-makers who pass beneath. But there was this difference, that Rodriguez, while probably as willing to give six lives for his country as was the American rebel, being only a peasant, did not think to say so, and he will not, in consequence, live in bronze during the lives of many men, but will be remembered only

as one of thirty Cubans, one of whom was shot at Santa Clara on each succeeding day at sunrise.

The officer had given the order, the men had raised their pieces, and the condemned man had heard the clicks of the triggers as they were pulled back, and he had not moved. And then happened one of the most cruelly refined, though unintentional, acts of torture that one can very well imagine. As the officer slowly raised his sword, preparatory to giving the signal, one of the mounted officers rode up to him and pointed out silently, that the firing squad were so placed that when they fired they would shoot several of the soldiers stationed on the extreme end of the square.

Their captain motioned his men to lower their pieces, and then walked across the grass and laid his hand on the shoulder of the waiting prisoner. It is not pleasant to think what that shock must have been. The man had steeled himself to receive a volley of bullets in the back. He believed that in the next instant he would be in another world; he had heard the command given, had heard the click of the Mausers as the locks caught—and then, at that supreme moment, a human hand had been laid upon his shoulder and a voice spoke in his ear.

You would expect that any man who had been snatched back to life in such a fashion would start and tremble at the reprieve, or would break down altogether, but this boy turned his head steadily, and followed with his eyes the direction of the officer's sword, then nodded his head gravely, and with his shoulders squared, took up a new position, straightened his back again, and once more held himself erect. As an exhibition of self-control this should surely rank above feats of heroism performed in battle, where there are thousands of comrades to give inspiration. This man was alone, in sight of the hills he knew, with only enemies about him, with no source to draw on for strength but that which lay within himself.

The officer of the firing squad, mortified by his blunder,



hastily whipped up his sword, the men once more leveled their rifles, the sword rose, dropped, and the men fired. At the report the Cuban's head snapped back almost between his shoulders, but his body fell slowly, as though some one had pushed him gently forward from behind and he had stumbled. He sank on his side in the wet grass without a struggle or sound, and did not move again.

It was difficult to believe that he meant to lie there, that it could be ended so without a word, that the man in the linen suit would not get up on his feet and continue to walk on over the hills to his home. But the figure lay on the grass untouched and no one seemed to remember that it had walked there of itself.

It was a thing of the past, and the squad shook itself like a great snake, and then broke into little pieces and started off jauntily, stumbling in the high grass and striving to keep step to the music. From all parts of the city the church-bells jangled out the call for early mass, and the whole world of Santa Clara seemed to stir and stretch itself and to wake to welcome the day just begun.

But as I fell in at the rear of the procession and looked back, the figure of the young Cuban, who was no longer a part of the world of Santa Clara, was asleep in the wet grass, with his motionless arms still tightly bound behind him, with the scapula twisted awry across his face and the blood from his breast sinking into the soil he had tried to free.

## THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

By WILLIAM EUSTIS RUSSELL, Lawyer, Statesman; Governor of Massachusetts, 1890-93. Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1857; died in Canada, 1896.

From a speech made at the annual festival of the New England Society in the City of New York, Dec. 22, 1893. See *New York Tribune*, Dec. 23, 1893.

Thomas W. Higginson in his introduction to "Speeches and Addresses of W. E. Russell," says: "No one ever heard him utter the words, 'the dear old Commonwealth,' without discovering that he has what the French call 'tears in his voice'; and no one can know him well without recognizing that those thrilling tones represent in this case profound feeling."

Gladly to-night when for the last time I speak for Massachusetts officially, I avail myself of the privilege of laying at her feet the humble tribute of a loving son.

One is apt to judge a State solely by evidence of her material prosperity; to think only of her acres and dollars, her population and cities, her industries and material resources. Important and great as these are, I fancy the Puritans would have called them "the outward things," and not the only or the truest test of her real strength and grandeur. Or else one thinks of her only as a great power, ever enforcing obedience to her sovereign will. To us, her children and citizens, she is far less a governing power than a guiding, uplifting influence, ever setting before us high ideals of life and its meaning, and ever leading in great agitations for freedom and humanity. This is the real Massachusetts. To understand her, one must go back to the early days and work which to-night we commemorate.

They were wise, farseeing men who founded our colony and Commonwealth. It seemed to be given them to look down the future and to know that they were church-building and nation-building, founding institutions which were to last as long as men should fear God and love liberty.

They were serious men, these, our founders and forefathers. We laugh now at their long faces and mournful manners,

but we forget that theirs was no holiday pastime. They were not seeking how easiest to live, but how best to live "for God's glory and the Church's good." They bound Church and State together in a union which would not now be tolerated, but by their labor and sacrifices they planted, beside the Church, the school and the town-meeting, and made these the foundations for an intelligent, liberty-loving, God-fearing people.

We care not so much now for the distinctive doctrines of their faith as for the fact that they had faith; not so much for the scruples of their conscience as that for conscience sake they dared to suffer; not so much for their suffering as that in spite of it they never yielded. That was the stuff out of which to make Commonwealths that were to last; that was the warp which, wrought into the fiber of our national life, has made it strong and permanent. With all their shortcomings there was dominant in the founders a sense of duty and responsibility, a serious view of life and its work, which developed strength and character, self-reliant men and free institutions, making the basis of a State, education, piety, and self-government.

This was the beginning of Massachusetts, and this spirit ever since has marked her life. What do we owe to it? I give the Yankee answer, What do we not owe to it? Massachusetts from it gets a sturdiness of character, an independence of thought and action, a willingness to assert and fight for honest convictions, which have been her very backbone, and through her a potent influence in our national development.

You can trace this down in all our after life, in the early wars for self-defense, in the later wars for independence, and against the tyranny of foreign power, and, generations later, in our war for union and liberty. It is this which gives point and meaning to our great historic monuments. They exist because of the continuity of this influence.

"When the tall gray shaft of Bunker Hill speaks greetings

to Memorial Hall," it is the Puritan of 1775 speaking to the Puritan of 1861, and both recalling the patriotism and character, the struggle and the sacrifices of the past, nerving us as bravely to do our duty. How well Phillips illustrated this in his plea for the preservation of the Old South meeting-house, so dear to the New England heart. He was answering the argument that the Old South was not worth saving because it had changed in form and did not meet approved architectural standards, and he was asserting that it had a deeper meaning and a truer purpose than these outward things. "True," he said, "it has changed; it is not sightly to the eye; but when the troops went forth in '61 to fight for their country and liberty, as they passed the old building there was something within its homely walls which spoke to them. Reverently they lifted their caps, broke forth in cheers, and passed on, braver, truer men."

It was the character and soul of the Commonwealth which spoke, reminding them of her glorious past. Their cheers answered that her honor was safe in their keeping.

Through the lives of countless noble men and women, who have been steadfast to the virtues which to-day we commemorate, Massachusetts has spoken to the world. Who doubts that the world is better for her work and her message?

### THE TRAVELER'S STORY

By JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, Poet, Story-writer. Born at Greenfield, Indiana, 1853.

Taken from "A Child-World," by James Whitcomb Riley, copyright 1896. Used by permission of the publishers, The Bowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind., U.S.A.

Eastward of Zanesville, two or three  
Miles from the town, as our stage drove in,  
I on the driver's seat, and he  
Pointing out this and that to me,—  
On beyond us—among the rest—  
A grove slope, and a fluttering throng

Of little children, which he "guessed"  
Was a picnic, as we caught their thin  
High laughter, as we drove along,  
Clearer and clearer. Then suddenly  
He turned and asked, with a curious grin,  
What were my views on *Slavery?* "*Why?*"  
I asked, in return, with a wary eye.  
"Because," he answered, pointing his whip  
At a little whitewashed house and shed  
On the edge of the road by the grove ahead,—  
"Because there are two slaves *there*," he said—  
"Two black slaves that I've passed each trip  
For eighteen years. Though they've been set free,  
They have been slaves ever since!" said he.  
And, as our horses slowly drew  
Nearer the little house in view,  
All briefly I heard the history  
Of this little old negro woman and  
Her husband, house and scrap of land;  
How they were slaves and had been made free  
By their dying master, years ago  
In old Virginia; and then had come  
North here into a *free* State—so,  
Safe forever, to found a home—  
For themselves alone?—for they left South there  
Five strong sons, who had, alas!  
All been sold ere it came to pass  
This first old master with his last breath  
Had freed the *parents*. . . .  
Thus, with their freedom, and little sum  
Of money left them, these two had come  
North, full twenty long years ago;  
And, settling there, they had hopefully  
Gone to work, in their simple way,  
Hauling—gardening—raising sweet  
Corn, and popcorn. Bird and bee

In the garden-blooms and the apple-tree  
 Singing with them throughout the slow  
 Summer's day, with its dust and heat—  
 The crops that thirst and the rains that fail;  
 Or in autumn chill, when the clouds hung low,  
 And hand-made hominy might find sale  
 In the near town-market; or baking pies  
 And cakes, to range in alluring show  
 At the little window, where the eyes  
 Of the Movers' children, driving past,  
 Grew fixed, till the big white wagons drew  
 Into a halt that would sometimes last  
 Even the space of an hour or two. . . .  
 Even so had they wrought all ways  
 To earn the pennies, and hoard them, too,—  
 And with what ultimate end in view?—  
 They were saving up money enough to be  
 Able, in time, to buy their own  
 Five children back.

Ah! the toil gone through!

And the long delays and the heartaches, too,  
 And self-denials that they had known!  
 But the pride and glory that was theirs  
 When they first hitched up their shackly cart  
 For the long, long journey South,—The start  
 In the first drear light of the chilly dawn,  
 With no friends gathered in grieving throng,—  
 With no farewells and favoring prayers;  
 But, as they creaked and jolted on,  
 Their chiming voices broke in song—

“ ‘ Hail, all hail ! don't you see the stars a-fallin' ?

Hail, all hail ! I'm on my way.

Gideon am

A healin' ba'm—

I belong to the blood-washed army.

Gideon am

A healin' ba'm—

On my way ! ' ”

And their *return*!—with their oldest boy  
Along with them! Why, their happiness  
Spread abroad till it grew a joy  
*Universal*—It even reached  
And thrilled the town till the *Church* was stirred  
Into suspecting that wrong was wrong!—  
And it stayed awake as the preacher preached  
A *Real* “Love”-text that he had not long  
To ransack for in the Holy Word.

And the son, restored, and welcomed so,  
Found service readily in the town;  
And, with the parents, sure and slow,  
*He* went “saltin’ de cole cash down.”

So with the *next* boy—and each one  
In turn, till *four* of the five at last  
Had been brought back; and, in each case,  
With steady work and good homes not  
Far from the parents, *they* chipped in  
To the family fund, with an equal grace.  
Thus they managed and planned and wrought,  
And the old folks throve—Till the night before  
They were to start for the lone last son  
In the rainy dawn—their money fast  
Hid away in the house,—two mean,  
Murderous robbers burst the door.  
. . . Then, in the dark, was a scuffle—a fall—  
An old man’s gasping cry—and then  
A woman’s fife-like shriek.

. . . Three men  
Splashing by on horseback heard  
The summons: and in an instant all  
Sprung to their duty, with scarce a word.  
And they were *in time*—not only to save  
The lives of the old folks, but to bag



Both the robbers, and buck-and-gag  
 And land them safe in the county jail—  
 Or, as Auntie said, with a blended awe  
 And subtlety,—“ Safe in de calaboose whah  
 De dawgs caint bite 'em! ”

—So prevail  
 The faithful!—So had the Lord upheld  
 His servants of both deed and prayer,—  
 His the glory unparalleled—  
*Theirs* the reward,—their every son  
 Free, at last, as the parents were!  
 And, as the driver ended there  
 In front of the little house, I said,  
 All fervently, “ Well done! well done! ”  
 At which he smiled, and turned his head  
 And pulled on the leaders' lines and—“ See! ”  
 He said, “ you can read old Auntie's sign.”

\* \* \* \* \*

And, though I read aloud, I could  
 Scarce hear myself for laugh and shout  
 Of children—a glad multitude  
 Of little people, swarming out  
 Of the picnic-grounds I spoke about.—  
 And in their rapturous midst I see  
 Again—through mists of memory—  
 A black old negress laughing up  
 At the driver, with her broad lips rolled  
 Back from her teeth, chalk-white, and gums  
 Redder than reddest red-ripe plums.  
 He took from her hand the lifted cup  
 Of clear spring-water, pure and cold,  
 And passed it to me: And I raised my hat  
 And drank to her with a reverence that  
 My conscience knew was justly due  
 The old black face, and the old eyes, too—  
 The old black head, with its mossy mat

Of hair, set under its cap and frills  
White as the snows on Alpine hills;  
Drank to the old *black* smile, but yet  
Bright as the sun on the violet,—  
Drank to the gnarled and knuckled old  
Black hands whose palms had ached and bled  
And pitilessly been worn pale  
And white almost as the palms that hold  
Slavery's lash while the victim's wail  
Fails as a crippled prayer might fail.—  
Ay, with a reverence infinite,  
I drank to the old black face and head—  
The old black breast with its life of light—  
The old black hide with its heart of gold.

## THE TRUE POWER OF A NATION

By EDWIN HUBBELL CHAPIN, Preacher, Lecturer, Essayist. Born at Union Village, N. Y., 1814; died in New York City, 1880.

Selected, by permission of the publishers, from Chapin's "Living Words," published in 1863, by the Universalist Publishing Co., Boston, Mass.

Christianity is the true conserving and developing power of a nation. All time demonstrates this truth. What is the source of progress and safety to a people? Let "the vocal earth," let the graves of buried nations, answer. One after another they have arisen,—they have built their towers of strength, and fortified their lofty walls,—they have opened their sources of wealth, and hardened their sinews of power; and for what object? For perpetuity and success. Go linger around the desolate spot where stood Chaldea,—go question the fallen columns of Tadmor,—go seek the mystic pyramids of Egypt,—go ask the Acropolis or the Capitol;—go speak to one or all of these, and they will tell you that the hearts which have withered to ashes beneath their ruins, that the minds which were their pride and their glory, that the hands which strengthened their power, were all moved

by the great idea of adding to their prosperity and greatness, and perpetuating their station in the earth. Surely, then, here in this pillared past we may ascertain the source of a nation's prosperity and conservation; at least we may ascertain what it is *not*.

Is it *wealth*? Where is Lydia? Its inhabitants "possessed a fertile territory and a profusion of silver." But its vast treasures were no walls of defense; the riches of Gyges and Croesus were not its safeguards. It was swept by the sword of Cyrus, trampled under foot by the victorious hordes of Persia.

Has *intellectual* excellence alone secured perpetuity and progress to empire? Where is Greece? Its very soil is animate with mind, and its every pillar, like ancient Memnon, breathes music to the sun. Its moldering altars are garlanded with poetry, and eloquence and philosophy kindle amid its desolations. The home of Socrates and Plato, Demosthenes and Æschylus, Pericles and Homer, — what is it? Did its intellectual greatness, its glorious poetry, its lofty philosophy, its burning eloquence, its glowing canvas, its lifelike marble save it from the dust? Did Spartan heroism gather around it in the hour of peril? Did Attic genius flash up from its altars, like guardian flame? It went down at last; the wave of desolation rolls over it.

Can *power* insure prosperity and safety to a nation? Where is ancient Rome? Where is the crowned and imperial city that sat upon her seven hills, and sent her armies through the earth? Her "eagle flag unrolled, and froze" by the icy streams of the north; the bones of her legions covered the burning sands like drifting snow; her triumphant shouts pealed up from the hills of Gaul and the chalky cliffs of Britain, and were answered by her hosts from far Jerusalem and Damascus. Over the face of the known world, you entered no walled city where stood not a Roman sentinel, you passed no crowd in which was not heard the Latin tongue. Where is the proud city of the Capitol? Where

are the mailed hand and the kingly brow? Did her power start forth from the tomb of Julius, did her ancient renown appear in the person of Augustus, when the eager hordes of Goth and Hun rushed upon her palaces, quenched the light on her altars, shattered her glorious marbles, and trampled with barbaric exultation on her purple pride? Her very tomb is crumbling beneath the breath of time.

I know that these references are trite; yet would I urge you to seize upon the deep burden of their meaning, to feel their cogency. They demonstrate that wealth, knowledge, power, without a controlling influence,—without a right motive for their direction,—are not the sources of conservation and true progress.

## REVERENCE FOR THE FLAG

By HORACE PORTER, Brigadier-General, Lecturer, Author; United States Ambassador to France, 1897—. Born in Huntington, Penn., 1837.

From a speech at a banquet of the New England Society in New York, December 22, 1891. See *New York Tribune*, Dec. 23, 1891.

In preserving among the sons that spirit of patriotism which has been handed down from the sires, I know of no better method of inculcating this sentiment in the minds of the youth of the rising generation than an effort to inspire them with a still more exalted respect and reverence for the flag—that symbol of national supremacy, that emblem of the country's glory. They should be taught that that flag is not simply a banner for holiday display; that it is not merely a piece of bunting which can be purchased for a few shillings in the nearest shop, but that it is the proud emblem of dignity, authority, power; that if insulted, millions will spring to its defense. They should be taught that as that flag is composed of and derives its chief beauty from its different colors, so should its ample folds cover and protect its citizens of different color.

It is for these reasons that I like to see the flags of the war for the integrity of the Union carried through the streets in the hands of our veterans upon *fête* days. Those precious war-banners, bullet-riddled, battle-stained, many of them but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to imprint the names of the battles they had seen. Every tattered shred which flutters in the breeze is an object lesson in patriotism. The youth of the land should be made to feel that their country's flag is to be their pillar of cloud by day, their pillar of fire by night; that it is to wave above them in victory, be their rallying-point in defeat, and if, perchance, they offer up their lives a sacrifice in its defense, its crimson stripes will mingle with their generous heart's blood; its gentle folds will rest upon their bosom in death; its very presence there upon their bodies, coffined or uncoffined, will write a more enduring epitaph than that on the sarcophagus in which the great Sesostriis sleeps.

That flag should be kept everywhere in view. It is particularly necessary in a land like this, in which there are so many who have been reared under foreign flags, and who cannot be made too familiar with the flag of the great Republic. I think there would be nothing more grateful to the hearts of the American people than to have it ordained by national and State enactment that the flag of the country should be hoisted over every Government building, every public place, every prominent memorial, and especially over every schoolhouse—kept there by day and by night, through calm and through storm, and never hauled down. At the beginning of our last war a rallying cry rang throughout the land, which quickened every pulse, which made the blood tingle in the veins of every loyal citizen—a rallying cry which we cannot too often repeat: "If any man hauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."

## THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

By ROBERT TRAIL SPENCE LOWELL, Clergyman, Author, Poet. Born in Boston, Mass., 1816; died 1891.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort;  
We knew that it was the last,  
That the enemy's mines had crept surely in,  
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death,  
And the men and we all worked on;  
It was one day more of smoke and roar,  
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,  
A fair young gentle thing;  
Wasted with fever in the siege,  
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,  
And I took her head on my knee;  
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh," she said,  
"Oh! please then waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,  
In the flecking of woodbine shade,  
When the house-dog sprawls by the half-open door,  
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,  
And hopeless waiting for death;  
But the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,  
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep and I had my dream  
Of an English village lane  
And wall and garden—till a sudden scream  
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,  
And then a broad gladness broke  
All over her face, and she took my hand,  
And drew me near and spoke:

“ *The Highlanders!* Oh, dinna ye hear  
The slogan far awa’?  
The McGregor’s? Ah! I ken it weel;  
It’s the grandest of them a’.

“ God bless thae bonny Highlanders;  
We’re saved! we’re saved! ” she cried;  
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God  
Poured forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry  
Had fallen among the men;  
And they started; for they were there to die—  
Was life so near them then?

They listened, for life; and the rattling fire  
Far off, and the far-off roar  
Were all,—and the colonel shook his head,  
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said, “ That slogan’s dune,  
But can ye no hear them, noo?  
*The Campbells are comin’!* It’s nae a dream,  
Our succors hae broken through! ”



We heard the roar and the rattle afar,  
But the pipes we could not hear;  
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,  
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,  
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;  
It was no noise of the strife afar,  
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipes of the Highlanders,  
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne";  
It came to our men like the voice of God;  
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook one other's hands,  
And the women sobbed in a crowd;  
And every one knelt down where we stood,  
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day, when we welcomed them in,  
Our men put Jessie first;  
And the General took her hand; and cheers  
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,  
Marching round and round our line;  
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears,  
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

## THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By HENRY CABOT LODGE, Lawyer. Editor. Author; Member of Congress from Massachusetts, 1886-93; Senator, 1893—. Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

Taken, by permission of the author, from a speech made at the dinner to Robert E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans, in Boston, June 17, 1887. See "Speeches of Henry Cabot Lodge," copyright, 1892, by H. C. Lodge, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

I do not stand up in this presence to indulge in any mock sentimentality. You brave men who wore the gray would be the first to hold me or any other son of the North in just contempt if I should say that, now it was all over, I thought the North was wrong and the result of the war a mistake, and that I was prepared to suppress my political opinions. I believe most profoundly that the war on our side was eternally right, that our victory was the salvation of the country, and that the results of the war were of infinite benefit to both North and South. But, however we differed, or still differ, as to the causes for which we fought then, we accept them as settled, commit them to history, and fight over them no more. To the men who fought the battles of the Confederacy we hold out our hands freely, frankly, and gladly. To courage and faith wherever shown we bow in homage with uncovered heads. We respect and honor the gallantry and valor of the brave men who fought against us, and who gave their lives and shed their blood in defense of what they believed to be right. We rejoice that the famous general whose name is borne upon your banner was one of the greatest soldiers of modern times, because he, too, was an American. We have no bitter memories to revive, no reproaches to utter. Reconciliation is not to be sought, because it exists already. Differ in politics and in a thousand other ways we must and shall in all good-nature, but let us never differ with each other on sectional or State lines, by race or creed.

We welcome you, soldiers of Virginia, as others more eloquent than I have said, to New England. We welcome you to old Massachusetts. We welcome you to Boston and to Faneuil Hall. In your presence here, and at the sound of your voices beneath this historic roof, the years roll back and we see the figure and hear again the ringing tones of your great orator, Patrick Henry, declaring to the first Continental Congress, "The distinctions between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders are no more. I am not a Virginian, but an American." A distinguished Frenchman, as he stood among the graves at Arlington, said: "Only a great people is capable of a great civil war." Let us add with thankful hearts that only a great people is capable of a great reconciliation. Side by side, Virginia and Massachusetts led the colonies into the War for Independence. Side by side they founded the government of the United States. Morgan and Greene, Lee and Knox, Moultrie and Prescott, men of the South and men of the North, fought shoulder to shoulder, and wore the same uniform of buff and blue, —the uniform of Washington.

Your presence here brings back their noble memories, it breathes the spirit of concord, and unites with so many other voices in the irrevocable message of union and good will. Mere sentiment all this, some may say. But it is sentiment, true sentiment, that has moved the world. Sentiment fought the war, and sentiment has reunited us. When the war closed, it was proposed in the newspapers and elsewhere to give Governor Andrew, who had sacrificed health and strength and property in his public duties, some immediately lucrative office, like the collectorship of the port of Boston. A friend asked him if he would take such a place. "No," said he; "I have stood as high priest between the horns of the altar, and I have poured out upon it the best blood of Massachusetts, and I cannot take money for that." Mere sentiment truly, but the sentiment which ennobles and uplifts mankind. It is sentiment which so hallows a bit of

torn, stained bunting, that men go gladly to their deaths to save it. So I say that the sentiment manifested by your presence here, brethren of Virginia, sitting side by side with those who wore the blue, has a far-reaching and gracious influence, of more value than many practical things. It tells us that these two grand old Commonwealths, parted in the shock of the Civil War, are once more side by side as in the days of the Revolution, never to part again. It tells us that the sons of Virginia and Massachusetts, if war should break again upon the country, will, as in the olden days, stand once more shoulder to shoulder, with no distinction in the colors that they wear. It is fraught with tidings of peace on earth, and you may read its meaning in the words on yonder picture, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

### THE SOUTHERN NEGRO

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Journalist, Orator. Born at Athens, Ga., 1851; died at Atlanta, 1889.

Taken from a speech at the banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, December, 1889. See "Henry W. Grady: His Life, Writings, and Speeches," published in 1890, by The Cassell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.

Far to the South lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. There by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures, forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. But why is it, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South, than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard every inch of its way? There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this

problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution.

I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains. With him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal civil and political rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt,—these are the conditions.

The President of the United States, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: “Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot?” When will the black cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss,—then and not till then will the ballot of the negro be free.

Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her crooning, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep.

This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my

tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there, while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death, bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom.

I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he once put his about me. Be his friend, as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow. And may God forget my people when they forget these!

## THE CHARIOT RACE

By LEW WALLACE, General, Lawyer, Diplomat, Novelist; United States Minister to Turkey, 1881-85. Born at Brookville, Ind., 1827; resides at Crawfordsville, Ind.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Ben-Hur," by Lew Wallace. Copy right, 1880, 1891, 1899, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

The preparations were now complete. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by and every face in the lessening perspective turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp. Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the circus and the air above it with yells and screams. The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight. The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

For a moment Ben Hur was half-blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. He saw the soul of the man, as through a glass, cruel, cunning, desperate. In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again Ben Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, he would humble this enemy! Yet there was no passion, no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain and back again. He had



his plan, and he settled to the task, never more observant, never more capable.

Ben Hur yielded the wall for the time. He drew head to the right, and with all the speed of his Arabs darted across the trails of his opponents, and took the course neck and neck with Messala. And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal. "Down, Eros! up, Mars!" Messala shouted, whirling his lash with practiced hand. "Down, Eros! up, Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben Hur a cut the like of which they had never known. Then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people. The four sprang forward as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Where got Ben Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy, eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power?

So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein; and before the fever of the people began to abate he had back the mastery. Nor that only; on approaching the first goal, he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. "Ben Hur! Ben Hur!" they shouted. "Speed thee, Jew!" "Take the wall now!" "On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!" "Let him not have the turn on thee!" Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him! That moment Ben

Hur leaned forward over his Arabs, and gave them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and, though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car. Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs.

"On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares! dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory! And the song will never end. Well done! Home to-morrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha! Steady! The work is done—soho! Rest!"

The thousands on the benches understood it all. They saw the signal given, the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw. Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces, and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and

shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs. And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course Ben Hur turned the first goal. *And the race was won!*

### REPLY TO MR. CORRY

By HENRY GRATTAN, Lawyer, Statesman. Born in Dublin, Ireland, 1746; died in London, England, 1820.

From a speech delivered in the Irish Parliament, during the debate on the union of Ireland to England, February 14, 1800. See Goodrich's "British Eloquence," published, in 1854, by Harper and Brothers, New York, N. Y.

Has the gentleman done? has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the House. But I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt anything which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude of the

accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him—it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be Chancellor of the Exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language which, if spoken out of the House, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite—my answer would be a blow.

He has chaged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the House of Lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee that there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

I have returned,—not, as the right honorable member has said, to raise another storm,—I have returned to discharge an honorable debt of gratitude to my country that conferred a great reward for past services, which, I am proud to say, was not greater than my desert. I have returned to protect

that Constitution of which I was the parent and founder, from the assassination of such men as the right honorable gentleman and his unworthy associates. They are corrupt, they are seditious, and they at this very moment are in a conspiracy against their country. I have returned to refute a libel as false as it is malicious, given to the public under the appellation of a report of the committee of the Lords. Here I stand ready for impeachment or trial. I dare accusation. I defy the honorable gentleman; I defy the government; I defy their whole phalanx; let them come forth. I tell the ministers, I will neither give quarter nor take it. I am here to lay the shattered remains of my constitution on the floor of this House, in defense of the liberties of my country.

### ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST

By ELIHU BURRITT. "The Learned Blacksmith," Linguist, Lecturer, Author. Born in New Britain, Conn., 1811; died in New Britain, 1879.

The scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments, "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers is full of stars, although it is midday.

It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone to the key-rock of that vast arch which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened, and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence-chamber of the majesty of the whole earth.

At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone buttments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives are in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up, and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full-grown men who have been there before them.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach—a name that will be green in the memory of the world, when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall be lost in oblivion. It was the name of Washington.

It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasped his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts a gain into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands; he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands.

'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep into that flinty album.

His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in larger capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The gradations of his ascending scale grow wider apart.

He now, for the first time, casts a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. He is faint with severe exertion, and



trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. What a moment! What a meager chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hand into the same niche with his feet, and retain his slender hold a moment.

His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, and brothers and sisters. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the ill-fated boy is told upon his father's hearth-stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length roll on. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting, with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you. Don't look down! Keep your eyes towards the top!"

The boy didn't look down. His eye is fixed like a flint towards heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help from below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he economizes his physical powers, resting a moment at each gain he cuts! How every motion is watched from below!

The sun is half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees.

Fifty more gains must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands



of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all must be over. The blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels; his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart; his life must hang on the next gain he cuts. That niche is his last.

At the last faint gash he makes, his knife—his faithful knife—falls from his little nerveless hand, and ringing along the precipice, falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death-knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart, and closes his eyes to commend his soul to God.

'Tis but a moment—there! one foot swings off—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over into eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying with half his length over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope is within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose. Darkness comes over him, and with the words "God!—Mother!" on his lips, the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of a human being so recovered from the yawning gulf of eternity.

## GRANT

By WILLIAM McKINLEY, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress, 1876-90; Governor of Ohio, 1891-95; President of the United States, 1897—. Born in Niles, Ohio, 1843.

From a speech made at Galena, Ill., April 27, 1893. Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "McKinley's Masterpieces," published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

With no disparagement to others, two names rise above all the rest in American history since George Washington—transcendently above them. They are Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant. Each will be remembered for what he did and accomplished for his race and for mankind. Lincoln proclaimed liberty to four million slaves, and upon his act invited "the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God." He has received the warm approval of the one, and I am sure he is enjoying the generous benediction of the other. His was the greatest, mightiest stroke of the war. Grand on its humanity side, masterly in its military aspect, it has given to his name an imperishable place among men. Grant gave irresistible power and efficacy to the Proclamation of Liberty. The iron shackles which Lincoln declared should be loosed from the limbs and souls of the black slaves, Grant with his matchless army melted and destroyed in the burning glories of the war; and the rebels read the inspired decree in the flashing guns of his artillery, and they knew what Lincoln had decreed Grant would execute.

Only a few years ago, in one of his journeys through the South, when he was receiving a great ovation, some colored men crowded his hotel to look into the face and to grasp the hand of their great deliverer. To this intrusion objection was made, and the colored men were about to be ejected, when the General appeared, and in his quiet way, full of earnest feeling, said: "Where I am they shall come also." He believed in the brotherhood of man, in the political

equality of all men; he had secured that with his sword, and was prompt to recognize it in all places and everywhere.

But, my friends, Death had marked him for a victim. He fought Death with his iron will and his old-time courage, but at last yielded, the first and only time the great soldier was ever vanquished. He had routed every other foe, he had triumphed over every other enemy, but this last one conquered him, as in the end he conquers all. He was not an old man when he died; but, after all, what a completed life was his!

Mightier events and mightier achievements were never crowded into a single life before, and he lived to place them in enduring form, to be read by the millions living and the millions yet unborn. Then laying down his pen, he bowed resignedly before the Angel of Death, saying: "If it is God's providence that I shall go now, I am ready to obey His will without a murmur."—Great in life, majestic in death! He needs no monument to perpetuate his fame; it will live and glow with increased luster so long as liberty lasts and the love of liberty has a place in the hearts of men. Every soldiers' monument throughout the North, now standing or hereafter to be erected, will record his worth and work as well as those of the brave men who fought by his side. His most lasting memorial will be the work he did, his most enduring monument the Union which he and his heroic associates saved, and the priceless liberty they secured.

Surrounded by a devoted family, with a mind serene and a heart resigned, he passed over to join his fallen comrades beyond the river, on another field of glory. Above him in his chamber of sickness and death hung the portraits of Washington and Lincoln, whose disembodied spirits in the Eternal City were watching and waiting for him who was to complete the immortal trio of America's first and best loved; and as the earthly scenes receded from his view, and the celestial appeared, I can imagine those were the first to greet his sight and bid him welcome.

We are not a nation of hero-worshippers. We are a nation of generous freemen. We bow in affectionate reverence and with most grateful hearts to these immortal names, Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, and will guard with sleepless vigilance their mighty work and cherish their memories evermore.

## UNTER DEN LINDEN

June 16, 1871

By EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON, Poet. Born in Hallowell, Me., 1845.

From "The Tower with Legends and Lyrics," published, in 1855, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. By permission of the author.

### I.

"Victory!" This was the first that she read:  
And then, "Heart's dearest," the soldier had said,  
Tracing the lines in a faltering way,  
"Heart's dearest, the hospital surgeons say  
That I shall be out of their hands to-day.  
'Twas an ugly wound, but the danger is past;  
I am coming to you, at last—at last!  
*Unter den Linden!* Yes, we shall be there!  
Come with a rose in your dark shining hair—  
Not the white blossoms you once used to wear.  
White roses are meet for those who are slain;  
The rich wine-red, for the welcome, remain,  
Red as our life-blood, and sweet as the air  
That floated from Eden, sweet and as rare;  
Greet me with a wine-red rose in your hair!  
Germania triumphs! Come with a song;  
And can you, dear heart, be patient and strong?  
For slow is the crutch and ghastly the sling,  
And gone is the hand that once wore the ring—  
Your ring, the one pledge I promised to bring!  
I yield them ungrudged, with life, should need be,  
But hold fast my troth to country and thee."

## II.

In through the Brandenburg gateway they come,  
 With clashing of arms and clangor of drum!  
*Unter den Linden!* How proudly thy shade  
 Quivers and thrills with the wild cannonade,  
 As wild as the battle's carnival made!  
 Borne on its passion we catch up the song;  
 Thrilling and swelling, it thunders along;  
 Hear it, ye nations afar o'er the sea!  
 "Germania triumphs! Germania free—  
 Free and united through glad victory!"  
 Heroes of Saarbrück and Metz and Sedan  
 Tell how the torrent of victory ran!  
 Fair hands of women shall bring from afar  
 Hundreds of flowers for each bloody scar—  
 Scars that far dearer than rare jewels are.  
 "The Emperor comes!" for his guardsmen make way!—  
 "A woman, struck faint, has fallen," ye say?  
 And the troops, in their jubilant grand review,  
 March on through the linden-grown avenue;  
 But she in her death-swoon still lieth there,  
 A woman stone-white, yet passingly fair,  
 With the bloom of a wine-red rose in her hair.  
 Ah! what did ye hear the guardsman had said?  
 "Only a man, in the hospital, dead!"

## THE SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF OUR COUNTRY

By CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT, Educator; President of Harvard University, 1869. Born in Boston, Mass., 1834.

Delivered at the Washington Centennial in New York York City, April 30, 1889.

That brief phrase—the schools and colleges of the United States—is a formal and familiar one; but what imagination can grasp the infinitude of human affections, powers, and wills which it really comprises? Imagine the eight million

children actually in attendance at the elementary schools of the country brought before your view. They would fill this great house sixteen hundred times, and every time it would be packed with boundless loves and hopes. Each unit in that mass speaks of a glad birth, a brightened home, a mother's pondering heart, a father's careful joy. In all that multitude every little heart bounds and every eye shines at the name of Washington.

Next picture to yourselves the sixty thousand students in colleges and universities—selected youth of keen intelligence, wide reading, and high ambition. They are able to compare Washington with the greatest men of other times and countries, and to appreciate the unique quality of his renown. They can set him beside the heroes of romance and history—beside David, Alexander, Pericles, Cæsar, Charlemagne, John Hampden, William the Silent, Peter of Russia, and Frederick the Great, only to find him a nobler human type than any one of them, completer in his nature, happier in his cause, and more fortunate in the great issues of his career. They recognize in him a simple, stainless, and robust character, which served with dazzling success the precious cause of human progress through liberty, and so stands, like the sunlit peak of the Matterhorn, unmatched in all the world.

And what shall I say on behalf of the three hundred and sixty thousand teachers of the United States? They deserve some mention to-day. None of them are rich or famous; most of them are poor, retiring, and unnoticed; but it is they who are building a perennial monument to Washington. It is they who give him a million-tongued fame. They make him live again in the young hearts of successive generations, and fix his image there as the American ideal of a public servant.

It is through the schools and colleges and the national literature that the heroes of any people win lasting renown: and it is through these same agencies that a nation is molded

into the likeness of its heroes. This local commemoration of one great event in the life of Washington and of the United States is well; but it is as nothing compared with the incessant memorial of him which the schools and colleges of the country maintain from generation to generation.

What a reward is Washington's! What an influence is his, and will be! One mind and will transfused by sympathetic instruction into millions, one character a standard for millions, one life a pattern for all public men, teaching what greatness is, and what the pathway to undying fame.

### AGAINST FLOGGING IN THE NAVY

By ROBERT FIELD STOCKTON. Commodore in the United States Navy; United States Senator from New Jersey, 1851-53. Born at Princeton, N. J., 1795; died at Princeton, 1866.

Taken from a speech delivered in the Senate, January 7, 1852; the Senate having under consideration a memorial from citizens of the United States praying that the practice of flogging in the U. S. Navy should not be abolished. See *Congressional Globe*, Jan. 7, 1852.

There is one broad proposition upon which I stand. It is this: That an American sailor is an American citizen, and that no American citizen shall, with my consent, be subjected to the infamous punishment of the lash. If, when a citizen enters the service of his country, he is to forego the protection of those laws for the preservation of which he is willing to risk his life, he is entitled, in all justice, humanity, and gratitude, to all the protection that can be extended to him, in his peculiar circumstances. He ought, certainly, to be protected from the infliction of a punishment which stands condemned by the almost universal sentiment of his fellow citizens; a punishment which is proscribed in the best prison-government, proscribed in the schoolhouse, and proscribed in the best government on earth—that of parental domestic affection. Yes, sir, expelled from the social circle, from the schoolhouse, the prison-house, and the Army, it finds defenders and champions nowhere but in the Navy!



Look to your history,—that part of it which the world knows by heart,—and you will find on its brightest page the glorious achievements of the American sailor. Whatever his country has done to disgrace him and break his spirit, he has never disgraced *her*; he has always been ready to serve her; he always *has* served her faithfully and effectually. He has often been weighed in the balance, and never found wanting. The only fault ever found with him is that he sometimes fights ahead of his orders. The world has no match for him, man for man; and he asks no odds, and he cares for no odds, when the cause of humanity, or the glory of his country, calls him to fight. Who, in the darkest days of our Revolution, carried your flag into the very chops of the British Channel, bearded the lion in his den, and woke the echoes of old Albion's hills by the thunders of his cannon and the shouts of his triumph? It was the American sailor. And the names of John Paul Jones, and the Bon Homme Richard, will go down the annals of time forever. Who struck the first blow that humbled the Barbary flag,—which, for a hundred years, had been the terror of Christendom,—drove it from the Mediterranean, and put an end to the infamous tribute it had been accustomed to extort? It was the American sailor. And the name of Decatur and his gallant companions will be as lasting as monumental brass. In your War of 1812, when your arms on shore were covered by disaster,—when Winchester had been defeated, when the Army of the Northwest had surrendered, and when the gloom of despondency hung like a cloud over the land,—who first relit the fires of national glory, and made the welkin ring with the shouts of victory? It was the American sailor. And the names of Hull and the *Constitution* will be remembered, as long as we have left anything worth remembering. That was no small event. The wand of Mexican prowess was broken on the Rio Grande. The wand of British invincibility was broken when the flag of the *Guerrière* came down. That one event was worth more to the Republic

than all the money which has ever been expended for the Navy. Since that day, the Navy has had no stain upon its escutcheon, but has been cherished as your pride and glory. And the American sailor has established a reputation throughout the world,—in peace and in war, in storm and in battle,—for heroism and prowess unsurpassed. He shrinks from no danger, he dreads no foe, and yields to no superior. No shoals are too dangerous, no seas too boisterous, no climate too rigorous for him. The burning sun of the tropics cannot make him effeminate, nor can the eternal winter of the polar seas paralyze his energies. Foster, cherish, develop these characteristics by a generous and paternal government. Excite his emulation and stimulate his ambition by rewards. But, above all, save him, save him from the brutalizing lash, and inspire him with love and confidence for your service—and then there is no achievement so arduous, no conflict so desperate, in which his actions will not shed glory upon his country. And when the final struggle comes, as soon it will come, for the empire of the seas, you may rest with entire confidence in the persuasion that victory will be yours.

## CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA

(Abridged)

By MAURICE THOMPSON, Civil Engineer, Lawyer, Essayist, Novelist,  
Poet. Born in Fairfield, Ind., 1844.

Taken from *Scribner's Monthly* for February, 1879. It is interesting to note in connection with this selection that Mr. Thompson is a skillful archer. The title of one of his books is "The Witchery of Archery."

It was in the mid-splendor of the reign of the Emperor Commodus. Especially desirous of being accounted the best swordsman and the most fearless gladiator of Rome, he still better enjoyed the reputation of being the incomparable archer. This being true, it can well be understood how Claudius, by publicly boasting that he was a better archer

than Commodus, had brought upon himself the calamity of a public execution.

But not even Nero would have thought of bringing the girl to her death for the fault of the lover.

Claudius and his young bride had been arrested together at their wedding-feast, and dragged to separate dungeons to await the Emperor's will. The rumor was abroad that a most startling scene would be enacted in the circus. The result was that all the seats were filled with people eager to witness some harrowing scene of death.

Commodus himself, surrounded by a great number of favorites, sat on a richly cushioned throne about midway one side of the inclosure. All was still, as if the multitude were breathless with expectancy. Presently out from one of the openings Claudius and his young bride—their hands bound behind them—were led forth upon the arena and forced to walk around the entire circumference of the place.

At length the giant circuit was completed, and the two were left standing on the sand about one hundred and twenty feet from the Emperor, who now arose and in a loud voice said:

"Behold the condemned Claudius, and Cynthia whom he lately took for his wife. They are condemned for the great folly of Claudius, that the Roman people may know that Commodus reigns supreme. The crime for which they are to die is a great one. Claudius has publicly proclaimed that he is a better archer than I, Commodus, am. I am the Emperor and the incomparable archer of Rome: whoever disputes it dies, and his wife dies with him. It is decreed."

The youth, erect and powerful, set his thin lips firmly and kept his eyes looking straight out before him. Many knew him as a trained athlete and especially as an almost unerring archer; they knew him, too, as a brave soldier, a true friend, an honorable citizen. Little time remained for such reflections as might have arisen, for immediately a large cage, containing two fiery-eyed and famished tigers, was brought

into the circus and placed before the victims. The hungry beasts were excited to madness by the smell of fresh blood, which had been smeared on the bars of the cage for that purpose. They growled and howled, lapping their fiery tongues and plunging against the door.

Look for a brief moment upon the picture: fifty thousand faces thrust forward gazing; the helpless couple lost to everything but the black horrors of death, quivering from head to foot. Note the spotless beauty and unselfish love of the girl. Mark well the stern power of the young man's face. And now, O, now look at the bounding tigers! See how one leads the other in the awful race to the feast. The girl is nearer than the man. She will feel the claws and fangs first. How wide those red, frothing mouths gape! How the red tongues loll! The sand flies up in a cloud from the armed feet of the leaping brutes.

There came from the place where Commodus stood a clear musical note, such as might have come from the gravest cord of a lyre, if powerfully stricken, closely followed by a keen far-reaching hiss, like the whisper of fate, ending in a heavy blow. The multitude caught breath and stared.

The foremost tiger, while yet in mid-air, curled itself up with a gurgling cry of utter pain, and with blood gushing from its eyes, ears, and mouth, fell heavily down dying. Again the sweet, insinuating twang, the hiss, the stroke.

The second beast fell dead or dying upon the first. This explained all. The Emperor had demonstrated his right to be called the Royal Bowman of the World.

Had the tyrant been content to rest here, all would have been well.

While yet the beasts were struggling with death he gave orders for a shifting of the scenes. He was insatiable.

For the first time during the ordeal the youth's eyes moved. The girl, whose back was turned toward the beasts, was still waiting for the crushing horror of their assault.

A soldier now approached the twain, and, seizing the arm

of each, led them some paces further away from the Emperor, where he stationed them facing each other, and with their sides to Commodus, who was preparing to shoot again.

Before drawing his bow, he cried aloud, "Behold, Commodus will pierce the centre of the ear of each!"

The lovers were gazing into each other's eyes still as statues, as if frozen by the cold fascination of death. Commodus drew his bow with tremendous power, fetching the cord back to his breast, where for a moment it was held without the faintest quiver of a muscle. His eyes were fixed and cold as steel.

The arrow fairly shrieked through the air, so swift was its flight.

The girl, filled with ineffable pain, flung up her white arms, the rent thongs flying away in the paroxysms of her final struggle. The arrow struck in the sand beyond. Something like a divine smile flashed across her face. Again the bow-string rang, and the arrow leaped away to its thrilling work. What a surge the youth made! The cord leaped from his wrists, and he clasped the falling girl in his embrace.

All eyes saw the arrow hurtling along the sand after its mission was done. Commodus stood like fate, leaning forward to note the perfectness of his execution. His eyes blazed with eager, heartless triumph. "Lead them out, and set them free, and tell it everywhere that Commodus is the incomparable bowman."

And then, when all at once it was discovered that he had not hurt the lovers, but had merely cut in two with his arrows the cords that bound their wrists, a great stir began, and out from a myriad overjoyed and admiring hearts leaped a storm of thanks, while, with the clash and bray of musical instruments, and with voices like the voices of winds and seas, and with a clapping of hands like the rending roar of tempests, the vast audience arose as one person, and applauded the Emperor.

## ON RECEIVING THE MASTER'S DEGREE FROM HARVARD

By BOOKER TALIAFERRO WASHINGTON, Educator; Principal of Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. Born a slave near Hale's Ford, Va., in 1857 or 1858.

A speech made at Harvard Commencement, June 24, 1896. See *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, September, 1896.

It would in some measure relieve embarrassment if I could in even a slight degree feel myself worthy of the great honor which you do me to-day. Why you have called me from the Black Belt of the South, from among my humble people, to share in the honors of this occasion, is not for me to explain; and yet it may not be inappropriate for me to suggest that it seems to me that one of the most vital questions that touch our American life is how to bring the strong, the wealthy, and the learned into helpful touch with the poorest, most ignorant, and humble, and at the same time make the one appreciate the vitalizing, strengthening influence of the other. How shall we make the dwellers in the mansions on yon Beacon Street feel and see the need of the spirits in the lowliest cabin in Alabama cotton-fields or Louisiana sugar-bottoms? This problem Harvard University is solving, not by bringing itself down, but by bringing the masses up.

If through me, a humble representative, seven millions of my people in the South might be permitted to send a message to Harvard,—Harvard, that offered up on death's altar Shaw and Russell and Lowell and scores of others that we might have a free and united country,—that message would be, "Tell them that the sacrifice was not in vain. Tell them, by the way of the shop, the field, the skilled hand, habits of thrift and economy, by the way of the industrial school and college, we are coming up. We are crawling up, working up, yea, bursting up,—often through oppression, unjust discrimination, and prejudice; but through them all we are coming up, and, with proper habits, intelligence,



and property, there is no power on earth that can permanently stay our progress."

If my life in the past has meant anything in the lifting up of my people, and the bringing about of better relations between your race and mine, I assure you from this day it will mean doubly more. In the economy of God there is but one standard by which an individual can succeed,—there is but one for a race. This country demands that every race measure itself by the American standard. By it a race must rise or fall, succeed or fail, and in the last analysis mere sentiment counts for little. During the next half-century and more, my race must continue passing through the severe American crucible. We are to be tested in our patience, our forbearance, our perseverance, our power to endure wrong, to withstand temptations, to economize, to acquire and use skill; our ability to compete, to succeed in commerce, to disregard the superficial for the real, the appearance for the substance; to be great and yet small, learned and yet simple, high and yet the servant of all. This, this is the passport to all that is best in the life of our Republic, and the negro must possess it or be debarred.

While we are thus being tested, I beg of you to remember that wherever our life touches yours we help or we hinder. Wherever your life touches ours you make us stronger or weaker. No member of your race in any part of our country can harm the meanest member of mine without the proudest and bluest blood in Massachusetts being degraded. When Mississippi commits crime, New England commits crime, and in so much lowers the standard of your civilization. There is no escape,—man drags man down, or man lifts man up. In working out our destiny, while the main burden and center of activity must be with us, we shall need, in a large measure, in the years that are to come, as we have had in the past, the help, the encouragement, the guidance that the strong can give the weak. Thus helped, we of both races in the South shall soon throw off the shackles of racial and



sectional prejudice and rise, as Harvard University has risen and as we all should rise, above the clouds of ignorance, narrowness, and selfishness into that atmosphere, that pure sunshine, where it will be our highest ambition to serve man, our brother, regardless of race or past condition.

### THE SOLDIER BOY

By JOHN DAVIS LONG, Lawyer, Author; Governor of Massachusetts, 1882-88; Secretary of the Navy, 1897—. Born in Buckfield, Maine, 1838.

From an oration delivered before the Grand Army Posts of Suffolk County, Boston, May 30, 1882.

Reprinted, by permission of the author, from "After Dinner and Other Speeches," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, copyright, 1895, by John D. Long.

Memorial Day will hereafter gather around it not only the love and tears and pride of the generations of the people, but more and more, in its inner circle of tenderness, the linking memories of every comrade, so long as one survives. As the dawn ushers it in, tinged already with exquisite flush of hastening June, and sweet with the bursting fragrance of her roses, the wheels of time will each year roll back, and lo! John Andrew is at the State-house, inspiring Massachusetts with the throbbing of his own great heart; Abraham Lincoln, wise and patient and honest and tender and true, is at the nation's helm; the North is one broad blaze; the boys in blue are marching to the front; the fife and drum are on every breeze; the very air is patriotism; Phil Sheridan, forty miles away, dashes back to turn defeat to victory; Farragut, lashed to the mast-head, is steaming into Mobile Harbor; Hooker is above the clouds,—ay, now indeed forever above the clouds; Sherman marches through Georgia to the sea; Grant has throttled Lee with the grip that never lets go; Richmond falls; the armies of the Republic pass in that last great review at Washington; Custer's plume is there, but Kearney's saddle is empty; and, now again, our veterans come marching home to receive the welcome of a grateful

people, and to stack in Doric Hall the tattered flags which Massachusetts forever hence shall wear above her heart.

In memory of the dead, in honor of the living, for inspiration to our children, we gather to-day to deck the graves of our patriots with flowers, to pledge commonwealth and town and citizen to fresh recognition of the surviving soldier, and to picture yet again the romance, the reality, the glory, the sacrifice of his service. As if it were but yesterday you recall him. He had but turned twenty. The exquisite tint of youthful health was on his cheek. His pure heart shone from frank, outspoken eyes. His fair hair clustered from beneath his cap. He had pulled a stout oar in the college race, or walked the most graceful athlete on the village green. He had just entered on the vocation of his life. The doorway of his home at this season of the year was brilliant in the dewy morn with the clambering vine and fragrant flower, as in and out he went, the beloved of mothers and sisters, and the ideal of a New England youth. . . .

And when the drum beat, when the first martyr's blood sprinkled the stones of Baltimore, he took his place in the ranks and went forward. You remember his ingenuous and glowing letters to his mother, written as if his pen were dipped in his very heart. How novel seemed to him the routine of service, the life of camp and march! How eager the wish to meet the enemy and strike his first blow for the good cause! What pride at the promotion that came and put its chevron on his arm or its strap upon his shoulder! . . .

They took him prisoner. He wasted in Libby and grew gaunt and haggard with the horror of his sufferings and with pity for the greater horror of the sufferings of his comrades who fainted and died at his side. . . . He tunneled the earth and escaped. Hungry and weak, in terror of recapture, he followed by night the pathway of the railroad. He slept in thickets and sank in swamps. He saw the glitter of horsemen who pursued him. He knew the bloodhound was on his track. He reached the line; and, with his hand grasping

at freedom, they caught and took him back to captivity. He was exchanged at last; and you remember, when he came home on a short furlough, how manly and war-worn he had grown. But he soon returned to the ranks and to the welcome of his comrades. They recall him now alike with tears and pride. In the rifle-pits around Petersburg you heard his steady voice and firm command. Some one who saw him then fancied that he seemed that day like one who forefelt the end. But there was no flinching as he charged. He had just turned to give a cheer when the fatal ball struck him. There was a convulsion of the upward hand. His eyes, pleading and loyal, turned their last glance to the flag. His lips parted. He fell dead, and at nightfall lay with his face to the stars. Home they brought him, fairer than Adonis over whom the goddess of beauty wept. They buried him in the village churchyard under the green turf. Year by year his comrades and his kin, nearer than comrades, scatter his grave with flowers. Do you ask who he was? He was in every regiment and every company. He went out from every Massachusetts village. He sleeps in every Massachusetts burying-ground. Recall romance, recite the names of heroes of legend and song, but there is none that is his peer.

### THE UNKNOWN SPEAKER

By GEORGE LIPPARD, Author. Born near Yellow Springs, Penn., 1822; died in Philadelphia, 1854.

It is the Fourth day of July, 1776. In the old State-house in the city of Philadelphia are gathered half a hundred men to strike from their limbs the shackles of British despotism. There is silence in the hall—every face is turned toward the door where the committee of three, who have been out all night penning a parchment, are soon to enter. The door opens, the committee appear.

The three advance to the table.

The parchment is laid there.

Shall it be signed or not? A fierce debate ensues. But still there is doubt, and one pale-faced man whispers something about axes, scaffolds, and a gibbet.

"Gibbet?" echoes a fierce, bold voice through the hall, "Gibbet? They may stretch our necks on all the gibbets in the land; they may turn every rock into a scaffold; every tree into a gallows; every home into a grave, and yet the words of that parchment there can never die! They may pour our blood on a thousand scaffolds, and yet from every drop that dyes the axe a new champion of freedom will spring into birth. The British king may blot out the stars of God from the sky, but he cannot blot out His words written on that parchment there. The works of God may perish; His words, never!

"The words of this declaration will live in the world long after our bones are dust. To the mechanic in his workshop they will speak hope; to the slave in the mines, freedom; but to the coward-kings these words will speak in tones of warning they cannot choose but hear.

"They will be terrible as the flaming syllables on Belshazzar's wall! They will speak in language startling as the trump of the Archangel, saying: 'You have trampled on mankind long enough! At last the voice of human woe has pierced the ear of God, and called His judgment down! You have waded to thrones through rivers of blood; you have trampled on the necks of millions of fellow beings. Now kings, now purple hangmen, for *you* come the days of axes and gibbets and scaffolds.'

"Sign that parchment! Sign, if the next moment the gibbet's rope is about your neck! Sign, if the next minute this hall rings with the clash of the falling axes! Sign by all your hopes in life or death as men, as husbands, as fathers, brothers; sign your names to the parchment, or be accursed forever!

“Sign, and not only for yourselves, but for all ages, for that parchment will be the text-book of freedom—the Bible of the rights of men forever. Nay, do not start and whisper with surprise! It is truth, your own hearts witness it; God proclaims it. Look at this strange history of a band of exiles and outcasts suddenly transformed into a people—a handful of men weak in arms—but mighty in God-like faith; nay, look at your recent achievements, your Bunker Hill, your Lexington, and then tell me if you can that God has not given America to be free!

“As I live, my friends, I believe that to be His purpose! Yes, were my soul trembling on the verge of eternity, were this hand freezing in death, were this voice choking in the last struggle, I would still with the last impulse of that soul, with the last wave of that hand, with the last gasp of that voice, implore you to remember this truth—God has given America to be free! Yes, as I sank into the gloomy shadows of the grave, with my last faint whisper I would beg you to sign that parchment for the sake of the millions whose very breath is now hushed in intense expectation as they look up to you for the awful words ‘You are free!’”

The unknown speaker fell exhausted in his seat; but the work was done.

A wild murmur runs through the hall. “Sign!” There is no doubt now. Look how they rush forward! Stout-hearted John Hancock has scarcely time to sign his bold name before the pen is grasped by another—another and another. Look how the names blaze on the parchment! Adams and Lee, Jefferson and Carroll, Franklin and Sherman!

And now the parchment is signed.

Now, old man in the steeple, now bare your arm and let the bell speak! Hark to the music of that bell! Is there not a poetry in that sound, a poetry more sublime than that of Shakespeare and Milton? Is there not a music in that sound that reminds you of those sublime tones which broke

from angel lips when the news of the child Jesus burst on the hill-tops of Bethlehem? For the tones of that bell now come pealing, pealing, pealing, "Independence now and Independence forever."

## THE CITY OF NEW YORK

By FREDERIC RENÉ COUDERT, Lawyer. Born in New York, N. Y., 1832.

From a speech made at the annual banquet of the New England Society in New York City, December 22, 1884.

I am aware that other cities have claimed the precedence if not the monopoly of early patriotism and of early self-denial in the good cause. New York City is so rich in present goods and past glories that she has, perhaps with excessive indulgence, looked smilingly upon the earnest advocates of these untenable claims. But historic truth cannot afford to be thus blinded. She will tell you that this island city was the first to throw down the gauntlet to royal armies and to royal fleets. Rhode Island and Maryland, especially the latter, may have worn before her the crown of religious toleration; but even in the early days, when religious freedom was almost unknown to the best and wisest men, this soil upon which we stand to-night was open to the persecuted of all climates. I shall not speak of the sectaries of Massachusetts, driven from their homes by persecution which it is not pleasant to think of now; but Jews and Dissenters the world over, fleeing from the cruelties which they endured for conscience' sake, found here a home and safety. . . .

Pray tell me in what particular our city has not been the first to sound the clarion of rebellion against tyranny; to speak in loud tones for civil liberty and political independence? More than two hundred years ago the merchants of New York declared that they must have a voice and a vote in the administration of public business; and they meant it,

and showed their good faith by stubborn resistance until final success. Who maintained the liberty of the press by first consecrating its importance through the verdict of a jury? Who first opposed by arms the odious claim that citizens could be impressed by force into the military and naval service? Who led the battle against the Stamp Act, and declared it to be the duty of the colonies to consider as an act of tyranny any violation of her rights and privileges? New York, ever New York! To sum all up, who first shed the blood of her citizens in defense of America, if not New York?

But the glory of New York in the past was but the promise of the fruit that was to ripen in the future. She stands to-day firm in the enjoyment of those great truths and blessings which cost so much blood and treasure to secure. All the noble tendencies of her origin have been developed. No city exceeds her in wealth, education, intelligence, and prosperity. None approaches her in that which best proves her excellence—I mean her charity. To enumerate the manifold channels in which that ever-flowing charity pursues its daily course would far exceed my limits. It covers every form of human suffering. It embraces every nationality and creed—it knows no limitation. The great heart of our city has a throb of pity for every form of wretchedness. Nay, going beyond this sympathy with human misfortune, one of our citizens was the first to discover that the dumb beast appealed to the humanity of man, and that his duty was not complete until he heeded that appeal. The helpless child who was elsewhere left to the cruel mercies of the law or to the isolated exercise of religious or individual bounty, became the object of new and enlightened solicitude. Our thrifty citizens, quite ready to scrutinize with jealous care the expenditure of their money in taxation, have ever grumbled and still grumble with Anglo-Saxon heartiness at all tributes that are unreasonable and extravagant. But where the education of our people is concerned their voice is silent,



except to urge renewed and increased expenditure. The descendants of the men who shed blood to resist a petty exaction because it was against their rights, spend four millions and more every year that all may be bountifully supplied with intellectual food. Her rapidly increasing wealth is surpassed by the rapidly accumulating monuments of her generosity. Libraries, hospitals, drinking-fountains, art associations, relieve, enlighten, encourage, and delight those on whom fortune has never smiled. Freely has she received and freely does she give, remembering that of all virtues charity is the greatest. That there are no dark spots in the picture, who will pretend? But we all know and feel that we may build much hope for the future on the glories of the past and the greatness of the present. No hand is strong enough to destroy our city, except that of her own children.

### THE FIRST SETTLER'S STORY

By WILL CARLETON, Lecturer, Journalist, Author, Poet. Born in Hudson, Mich., 1845; living in Brooklyn, N. Y.

From "Farm Festivals," by Will Carleton. Copyright, 1881, 1898, by Harper & Brothers, New York.

Well, when I first infested this retreat,  
Things to my view look'd frightful incomplete;  
But I had come with heart-thrift in my song,  
And brought my wife and plunder right along;  
I hadn't a round-trip ticket to go back,  
And if I had there was no railroad track;  
And drivin' East was what I couldn't endure:  
I hadn't started on a circular tour.

My girl-wife was as brave as she was good,  
And help'd me every blessed way she could;  
She seem'd to take to every rough old tree,  
As sing'lar as when first she took to me.

She kep' our little log-house neat as wax,  
And once I caught her fooling with my axe.  
She hadn't the muscle (though she *had* the heart)  
In out-door work to take an active part;  
She *was* delicious, both to hear and see,—  
That pretty girl-wife that kep' house for me.

Well, neighborhoods meant counties in those days;  
The roads didn't have accommodating ways;  
And maybe weeks would pass before she'd see—  
And much less talk with—any one but me.  
The Indians sometimes show'd their sun-baked faces  
But they didn't teem with conversational graces;  
Some ideas from the birds and trees she stole,  
But 'twasn't like talking with a human soul;  
And finally I thought that I could trace  
A half heart-hunger peering from her face.

One night, when I came home unusual late,  
Too hungry and too tired to feel first-rate,  
Her supper struck me wrong (though I'll allow  
She hadn't much to strike with, anyhow);  
And, when I went to milk the cows, and found  
They'd wandered from their usual feeding-ground,  
And maybe'd left a few long miles behind 'em,  
Which I must copy if I meant to find 'em,  
Flash-quick the stay-chains of my temper broke,  
And in a trice these hot words I had spoke:  
“ You ought to've kept the animals in view,  
And drove them in; you'd nothing else to do.  
The heft of all our life on me must fall;  
You just lie round, and let me do it all.”

That speech,—it hadn't been gone a half a minute  
Before I saw the cold black poison in it;  
And I'd have given all I had, and more,  
To've only safely got it back in-door.

I'm now what most folks "well-to-do" would call:  
I feel to-day as if I'd give it all,  
Provided I through fifty years might reach  
And kill and bury that half-minute speech.

She handed back no words, as I could hear;  
She didn't frown; she didn't shed a tear;  
Half proud, half crush'd, she stood and look'd me o'er,  
Like some one she had never seen before!  
But such a sudden anguish-lit surprise  
I never view'd before in human eyes.  
(I've seen it oft enough since in a dream;  
It sometimes wakes me like a midnight scream.)

Next morning, when, stone-faced but heavy-hearted,  
With dinner-pail and sharpen'd axe I started  
Away for my day's work, she watch'd the door,  
And follow'd me half-way to it or more;  
And I was just a-turning round at this,  
And asking for my usual good-by kiss;  
But on her lip I saw a proudish curve,  
And in her eye a shadow of reserve;  
And she had shown—perhaps half unawares—  
Some little independent breakfast airs;  
And so the usual parting didn't occur,  
Although her eyes invited me to her;  
Or rather half invited me, for she  
Didn't advertise to furnish kisses free:  
You always had—that is, I had—to pay  
Full market price, and go more'n half the way;  
So, with a short "Good-by" I shut the door,  
And left her as I never had before.  
But when at noon my lunch I came to eat,  
Put up by her so delicately neat,—  
Choicer, somewhat, than yesterday's had been,  
And some fresh, sweet-eyed pansies she'd put in,—

“Tender and pleasant thoughts,” I knew they meant,—  
It seem’d as if with me her kiss she’d sent ;  
Then I became once more her humble lover,  
And said, “To-night I’ll ask forgiveness of her.”

I went home over-early on that eve,  
Having contrived to make myself believe,  
By various signs I kind o’ knew and guess’d,  
A thunder-storm was coming from the west.  
(’Tis strange, when one sly reason fills the heart,  
How many honest ones will take its part :  
A dozen first-class reasons said ’twas right  
That I should strike home early on that night.)

Half out of breath, the cabin door I swung,  
With tender heart-words trembling on my tongue ;  
But all within look’d desolate and bare :  
My house had lost its soul : she was not there !  
A pencil’d note was on the table spread,  
And these are something like the words it said :  
“The cows have stray’d away again, I fear ;  
I watch’d them pretty close ; don’t scold me, dear.  
And where they are I think I nearly know ;  
I heard the bell not very long ago.  
I’ve hunted for them all the afternoon ;  
I’ll try once more,—I think I’ll find them soon.  
Dear, if a burden I have been to you,  
And haven’t help’d you as I ought to do,  
Let old-time memories my forgiveness plead ;  
I’ve tried to do my best,—I have, indeed.  
Darling, piece out with love the strength I lack,  
And have kind words for me when I get back.”

Scarce did I give this letter sight and tongue,—  
Some swift-blown rain-drops to the window clung,  
And from the clouds a rough, deep growl proceeded,  
My thunder-storm had come, now ’twasn’t needed.

I rush'd out-door. The air was stain'd with black:  
Night had come early, on the storm-cloud's back:  
And everything kept dimming to the sight,  
Save when the clouds threw their electric light;  
When, for a flash, so clean-cut was the view,  
I'd think I saw her,—knowing 'twas not true.  
Through my small clearing dash'd wide sheets of spray,  
As if the ocean waves had lost their way;  
Scarcely a pause the thunder-battle made,  
In the bold clamor of its cannonade.  
And she, while I was shelter'd, dry, and warm,  
Was somewhere in the clutches of this storm!  
She who, when storm-frights found her at her best,  
Had always hid her white face on my breast!

My dog, who'd skirmish'd round me all the day,  
Now crouch'd and whimpering, in a corner lay.  
I dragg'd him by the collar to the wall,  
I press'd his quivering muzzle to a shawl,—  
“Track her, old boy!” I shouted; and he whined,  
Match'd eyes with me, as if to read my mind,  
Then with a yell went tearing through the wood.  
I follow'd him, as faithful as I could.  
No pleasure-trip was that, through flood and flame  
We raced with death; we hunted noble game.  
All night we dragg'd the woods without avail;  
The ground got drench'd,—we could not keep the trail.  
Three times again my cabin home I found,  
Half hoping she might be there, safe and sound;  
But each time 'twas an unavailing care:  
My house had lost its soul: she was not there!

When, climbing the wet trees, next morning-sun  
Laugh'd at the ruin that the night had done,  
Bleeding and drench'd, by toil and sorrow bent,  
Back to what used to be my home I went.

But, as I near'd our little clearing-ground,—  
Listen!—I heard the cow-bell's tinkling sound.  
The cabin door was just a bit ajar;  
It gleam'd upon my glad eyes like a star.  
"Brave heart," I said, "for such a fragile form!  
She made them guide her homeward through the storm!"  
Such pangs of joy I never felt before.  
"You've come!" I shouted, and rush'd through the door.

Yes, she had come,—and gone again. She lay  
With all her young life crush'd and wrench'd away,—  
Lay, the heart-ruins of our home among,  
Not far from where I kill'd her with my tongue.  
The rain-drops glitter'd 'mid her hair's long strands,  
The forest thorns had torn her feet and hands,  
And 'midst the tears—brave tears—that one could trace  
Upon the pale but sweetly resolute face,  
I once again the mournful words could read,  
"I've tried to do my best,—I have, indeed."

And now I'm mostly done; my story's o'er;  
Part of it never breathed the air before.  
'Tisn't over-usual, it must be allow'd,  
To volunteer heart-story to a crowd,  
And scatter 'mongst them confidential tears,  
But you'll protect an old man with his years;  
And wheresoe'er this story's voice can reach,  
This is the sermon I would have it preach:

Boys flying kites haul in their white-wing'd birds:  
You can't do that way when you're flying words.  
"Careful with fire," is good advice we know;  
"Careful with words," is ten times doubly so.  
Thoughts unexpress'd may sometimes fall back dead,  
But God Himself can't kill them when they're said!

You have my life-grief: do not tunk a minute  
'Twas told to take up time. There's business in it.  
It sheds advice: whoe'er will take and live it  
Is welcome to the pain it costs to give it.

### THE PURITAN SPIRIT

By RICHARD SALTER STORRS, Preacher, Author, Lecturer; Pastor  
Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, 1846-99. Born at Braintree,  
Mass., 1821; died in Brooklyn, 1900.

From an address before the Congregational Club, Boston, Mass., December 22, 1889.  
By permission of the publishers, The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

Not for the Puritan, in his reserved and haughty consciousness of supernal relations, is the dainty sumptuousness of color, the symmetric grace of molded marbles, the rhythmic reach and stately height of noble architecture, the pathos and the mystery of music. . . .

He has not remembered that to some minds a relish for what is lovely in fancy and in art is as native as color to the violet, fragrance to the rose, or song to the bird; that God's own mind must eternally teem with beauty, since He lines with it the tiny sea-shell, and tints the fish, and tones the hidden fibers of trees, and flashes it on breast and crest of flying birds, and breaks the tumbling avalanche into myriads of feathery crystals, and builds the skies in a splendor, to a rhythm, which no thought can match. . . .

It is obvious, too, that with this disesteem of things esthetic has been often associated a foolish contempt for the minor elegancies of life, of letters, of personal manners, and of social equipment, with sometimes a positively dangerous disdain of the common innocent pleasures of life. . . .

But if such are its deficiencies, which we may not hide, let us not forget that it has also certain magnificent qualities and superlative traits, which surely we ought, as well, to recognize. . . . It has, for one thing, a masterful sincerity. . . . Men may charge the Puritan with sternness, and with



being too little regardful of others but he is not apt to be temporizing in policy, ambiguous or diplomatic in forms of expression. . . .

It is certainly to be said, too, that if the Puritan spirit is not naturally strong on the side of moral tenderness, it has a superb and shining courage, as well as a capacity for tremendous enthusiasm, and for a self-devotion conspicuous and complete. It is not afraid of what man can do, so long as it feels that God and His righteousness are on its side. It has been frankly and gladly ready to face not only the fierce charge of cavaliers, but loneliness, exile, the sea, and the wilderness, the unknown perils of a soil and an air which civilization had not tried, the cruel craft of savage enemies. It has gone out from happy homes for this, and from lovely surroundings, and has not flinched before the hazard and life-long loss, any more than it had flinched before the frowning face of kings. . . .

Men have made kings out of rubbish, and statesmen, so-called, out of pedants and rogues. They have tried, at any rate, to make scholars out of those too lazy to work, soldiers out of padded uniforms, philanthropists out of cranks. But it takes a strong man, and a sound one, to be developed into a Puritan.

Samuel Adams was a Puritan, if ever there was one: son of a deacon in the old South Church; carefully trained in his father's ways; of whom Hutchinson said that, though he was poor, such was his inflexible disposition that no office could bribe him; whom Gage excepted by name from his offer of pardon to penitent rebels; who raised and ruled the eager democracy of the town and the State, and to whom Washington was no more than another, if he did not succeed.

Colonel Abraham Davenport was a Puritan: who sat in the governor's council at Hartford on the extraordinary dark day, May 19, 1780, when chickens went to roost in the morning, and cattle came lowing from the fields, when a pall of darkness swept through the sky as if the sun had been

suddenly extinguished, and when the Day of Judgment was tremblingly thought to be at hand. The House of Representatives had already adjourned, and it was proposed to adjourn the council. "The Day of Judgment is at hand," said the Colonel, "or it is not. If not, there is no occasion for adjournment. If it is, I choose to be found doing my duty. Bring in the candles." . . .

Wendell Phillips was a Puritan: supple as an athlete, graceful as Apollo, gentle as a woman among his friends, to whom eloquence was an idiom, and the delightful grace of conversation both an ornament and a weapon, but from the silver bow of whose musical lips flew fiery shafts against whatever appeared to him wrong, and whose white plume shone always in the dangerous van of the heady fight. . . .

Here, then, is our duty plainly before us: not to eulogize this spirit, but to incorporate it, and make it a part of our personal life. . . .

We want the same temper, amid the changed world in which our personal lot has been cast, which has been in those who have stood, in all their times, against corruption in Church or in State, with hearts that no more failed, and brows that no more blanched, than does the granite before the rush of the storm; the same temper which was in our fathers two hundred and seventy years ago, when they left whatever was beautiful at home, in obedience to conscience, and faced, without flinching, the sea and the savage, when they sought not high things, and were joyfully ready to be stepping-stones for others, if they might advance the kingdom of God; but when they gave to this New England a life which has molded its rugged strength from that day to this, has made it a monument surpassing all others which man can build, and a perpetual living seminary of character and of power for all the land;—a life, please God! which shall never be extinct, among the stronger souls of men, till the earth itself shall have vanished like a dream.

## THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Journalist, Orator. Born at Athens, Ga., 1851; died at Atlanta, Ga., 1889.

Taken from a speech made at the Texas State Fair, at Dallas, October 26, 1887. See "Henry W. Grady: His Life, Writings, and Speeches," published in 1890 by The Cassell Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field, the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. . . . Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter-bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die. . . . This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face, and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched in patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives to sundown to-morrow, he will get well." . . . All night long these words fell into his heart as the dew fell from the stars upon his lips: "If he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. . . . He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

“If I live till sundown, I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane; I will open the battered gate, and the mocking-bird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring.”

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home. “If I live till sundown, I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast.”

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his load of sorrow and old age. “If I but live till sundown, I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hands shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart.”

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass. “If I live till sundown, they shall again find my parched lips with their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face.”

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home. “If I live till sundown, I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night.” And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the stanch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man’s heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field strewn with the wrecks of

government and institutions, of theories and of faiths that have gone down in the ravage of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown, ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us for her sake turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the coming sun. Let us stanch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up, from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. . . .

As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-sides the treasures from which their resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells, as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright, and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her as from the wings of an unseen dove.

## THE VICTOR OF MARENGO

ANONYMOUS. Based on an account of the battle of Marengo, by J. T. Headley, in "Napoleon and His Marshals," Vol. I, published, in 1846, by Baker & Scribner, New York, N. Y.

Napoleon was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. "Now," said he, "that is right; I will capture him there!" "Who, sir?" said an officer. "Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there," and the finger of the "child of destiny" pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Larmes, with the army of Genoa, held Padua. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14th moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps; and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Larmes beaten—Champeaux dead—Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy general, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had fol-

lowed the victorious eagles of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Austria.

As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drumsticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat. Desaix never taught me that. But I can beat a charge. Oh! I can beat a charge that would make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramids; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?"

Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time to win a victory yet. Up! gamin, the charge! Beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the swordgleam of Desaix, and keeping step to the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austria. They drove the first line back on the second, both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered. And as the smoke cleared away, the gamin was seen in front of his line marching right on and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended.

To-day men point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully planned the battle; but they forget that Napoleon failed, and that a general only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."



## THE PROTECTION OF AMERICANS IN ARMENIA

By WILLIAM PIERCE FRYE, Lawyer; Member of Congress from Maine, 1871-81; Senator, 1881—. Born in Lewiston, Maine, 1831.

From a speech made in the Senate, January 24, 1866; the Senate having under consideration resolutions relative to the massacre of Christians in Armenia.

The good people of the United States have planted in Turkey over six million dollars for a single purpose, to improve and better the condition of the people of that country. They have erected as fine colleges as there are in the world. They have been maintained by American money. They have educated thousands and hundreds of thousands of Turks, or Armenians who are subject to Turkey. It has been a work of wonderful beneficence, a work which has had marvelous success, and yet it is stopped absolutely to-day. That American capital is now held up; it cannot do an ounce of work. At Harpoot the American colleges were burned down and the Americans themselves were compelled to flee for their lives.

I do not know how far the United States of America can interfere in Turkey. I am in favor of these resolutions as an expression of our opinion upon the awful tragedies there; but if I had my way, after the powers of Europe have waited now a solid year looking each other in the face with suspicious eyes and neither one daring to make a move lest the other shall receive a benefit—I say if I had my way, I would have Congress memorialize Russia and say to her: “Take Armenia into your possession, protect the lives of those Christians there, and the United States of America will stand behind you with all of its power.” That, sir, is the memorial and resolution I would have passed.

Sir, American citizens are suffering there. American lives and American property are being interfered with day by day in the interior of Armenia. I know that Americans are compelled to flee for their lives. I know that they do not receive the protection of the Turkish Government there.

Now, so far as American citizens are concerned, I would protect them at any cost. We never agreed that the Dardanelles should be closed to us. There cannot be found a line in the policy of the United States of America which ever permitted any great navigable water to be closed to our ships; not one. On the contrary, we have been ready to go to war at any time to keep navigable waters open to our ships. We have given no assent to the agreement of the concerting nations over there that the Dardanelles shall be closed. If it was necessary to protect American citizens and their property, I would order United States war-ships, in spite of foreign agreements, to sail up the Dardanelles and plant themselves before Constantinople, and there demand that American citizens should have the protection they are entitled to.

Mr. President, I think one of the grandest things in the history of Great Britain, and one thing for which I admire her, is that she does protect her citizens anywhere and everywhere, under all circumstances. Her mighty power is put forth for their relief and protection, and it is admirable. I do not wonder that a British citizen loves his country. Why, that little incident, which all of you are familiar with, is a marvelous illustration of that. The King of Abyssinia took a British citizen by the name of Campbell, about twenty years ago, carried him up into the fortress of Magdala, on the heights of a lofty mountain, and put him into a dungeon without cause. It took six months for Great Britain to find that out, and then she demanded his immediate release. King Theodore refused to release him. In less than ten days after the refusal was received, three thousand British soldiers and five thousand sepoys were on board ships of war sailing for the coast. When they arrived they were disembarked, were marched seven hundred miles over swamp and morass under a burning sun, then up the mountain to the very heights, in front of the frowning dungeon, and then they gave battle. They battered down the iron gates, the stone

walls. King Theodore had killed himself with his own pistol. Then they reached down into the dungeon with that English hand, lifted out from it that one British citizen, carried him down the mountain heights, across the same swamps and morass, landed him on the white-winged ships and sped him away to his home in safety. That cost Great Britain twenty-five million dollars and made General Napier Lord Napier of Magdala.

Now, sir, that was a great thing for a country to do. A country that has an eye that can see away across an ocean, away across the many miles of land, up into the mountain heights, down into a darksome dungeon, one, just one of her thirty-eight million people, and then has an arm long enough and strong enough to reach across the same ocean, across the same swamps and marshes, up the same mountain heights, down into the same dungeon and pluck him out and carry him home to his own country a free man—in God's name who will not die for a country that will do that?

Well, Mr. President, our country will do it, and our country ought to do it. All that I ask of this grand Republic of ours is that it shall model itself after Great Britain, if it pleases, in this one thing, that the life of an American citizen shall be protected wherever he may be, whether in Great Britain or in Turkey, and in no other thing whatsoever.

## NOT GUILTY

(Adapted)

It was a sultry noon, and in the Jeffersonville court-house a murder trial was in progress. The prisoner, a strongly built and middle-aged negro, was evidently not impressed by any sense of peril, though already a clear case of murder had been proved against him, and only his statement and the argument remained. No testimony had been offered for the prisoner. A man had been stabbed; had fallen dead, his hands clasped over the wound. From beneath this hand, when convulsively opened, a knife had fallen, which the

prisoner's wife seized and concealed. So much had been proved by the State's witnesses.

The prisoner took the stand to make his statement. He declared that he had killed the deceased in self-defense, that the knife which fell from the relaxing hand was the dead man's. He told the story simply and quietly; and as he began it a tall thick-set gentleman, with iron-gray hair and clad in a gray suit, entered the room and stood silently by the door. As the prisoner resumed his seat, the newcomer entered within the rail and sat down near him. The solicitor then arose and stated his case in a few cold words. This man had stabbed another wantonly. If the knife was the property of the deceased, why was it not produced in court? The prisoner's wife had picked it up. He passed the case to the jury, and the judge was preparing to deliver his charge when the old gentleman in gray rose to his feet.

"If it please your Honor," he said, "the prisoner is entitled to the closing argument, and, in the absence of the other counsel, I beg you will mark my name for the defense." "Mr. Clerk," said the court, "mark General Robert Thomas for the defense." The silence was absolute; the jurymen stirred in their seats; something new was coming. Only this old man, grim, gray, and majestically defiant, stood between the negro and the grave. Suddenly the lips of the general opened, and he said with quick but quiet energy: "The knife that was found by the dead man's side was his own. He had drawn it before he was stabbed. Ben Thomas is a brave man, a strong man; he would never have used a weapon upon him unarmed. A brave man who is full of strength never draws a weapon to repel a simple assault. The defendant drew when he saw a knife in the hand of his foe, not from fear, but to equalize the combat. Why do I say he was brave? Every man upon the jury shouldered his musket during the war. Some of you were perhaps at Gettysburg; I was there too." A murmur of applause ran around the room; the old man's war record

was a household legend. "I and the only brother that God ever gave me. I well remember that fight. The enemy met our charges with a courage and a grit that could not be shaken. Line after line melted away during those days, and at last came Pickett's charge. As that magnificent command rushed in, a negro man, a captain's body-servant, stood behind it, shading his eyes with his hands and waiting.

"You know the result. Out of that vortex of flame and that storm of lead and iron a handful drifted back. From one to another this man of black skin ran; then turned and followed in the trail of the charge. On, on he went, gone one moment and in sight the next, on, up to the flaming cannon themselves. Then there he stooped and lifted a form from the ground; and then, stumbling, staggering under his load, made his way back across that field of death, until, meeting him half-way, I took the burden myself from the hero and bore it myself to safety. That burden was the senseless form of my brother"—here he paused, and walked rapidly towards the prisoner, his arm raised on high, his voice ringing like a trumpet,—“gashed and bleeding and mangled, but alive, thank God! And the man who bore him out, who brought him to me in his arms as a mother would a sick child, himself torn by a fragment of a shell until the great heart was almost dropping from his breast, that man, O my friends, sits under my hand. See if I speak not the truth.”

He tore open the prisoner's shirt, and laid bare his breast on which streamed the silent splendors of the afternoon sun; a great ragged scar marked it from left to right. “Look,” he cried, “and bless the sight, for that scar was won by a slave in an hour that tried the courage of free men and put to its highest test the best manhood of the South. No man who wins such wounds can thrust a knife into an unarmed assailant. I have come seventy miles in my old age to say it.”

It may have been contrary to the evidence, but the jury

without leaving their seats returned a verdict of "not guilty"; and the solicitor, who bore a scar on his face, smiled as he received it.

### SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS

By ELIJAH KELLOGG, Preacher, Author. Born in Portland, Me., 1813.

It had been a day of triumph in Capua. Lentulus, returning with victorious eagles, had amused the populace with the sports of the amphitheater to an extent hitherto unknown even in that luxurious city. The shouts of revelry had died away; the roar of the lion had ceased; the last loiterer had retired from the banquet, and the lights in the palace of the victor were extinguished. The moon, piercing the tissue of fleecy clouds, silvered the dewdrop on the corselet of the Roman sentinel, and tipped the dark waters of Volturnus with wavy, tremulous light. It was a night of holy calm, when the zephyr sways the young spring leaves, and whispers among the hollow reeds its dreamy music. No sound was heard but the last sob of some weary wave, telling its story to the smooth pebbles of the beach, and then all was still as the breast when the spirit has departed.

In the deep recesses of the amphitheater a band of gladiators were crowded together, — their muscles still knotted with the agony of conflict, the foam upon their lips, and the scowl of battle yet lingering upon their brows, — when Spartacus, rising in the midst of that grim assemblage, thus addressed them:

"Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who, for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast that the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and yet never has lowered his arm. And if there be one among you who can say that, ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him step forth and say it. If there be three in all your throng dare face me on the bloody sand, let them come on!

“Yet I was not always thus, a hired butcher, a savage chief of savage men. My father was a reverent man, who feared great Jupiter, and brought to the rural deities his offerings of fruits and flowers. He dwelt among the vine-clad rocks and olive groves at the foot of Helicon. My early life ran quiet as the brook by which I sported. I was taught to prune the vine, to tend the flock; and then, at noon, I gathered my sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd’s flute. I had a friend, the son of our neighbor; we led our flocks to the same pasture, and shared together our rustic meal.

“One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle that shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra, and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war meant; but my cheeks burned. I knew not why; and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, till my mother, parting the hair from off my brow, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars.

“That very night the Romans landed on our shore, and the clash of steel was heard within our quiet vale. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the iron hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling. To-day I killed a man in the arena, and when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend! He knew me,—smiled faintly,—gasped,—and died; the same sweet smile that I had marked upon his face when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled some lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph. I told the prætor he was my friend, noble and brave, and I begged his body, that I might burn it upon the funeral-pile, and mourn over him. Ay, on my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that boon, while all the Roman maids and matrons, and those holy



virgins they call vestals, and the rabble, shouted in mockery, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale, and tremble like a very child before that piece of bleeding clay; but the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, 'Let the carrion rot! There are no noble men but Romans!' And he, deprived of funeral rites, must wander, a hapless ghost, beside the waters of that sluggish river, and look—and look—and look in vain to the bright Elysian Fields where dwell his ancestors and noble kindred. And so must you, and so must I, die like dogs!

"O Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me! Ay, thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad, who never knew a harsher sound than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through rugged brass and plaited mail, and warm it in the marrow of his foe! to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a smooth-cheeked boy upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back till thy yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

"Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! the strength of brass in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet odors from his curly locks, shall come, and with his lily fingers pat your brawny shoulders, and bet his sesterces upon your blood! Hark! Hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted meat; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon your flesh; and ye shall be a dainty meal for him.

"If ye are brutes, then stand here like fat oxen waiting for the butcher's knife; if ye are men, follow me! strike down yon sentinel, and gain the mountain-passes, and there do bloody work as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that ye do crouch and cower like base-born slaves beneath your master's lash? O comrades! warriors! Thracians! if

we must fight, let us fight for ourselves; if we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors; if we must die, let us die under the open sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle."

### NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER

By JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, Journalist, Statesman. Author; Member of Congress from Maine, 1863-76; Senator, 1876-81; Secretary of State, 1881. 1889-1892. Born in West Brownsville, Penn., 1830; died in Washington, D. C., 1893.

Taken from a speech made at a banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 23, 1878.

Mr. President, I am not ashamed to say in any presence that in the settlement of this continent and the shaping and moulding of its institutions the leading place, the chief merit, belongs to New England. Why, every chapter of its history is weighty with momentous events. A small number came in 1620; there was no immigration to speak of till 1630; there was none after 1640. And the twenty-one thousand men that came in those brief years are the progenitors of a race that includes one-third of the people of the United States of America. They are the progenitors of a race of people twice as numerous as all who spoke the English language in the world when they came to these shores.

The tyrannical father of Frederick the Great said to his tutor: "Instruct this young boy in history; do not dwell much on the ancients, but let him know everything that has happened in the last one hundred and fifty years." And I submit to you, Mr. President, that the great event which has happened in the last one hundred and fifty years—not to go back to 1620, the cause of which was planted then—has been the progress of the Anglo-Saxon race in the world. As I have said, not seven millions of people spoke the tongue when the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth; not seventeen millions spoke it when the American Revolution was born. In this one hundred years—mark it well—great has been the

progress with other nations. The German Empire has been reformed, and is stronger and firmer than it ever existed before; Russia, springing from semi-barbarism, has come to be a great and first-class power; Italy has been born again, and promises something of its ancient grandeur; France has fallen and risen again, and fallen and again risen under the aid and inspiration of republican energy and patriotism. And yet, with all this progress of all these countries, the one great fact of the last hundred years is that when the Revolution of the American colonies was fought, not seventeen million spoke the English tongue, and to-day one hundred million speak it.

We are in the habit of deploring the hardships of the men who settled New England, and in deploring their hardships we are in the habit of alluding to them as a poor and friendless and downcast race of men. They were anything else. They had the nerve and courage to endure hardship. But they were a class of men the like of which never before and never since emigrated from any land. They were men of intelligence and learning; they were men of property. They were men of education and large experience in affairs; they were men who had in the literature of that day Milton and Locke and Lightfoot; they were men who had in the ministry John Robinson and Brewster and Davenport; they were men who had in statesmanship Cromwell and Hampden and Pym; they were men who, in all the great departments of civil polity and in all the great features of personal and individual character at that day, led the van in the English race. And when we wonder at what has been done in New England we wonder without knowledge, for those men brought with them all the elements of success that has since crowned their efforts. And they brought with them one thing which has stuck pretty well to the end with them and their descendants, and **that** was the belief that if you set a principle that is founded on truth in motion it will go through. They believed, in the language of one of their most eloquent men,

that an army of principles will penetrate where an army of men cannot enter. The Rhine cannot stop it nor the ocean arrest its progress. It will march to the horizon of the world, and it will conquer.

### MEAGHER'S DEFENSE

By THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER (Ma'her), Irish Orator, Brigadier-General in the United States Army. Born in Waterford, Ireland, 1823; died near Fort Benton, Montana, 1867.

In October, 1848, after the passage of the treason-felony act in Ireland, Meagher was convicted of treason and sentenced to death. "The sentence was afterward commuted to banishment for life, and on July 9, 1849, he was transported to Van Diemen's Land, but he escaped in 1852 and took refuge in the United States."

A jury of my countrymen have found me guilty of the crime for which I stood indicted. For this I entertain not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced, as they must have been, by the charge of the Lord Chief Justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill besit the solemnity of this scene; but I would earnestly beseech of you, my Lord,—you who preside on that bench,—when the passions and prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and to ask of it, was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

My Lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it will seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost; I am here to regret nothing I have ever done,—to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave, with no lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it, even here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their footprints in the dust; here on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil opened to receive me,—even here,

encircled by these terrors, the hope which has beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked still consoles, animates, enraptures me.

No; I do not despair of my poor old country,—her peace, her liberty, her glory. For that country, I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up; to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world; to restore her to her native powers and her ancient constitution,—this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal,—I deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctioned as a duty, will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my Lord, I await the sentence of the court.

Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth,—as I have done on every other occasion of my short career,—I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death; the country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I have sought to still; whose intellect I have prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a proof of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart, and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments, of a happy and an honored home. Pronounce, then, my Lords, the sentence which the laws direct, and I will be prepared to hear it. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I hope to be able, with a pure heart and perfect composure, to appear before a higher tribunal, a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness as well as of justice will preside, and where, my Lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.

## A CITIZEN'S RESPONSIBILITY

By WILLIAM McKINLEY, Lawyer, Statesman; Member of Congress, 1876-90; Governor of Ohio, 1891-95; President of the United States, 1897—. Born in Niles, Ohio, 1843.

From a speech delivered at Canton, Ohio, May 30, 1894. Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "McKinley's Masterpieces," published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

Sumter and Appomattox! What a flood of memories these names excite! How they come unbidden to every soldier as he contemplates the great events of the war! The one marked the beginning, the other the close, of the great struggle. At one the shot was fired which threatened this Union and the downfall of liberty. The other proclaimed peace and wrote in history that the machinations which inaugurated war to establish a government with slavery as its corner-stone had failed. The one was the commencement of a struggle which drenched the nation in blood for four years; the other was its end and the beginning of a reunited country which has lasted now for twenty-nine years, and which, God grant, may last forever and forever more, blazing the pathway of freedom to the races of man everywhere, and loved by all the peoples of the world! The one marked the wild rush of mad passion; the other was the restoration of the cool judgment, disciplined by the terrible ordeal of four years of bloody war. Patriotism, justice, and righteousness triumphed. The Republic which God had ordained withstood the shock of battle, and you and your comrades were the willing instruments in the hands of that divine Power that guides nations which love and serve Him.

Howells, thirty-two years ago, expressed the simple and sublime faith of the soldier, and the prophecy of the outcome of the war, in words which burn in my soul whenever I pass in review the events of that struggle. He said:

"Where are you going, soldiers,  
With banner, gun, and sword?"  
"We 're marching south to Canaan—  
To battle for the Lord!"

Yes, the Lord took care of us then. Will we heed His decrees and preserve unimpaired what He permitted us to win? Liberty, my countrymen, is responsibility; responsibility is duty; duty is God's order, and when faithfully obeyed will preserve liberty. We need have no fears of the future if we will perform every obligation of duty and of citizenship. If we lose the smallest share of our freedom, we have no one to blame but ourselves. This country is ours—ours to govern, ours to guide, ours to enjoy. We are both sovereign and subject. All are now free, subject henceforth to ourselves alone. We pay no homage to an earthly throne; only to God we bend the knee. The soldier did his work and did it well. The present and the future are with the citizen, whose judgment in our free country is supreme.

### TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

By WENDELL PHILLIPS, Lawyer, Orator. Born in Boston, Mass., 1811; died in Boston, 1884.

From a lecture delivered in New York and Boston, December, 1861. Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from "Speeches, Lectures, and Letters of Wendell Phillips," published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

If I were to tell you the story of Napoleon, I should take it from the lips of Frenchmen, who find no language rich enough to paint the great captain of the nineteenth century. Were I to tell you the story of Washington, I should take it from your hearts,—you, who think no marble white enough on which to carve the name of the Father of his country. But I am to tell you the story of a negro, Toussaint L'Ouverture, who has left hardly one written line. I am to glean it from the reluctant testimony of his enemies, men who despised him because he was a negro and a slave, hated him because he had beaten them in battle.

Cromwell manufactured his own army. Napoleon, at the age of twenty-seven, was placed at the head of the best troops



Europe ever saw. Cromwell never saw an army till he was forty; this man never saw a soldier till he was fifty. Cromwell manufactured his own army—out of what? Englishmen,—the best blood in Europe. Out of the middle class of Englishmen,—the best blood of the island. And with it he conquered what? Englishmen,—their equals. This man manufactured his army out of what? Out of what you call the despicable race of negroes, debased, demoralized by two hundred years of slavery, one hundred thousand of them imported into the island within four years, unable to speak a dialect intelligible even to each other. Yet out of this mixed and, as you say, despicable mass he forged a thunder-bolt, and hurled it at what? At the proudest blood in Europe, the Spaniard, and sent him home conquered; at the most warlike blood in Europe, the French, and put them under his feet; at the pluckiest blood in Europe, the English, and they skulked home to Jamaica. Now, if Cromwell was a general, at least this man was a soldier.

Now, blue-eyed Saxon, proud of your race, go back with me to the commencement of the century, and select what statesman you please. Let him be either American or European; let him have a brain the result of six generations of culture; let him have the ripest training of university routine; let him add to it the better education of practical life; crown his temples with the silver locks of seventy years, and show me the man of Saxon lineage for whom his most sanguine admirer will wreath a laurel rich as embittered foes have placed on the brow of this negro,—rare military skill, profound knowledge of human nature, content to blot out all party distinctions, and trust a state to the blood of its sons,—anticipating Sir Robert Peel fifty years, and taking his station by the side of Roger Williams, before any Englishman or American had won the right: and yet this is the record which the history of rival States makes up for this inspired black of St. Domingo.

Some doubt the courage of the negro. Go to Hayti, and

stand on those fifty thousand graves of the best soldiers France ever had, and ask them what they think of the negro's sword.

I would call him Napoleon, but Napoleon made his way to empire over broken oaths and through a sea of blood. This man never broke his word. I would call him Cromwell, but Cromwell was only a soldier, and the state he founded went down with him into his grave. I would call him Washington, but the great Virginian held slaves. This man risked his empire rather than permit the slave-trade in the humblest village of his dominions.

You think me a fanatic, for you read history, not with your eyes but with your prejudices. But fifty years hence, when Truth gets a hearing, the Muse of history will put Phocion for the Greek, Brutus for the Roman, Hampden for England, Fayette for France, choose Washington as the bright consummate flower of our earlier civilization, then, dipping her pen in the sunlight, will write in the clear blue, above them all, the name of the soldier, the statesman, the martyr, TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

### PHEIDIPPIDES

By ROBERT BROWNING, Poet. Born in Camberwell, England, 1812; died in Venice, Italy, 1889.

When Athens was threatened by the invading Persians, she sent a fleet messenger to Sparta to demand aid against a foreign foe. The runner, Pheidippides, so says the legend, ran from Athens to Sparta and back again, a distance of three hundred miles, in two days and two nights. He returned to Athens with these words:

First I salute this soil of the blessed, river and rock!  
 Gods of my birthplace, dæmons and heroes, honor to  
 all! . . .

Archons of Athens, topped by the tettix, see, I return!  
 See, 'tis myself here standing alive, no specter that speaks!

Crowned with the myrtle, did you command me, Athens and  
 you,

“Run, Pheidippides, run and race, reach Sparta for aid!  
 Persia has come, we are here, where is She?” Your com-  
 mand I obeyed,

Ran and raced: like stubble, some field which a fire runs  
 through,

Was the space between city and city: two days, two nights  
 did I burn

Over the hills, under the dales, down pits and up peaks.

Into their midst I broke: breath served but for “Persia has  
 come!

Persia bids Athens proffer slaves’-tribute, water and earth;  
 Razed to the ground is Eretria—but Athens, shall Athens  
 sink,

Drop into dust and die—the flower of Hellas utterly die,  
 Die, with the wide world spitting at Sparta, the stupid, the  
 stander-by?

Answer me quick, what help?” . . .

Lo, their answer at last!

“Has Persia come,—does Athens ask aid,—may Sparta  
 befriend? . . .

Ponder that precept of old, ‘No warfare, whatever the odds  
 In your favor, so long as the moon, half-orbed, is unable to  
 take

Full-circle her state in the sky!’ Already she rounds to it  
 fast:

Athens must wait, patient as we—who judgment suspend.”

Athens,—except for that sparkle,—thy name, I had mould-  
 ered to ash!

That sent a blaze through my blood; off, off and away was  
 I back,

Not one word to waste, one look to lose on the false and the  
 vile!

Yet "O Gods of my land!" I cried, as each hillock and  
plain,  
Wood and stream, I knew, I named, rushing past them  
again,  
"Have ye kept faith, proved mindful of honors we paid you  
erewhile?" . . .

Such my cry as, rapid, I ran over Parnes' ridge;  
Gully and gap, I clambered and cleared till, sudden, a bar  
Jutted, a stoppage of stone against me, blocking the way. . . .

There, in the cool of a cleft, sat he—majestical Pan!  
Ivy drooped wanton, kissed his head, moss cushioned his  
hoof:

All the great God was good in the eyes grave-kindly—the  
curl

Carved on the bearded cheek, amused at a mortal's awe,  
As, under the human trunk, the goat-thighs grand I saw.

"Halt, Pheidippides!"—halt I did, my brain of a whirl:

"Hither to me! Why pale in my presence?" he gracious  
began: . . .

"Go, bid Athens take heart, laugh Persia to scorn, have faith  
In the temples and tombs! Go, say to Athens, 'The Goat-  
God saith:

When Persia—so much as strews not the soil—is cast in the  
sea,

Then praise Pan who fought in the ranks with your most and  
least,

Goat-thigh to greaved-thigh, made one cause with the free  
and the bold!" . . .

But enough! He was gone. If I ran hitherto—

Be sure that, the rest of my journey, I ran no longer, but  
flew.

Here am I back. Praise Pan, we stand no more on the  
razor's edge!

Pan for Athens, Pan for me! I too have a guerdon rare!

Then spoke Miltiades. "And thee, best runner of Greece,  
Whose limbs did duty indeed,—what gift is promised thyself?  
Tell it us straightway,—Athens the mother demands of her  
son!"

Rosily blushed the youth: he paused: but, lifting at length  
His eyes from the ground, it seemed as he gathered the rest  
of his strength

Into the utterance—"Pan spoke thus: 'For what thou hast  
done

Count on a worthy reward! Henceforth be allowed thee  
release

From the racer's toil, no vulgar reward in praise or in pelf!'

"I am bold to believe, Pan means reward the most to my  
mind!

Fight I shall, with our foremost, wherever this fennel may  
grow,—

Pound—Pan helping us—Persia to dust, and, under the deep,  
Whelm her away forever; and then,—no Athens to save,—  
Marry a certain maid, I know keeps faith to the brave,—  
Hie to my house and home; and, when my children shall  
creep

Close to my knees, recount how the God was awful yet kind,  
Promised their sire reward to the full—rewarding him—so!"

Unforeseeing one! Yes, he fought on the Marathon day:  
So, when Persia was dust, all cried, "To Akropolis!

Run, Pheidippides, one race more! the meed is thy due!

'Athens is saved, thank Pan,' go shout!" He flung down  
his shield,

Ran like fire once more: and the space 'twixt the Fennel-field  
And Athens was stubble again, a field which a fire runs  
through,

Till in he broke: "Rejoice, we conquer!" Like wine  
through clay,

Joy in his blood bursting his heart, he died—the bliss!

So, to this day, when friend meets friend, the word of salute  
Is still "Rejoice!"—his word which brought rejoicing  
indeed.

So is Pheidippides happy forever,—the noble strong man  
Who could race like a God, bear the face of a God, whom a  
God loved so well,  
He saw the land saved he had helped to save, and was  
suffered to tell

Such tidings, yet never decline, but, gloriously as he began,  
So to end gloriously—once to shout, thereafter be mute:  
"Athens is saved!" Pheidippides dies in the shout for his  
meed.

## THE NEW SOUTH

By HENRY WOODFEN GRADY, Journalist, Orator. Born at Athens, Ga.,  
1851; died at Atlanta, 1889.

Taken from a speech at a banquet of the New England Society in the city of New York, December 21, 1886. See New York *Tribune*, Dec. 22, 1886; also "Henry W. Grady: His Life, Writings, and Speeches," published, in 1890, by The Cassell Publishing Co., New York, N. Y.

You have just been told how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, your returning armies came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes!

Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find?—let me ask you who went to

your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice. He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and beside all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June. From the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

It is a rare privilege to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave, and generous always.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation



came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the

last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever."

### THE RESCUE OF LYGIA

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ. Translated from the Polish Original by Jeremiah Curtin. Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Quo Vadis," published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Jeremiah Curtin, Author; born in Milwaukee, Wis., 1840. Henryk Sienkiewicz (sē'enke'vich), Polish Novelist; born at Okreya, Poland, 1846.

Though the [Roman] people were sated already with blood-spilling, still, when the news went forth that the end of the games was approaching, and that the last of the Christians were to die at an evening spectacle, a countless audience assembled in the amphitheater. . . . Those who had seen Lygia at the house of Plautius told wonders of her beauty. Others were occupied above all with the question, would they see her really on the arena that day? . . .

Uncertainty, waiting, and curiosity had mastered all spectators. Cæsar arrived earlier than usual; and immediately at his coming people whispered that something uncommon would happen, for . . . Cæsar had with him Cassius, a centurion of enormous size and gigantic strength, whom he summoned only when he wished to have a defender at his side. . . . It was noted also that certain precautions had

been taken in the amphitheater itself. The pretorian guards were increased; command over them was held, not by a centurion, but by the tribune Subrius Flavius, known hitherto for blind attachment to Nero. It was understood, then, that Cæsar wished in every case to secure himself against an outburst of despair from Vinicius, and curiosity rose all the more.

Every eye was turned with strained gaze to the place where the unfortunate lover was sitting. He was exceedingly pale, and his forehead was covered with drops of sweat; he was in as much doubt as were other spectators, but alarmed to the lowest depths of his soul. . . . Despair, which had been set at rest, began again to cry in his soul; the former desire to save Lygia at any price seized him anew. . . . He said in his soul that Christ might take her to himself out of the prison, but could not permit her torture in the Circus. . . . "Thou canst!" repeated he, clenching his fists convulsively. "Thou canst!" . . . "Do not refuse even this, and I will love thee still more than hitherto." . . . He crushed doubt in himself, he compressed his whole being into the sentence, "I believe," and he looked for a miracle. . . . At that very instant, almost, the prefect of the city waved a red handkerchief, the hinges opposite Cæsar's podium creaked, and out of the dark gully came Ursus into the brightly lighted arena.

The giant blinked, dazed evidently by the glitter of the arena: then he pushed into the center, gazing around as if to see what he had to meet. . . . In Rome there was no lack of gladiators larger by far than the common measure of man, but Roman eyes had never seen the like of Ursus. . . . Senators, vestals, Cæsar, the Augustians, and the people gazed with the delight of experts at his mighty limbs, as large as tree-trunks, at his breast, as large as two shields joined together, and his arms of a Hercules. . . . The murmur rose to shouts, and eager questions were put: Where did the people live who could produce such a giant? He stood

there, in the middle of the amphitheater, naked, more like a stone colossus than a man, with a collected expression, and at the same time the sad look of a barbarian; and while surveying the empty arena, he gazed wonderingly with his blue childlike eyes, now at the spectators, now at Cæsar, now at the grating of the cunicula, whence, as he thought, his executioners would come. . . .

He was unarmed, and determined to die as became a confessor of the "Lamb," peacefully and patiently. Meanwhile he wished to pray once more to the Saviour; so he knelt on the arena, joined his hands, and raised his eyes towards the stars which were glittering in the lofty opening of the amphitheater.

That act displeased the crowds. They had had enough of those Christians who died like sheep. They understood that if the giant would not defend himself the spectacle would be a failure. Here and there hisses were heard. Some began to cry for scourgers, whose office it was to lash combatants unwilling to fight. . . .

Suddenly the shrill sound of brazen trumpets was heard, and at that signal a grating opposite Cæsar's podium was opened, and into the arena rushed, amid shouts of beast-keepers, an enormous German aurochs, bearing on his head the naked body of a woman.

"Lygia! Lygia!" cried Vinicius.

Then he seized his hair near the temples, squirmed like a man who feels a sharp dart in his body, and began to repeat in hoarse accents,—

"I believe! I believe! O Christ, a miracle!" . . .

This time the amphitheater was silent. The Augustians rose in their places, as one man, for in the arena something uncommon had happened. That Lygian, obedient and ready to die, when he saw his queen on the horns of the wild beast, sprang up, as if touched by living fire, and bending forward he ran at the raging animal.

From all breasts a sudden cry of amazement was heard, after which came deep silence.

The Lygian fell on the raging bull in a twinkling, and seized him by the horns. . . .

All breasts ceased to breathe. In the amphitheater a fly might be heard on the wing. People could not believe their own eyes. Since Rome was Rome, no one had seen such a spectacle.

The Lygian held the wild beast by the horns. The man's feet sank in the sand to his ankles, his back was bent like a drawn bow, his head was hidden between his shoulders, on his arms the muscles came out so that the skin almost burst from their pressure; but he had stopped the bull in his tracks. And the man and the beast remained so still that the spectators thought themselves looking at a picture showing a deed of Hercules or Theseus, or a group hewn from stone. But in that apparent repose there was a tremendous exertion of two struggling forces. The bull sank his feet as well as did the man in the sand, and his dark, shaggy body was curved so that it seemed a gigantic ball. Which of the two would fail first, which would fall first? . . .

In the Circus nothing was heard save the sound of flame in the lumps, and the crackle of bits of coal as they dropped from the torches. Their voices died on the lips of the spectators, but their hearts were beating in their breasts as if to split them. It seemed to all that the struggle was lasting for ages. . . .

Meanwhile a dull roar resembling a groan was heard from the arena, after which a brief shout was wrested from every breast, and again there was silence. People thought themselves dreaming till the enormous head of the bull began to turn in the iron hands of the barbarian. The face, neck, and arms of the Lygian grew purple; his back bent still more. It was clear that he was rallying the remnant of his superhuman strength, but that he could not last long.

Duller and duller, hoarser and hoarser, more and more

painful grew the groan of the bull as it mingled with the whistling breath from the breast of the giant. The head of the beast turned more and more, and from his jaws came a long, foaming tongue.

A moment more and to the eyes of the spectators sitting near came as it were the crack of breaking bones; then the beast rolled on the earth with his neck twisted in death.

The giant removed in a twinkling the ropes from the horns of the bull, and, raising the maiden, began to breathe hurriedly. His face became pale, his hair stuck together from sweat, his shoulders and arms seemed flooded with water. For a moment he stood as if only half conscious; then he raised his eyes and looked at the spectators.

The amphitheater had gone wild.

The walls of the building were trembling from the roar of tens of thousands of people. Since the beginning of spectacles there was no memory of such excitement. . . . Everywhere were heard cries for mercy, passionate and persistent, which soon turned into one unbroken thunder. That giant had become dear to those people enamored of physical strength: he was the first personage in Rome.

He understood that the multitude were striving to grant him his life and restore him his freedom, but clearly his thought was not on himself alone. He looked around awhile; then approached Cæsar's podium, and, holding the body of the maiden on his outstretched arms, raised his eyes with entreaty, as if to say,—

“Have mercy on her! Save the maiden. I did that for her sake!” . . .

At the sight of the unconscious maiden, who near the enormous Lygian seemed a child, emotion seized the multitude of senators and knights. . . . Some thought the man a father begging mercy for his child. Pity burst forth suddenly, like a flame. They had had blood, death, and torture in sufficiency. Voices choked with tears began to entreat mercy for both.

But Cæsar halted and hesitated. Against Vinicius he had no hatred indeed, and the death of Lygia did not concern him; but he preferred to see the body of the maiden rent by the horns of the bull or torn by the claws of the beasts. . . . And now the people wanted to rob him. Hence anger appeared on his bloated face. Self-love also would not let him yield to the wish of the multitude, and still he did not dare to oppose it, through his inborn cowardice.

So he gazed around to see if among the Augustians, at least, he could not find fingers turned down in sign of death. But Petronius held up his hand, and looked almost challengingly into Nero's face.

Then Nero turned to the place where command over the pretorians was held by the stern Subrius Flavius, hitherto devoted with whole soul to him, and saw something unusual. The face of the old tribune was stern, but covered with tears and he was holding his hand up in sign of mercy.

Now rage began to possess the multitude. Dust rose from beneath the stamping feet and filled the amphitheater. In the midst of the shouts were heard cries: "Ahenobarbus! matricide! incendiary!"

Nero was alarmed. . . . He understood that to oppose longer was simply dangerous. A disturbance begun in the Circus might seize the whole city, and have results incalculable.

He looked once more at Subrius Flavius, at Scevius the centurion, a relative of the senator, at the soldiers; and seeing everywhere frowning brows, moved faces, and eyes fixed on him, he gave the sign of mercy.

Then a thunder of applause was heard from the highest seats to the lowest. The people were sure of the lives of the condemned, for from that moment they went under their protection, and even Cæsar would not have dared to pursue them any longer with his vengeance.



## JIM BLUDSO, OF THE PRAIRIE BELLE

By JOHN HAY, Author, Poet, Lawyer, Diplomat; Ambassador to England, 1897-98; Secretary of State, 1898—. Born in Salem, Indiana, 1838.

Taken, by permission of the publishers, from "Poems by John Hay," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

Wall, no! I can't tell whar he lives,  
 Because he don't live, you see;  
 Leastways, he's got out of the habit  
 Of livin' like you and me.  
 Whar have you been for the last three year  
 That you haven't heard folks tell  
 How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks  
 The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers  
 Is all pretty much alike,—  
 One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill  
 And another one here, in Pike;  
 A kecrless man in his talk was Jim,  
 And an awkward hand in a row,  
 But he never flunked, and he never lied,—  
 I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—  
 To treat his engine well;  
 Never be passed on the river;  
 To mind the pilot's bell;  
 And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—  
 A thousand times he swore,  
 He'd hold her nozzle agin the bank  
 Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their day on the Mississip,  
 And her day come at last,—

The Movastar was a better boat,  
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.  
And so she come tearin' along that night—  
The oldest craft on the line—  
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,  
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The fire bust out as she clared the bar,  
And burnt a hole in the night,  
And quick as a flash she turned, and made  
For that willer-bank on the right.  
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,  
Over all the infernal roar,  
"I'll hold her nozzle agin the bank  
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat  
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,  
And they all had trust in his cussedness,  
And knowed he would keep his word.  
And, sure's you're born, they all got off  
Afore the smokestacks fell,—  
And Bludso's ghost went up alone  
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He were n't no saint,—but at jedgment  
I'd run my chance with Jim,  
'Longside of some pious gentlemen  
That would n't shook hands with him.  
He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—  
And he went for it thar and then;  
And Christ ain't agoing to be too hard  
On a man that died for men.

## AMERICA'S MISSION

By ALBERT JEREMIAH BEVERIDGE. Lawyer; Senator from Indiana, 1899—. Born in Highland County, Ohio, 1862.

From a speech delivered in the Senate, January 19, 1900. See *Congressional Record*, January 19, 1900.

Mr. President, this question of our duty to the Philippines is deeper than any question of party politics. It is elemental. It is racial. God has made the English-speaking peoples the master organizers of the world to establish system where chaos reigns. And of all our race He has marked the American people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world. This is the divine mission of America. The judgment of the Master is upon us: "Ye have been faithful over a few things; I will make you rulers over many things."

What shall history say to us? Shall it say that we renounced that holy trust, deserted duty, abandoned glory, forgot our sordid profit even, because we feared our strength and read the charter of our powers with the doubter's eye and the quibbler's mind? Shall it say that, called by events to captain and command the proudest, ablest, purest race of history in history's noblest work, we declined that great commission? Our fathers would not have had it so. No! They planted no sluggard people, passive while the work calls them. They established no reactionary nation. They unfurled no retreating flag.

Do you tell me that it will cost us money? When did Americans ever measure duty by financial standards? Do you tell me of the tremendous toil required to overcome the vast difficulties of our task? What mighty work for the world, for humanity, even for ourselves, has ever been done with ease? Why are we charged with power such as no people ever knew, if we are not to use it in a work such as no people ever wrought?

Do you remind me of the precious blood that must be shed, the lives that must be given, the broken hearts of loved ones for their slain? And this is indeed a heavier price than all combined. And yet as a nation every historic duty we have done, every achievement we have accomplished, has been by the sacrifice of our noblest sons. Every holy memory that glorifies the flag is of those heroes who have died that its onward march might not be stayed. That flag is woven of heroism and grief, of bravery of men and women's tears, of righteousness and battle, of sacrifice and anguish, of triumph and glory. In the cause of civilization, in the service of the Republic anywhere on earth, Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations man can win, and count the giving of their lives a glad and precious duty.

Pray God that spirit never fails. Pray God the time may never come when American heroism is but a legend like the story of the Cid, American faith in our mission and our might a dream dissolved, and the glory of our mighty race departed.

And that time will never come. We will renew our youth at the fountain of new and glorious deeds. We will exalt our reverence for the flag by carrying it to a noble future as well as by remembering its ineffable past. Its immortality will not pass, because everywhere and always we will acknowledge and discharge the solemn responsibilities our sacred flag, in its deepest meaning, puts upon us. And so, with reverent hearts, where dwells the fear of God, the American people move forward to the future of their hope and the doing of His work.

Mr. President and Senators, adopt the resolution offered, that peace may quickly come and that we may begin our saving, regenerating, and uplifting work. Adopt it, and this bloodshed will cease. How dare we delay when our soldiers' blood is flowing?

## THE VISION OF WAR

By ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, Lawyer, Lecturer, Orator. Born in Dresden, N. Y., 1833; died in New York, N. Y., 1899.

Extract from a speech delivered at the soldiers' reunion at Indianapolis, September 21, 1876. Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from "*Prose Poems*," copyright, 1884, by C. P. Farrell, New York.

The past rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators. We see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles, kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing. Kisses and tears, tears and kisses—divine mingling of agony and love! And some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words, spoken in the old tones, to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone, and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the

towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields—in all the hospitals of pain—on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells, in the trenches, by forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron, with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine; but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelty unspeakable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the sacred relations of wife, mother, father, and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of might. And all this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. These heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and schoolhouses and books, and where all was want and crime and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died

for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless palace of Rest. Earth may run red with other wars: they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead: Cheers for the living; tears for the dead.

### AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS

By THEODORE DWIGHT WELD, "a reformer of Boston, long prominent as an Abolitionist." Born 1803; died 1895.

Adapted from an address delivered at memorial services upon the seventy-fourth birthday of Wendell Phillips, November 29, 1885.

December 8, 1837, witnessed a memorable scene in Faneuil Hall. There, in the old Cradle of Liberty, a great birth was born for Freedom's trial hour. There the frenzy of a pro-slavery mob was, for the first time, confronted, and with a sublime audacity defied and whelmed in defeat; an assault as triumphant in its issue as it was daring and resistless in its victorious grapple.

The immediate occasion of that scene which immortalized anew the old Cradle of Liberty was the series of tragedies enacted by pro-slavery mobs in St. Louis, Mo., and Alton, Ill., destroying successively two printing-offices, four presses and sets of types, and murdering Lovejoy, the editor of the *St. Louis Observer*, who, despite threats and curses, branded slavery as sin. For this mobs hurled to destruction offices, presses, types, and editor. Pierced with five balls he lay in his blood, his murderers scoffing over him. While these atrocities were the special occasion of that Faneuil Hall meeting, its logical antecedents, grown then to a multitude, compelled those who called it to instant action.



Two years before that meeting, Wendell Phillips, from the glowing threshold of his young manhood, looked down on Boston helpless in the clutches of a mob of thousands, its mayor, aldermen, and police consenting and conniving, while law, justice, and civilization itself lay trodden in the streets. He saw William Lloyd Garrison, for words spoken against slavery, pounced upon by a mob, driven and dragged half nude through the streets of Boston, while anarchy defiant shouted over its barbarian conquest.

The hour for the meeting came; those in sympathy with its object filled the first floor: earnest, enkindled, determined, and silent, there they stood. The gallery was packed with a crowd of another sort, lawless, turbulent, fierce, bent on riot, and lowering malign upon the law-abiding phalanx below. Then in the front gallery uprose a bold-faced man and launched into a violent harangue. His whole aspect revealed the bully, truculent, insolent, and defiant, his face a sneer, his voice a taunt, his whole air threat and swagger, as he shouted, "Lovejoy died like a fool." Then he compared the drunken mob that shot him down to the Revolutionary sires, who spurned overboard that hated tea taxed by British usurpation; thus glorifying a mob of assassins by likening their atrocities to the patriotic exploits of the men of '76, and thus dragging them down to the depths of infamy along with bandits and brigands.

Who was this railing brawler vilifying the Revolutionary dead by herding them with murderers? The Attorney-General of Massachusetts, the highest legal officer of the Commonwealth. Was this a man whom the grand old Bay State delighted to honor? She had sunk thus low. Then it was when liberty, law, and justice put on sack-cloth, cast dust upon their heads, and sat down wailing forlorn together; for truth had fallen in the streets, equity could not enter, justice stood afar off, and judgment was turned away backward.

Profoundly revolving these horrors, Wendell Phillips had

come up to this great consult in the old Cradle of Liberty. Musing on the drear past, brooding over the heaving present, and forecasting the portentous future, he could give less heed than he would to the wise words of the venerated Channing. But when the brutal harangue of the Attorney-General smote his ear, his half reverie broke with a crash, as he heard Austin's scornful flout of Lovejoy, that he "died like a fool," his impious eulogy of his murderers, his sacrilegious slander of the Revolutionary dead.

As soon as Austin's last brutal words dropped, Phillips sprang to the lectern. Then came that outburst of eloquence, in tempest, soul of fire, flashing its lightnings from a tongue of flame. "Sir, when I heard principles laid down that place the murderers of Alton side by side with Otis and Hancock, with Quincy and Adams, I thought those pictured lips would have broken into voice to rebuke that recreant American, the slanderer of the dead. Sir, for the sentiment he has uttered on soil consecrated by the prayers of Puritans and the blood of patriots the earth should have yawned and swallowed him up!" Then from the mob in the gallery burst howls of rage, and down plunged an avalanche of yells and curses. Babel clanged jargon, and Bedlam broke loose, drowning all speech. At last these mob yells came clanging through the din: "Take that back; take that back; make him take back that word 'recreant'; he shan't go on till he has taken that back!"

At length mob throats grew hoarse, and Phillips began: "I will not take back my words. Surely the Attorney-General of Massachusetts needs not the aid of your hisses against one so young as I am."

When Phillips' volcanic outburst had blown the Attorney-General out of sight he began to dissect his argument. He showed that it was neither law nor logic, had neither premise nor conclusion, was a sheer inflammatory harangue to infuriate the mob he led. At the end of Phillips' speech where was that burly swell of brag, brass, and bluster? At the

outset sneering, insolent, defiant, he had burst upon the meeting with the swing and swagger of a bravado. In the rôle of a bully he had blurted insults at his own pastor, and with swinish hoofs had trampled the ashes of the Revolutionary dead. Now at the meeting's close what is left of his bloated grandiloquence? He had felt dashed against his brazen brow and burning into it the brand of infamy as that conquering young arm launched the bolt that smote him down. That bolt was symbolized in the stone sped to Goliath's forehead by the hand of a stripling three thousand years before, when the giant of Gath dashed to earth lay headless in the bloody dust. Thus was the Goliath of the Bay State bar struck down by another stripling, who, though he never had a brief, had a sling and stone, an unerring aim, and an arm that drove the missile home. The bolt flew true, and down headlong went the perjured official, perfidious to the highest trusts, false to liberty, and patron of mobs and murderers, and grand old Faneuil Hall rang out in a thousand echoes its loud—Amen!

### THE OTHER FELLOW

By WILLIAM HAWLEY SMITH, Teacher, School Superintendent, Lecturer. Born in Sunderland, Mass., 1845; resides in Peoria, Ill.

From "The Evolution of Dodd," copyright, 1884, by William H. Smith and John W. Cook, and published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes says that in every one of us there are two persons. First, there is yourself, and then there is the Other Fellow! Now one of these is all the time doing things, and the other sits inside and tells what he thinks about the performance. Thus, I do so-and-so, act so-and-so, seem to the world so-and-so; but the Other Fellow sits in judgment on me all the time.

I may tell a lie, and do it so cleverly that the people may think that I have done or said a great or good thing; and they may shout my praises far and wide. But the Other Fellow sits inside, and says, "You lie! you lie! you're a

sneak, and you know it!" I tell him to shut up, to hear what the people say about me; but he only continues to repeat over and over again, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

Or, again, I may do a really noble deed, but perhaps be misunderstood by the public, who may persecute me and say all manner of evil against me, falsely; but the Other Fellow will sit inside and say, "Never mind, old boy! It's all right! stand by!"

And I would rather hear the "well done" of the Other Fellow than the shouts of praise of the whole world; while I would a thousand times rather that the people should shout and hiss themselves hoarse with rage and envy, than that the Other Fellow should sit inside and say, "You lie! you lie! you're a sneak, and you know it!"

### TO YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK IN 1861

By EDWARD DICKINSON BAKER, Lawyer, Member of Congress from Illinois, 1844-51; Senator from Oregon, 1860-61; Major-General of Volunteers. Born in London, England, 1811; killed in the Battle of Ball's Bluff, 1861.

From an address at a great mass-meeting in New York City, April 19, 1861. Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from "Masterpieces of E. D. Baker," published, 1809, by Oscar T. Shuck, San Francisco.

The hour for conciliation is passed; the gathering for battle is at hand, and the country requires that every man shall do his duty. Fellow citizens, what is that country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power, and might, and majesty alone? No; our country is more, far more, than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers, the tradition of our mothers. Our country is past renown; present pride and power; future hope and dignity; greatness, glory, truth,

Constitutional guarantees—above all, freedom forever. These are the watchwords under which we fight, and we will shout them out until the stars appear in the sky in the stormiest hour of battle. I have said that the hour of conciliation is passed. It may return, but not to-morrow or next week. It will return when that tattered flag [of Fort Sumter] is avenged. It will return when rebellious Confederates are taught that the North, though peaceable, is not cowardly; though forbearing, not fearful. That hour of conciliation will come back when again the ensign of the Republic will stream over every rebellious fort of every Confederate State, to be, as of old, the emblem of the pride, and power, and dignity, and majesty, and peace of the nation.

Young men of New York! you are told that this is not to be a war of aggression. In one sense, that is true; in another, not. We have committed aggression upon no man. . . . We have committed no oppression, broken no compact, exercised no unholy power, but have been loyal, moderate, Constitutional, and just. We are a majority, and will govern our own Union, within our own Constitution, in our own way. We are all Democrats. We are all Republicans. We acknowledge the sovereignty within the rule of the Constitution; and under that Constitution, and beneath that flag, let traitors beware!

In this sense, then, young men of New York, we are not for a war of aggression; but in another sense, speaking for myself as a man who has been a soldier, and as a man who is a Senator, I say I am for a war of aggression. I propose that we do now as we did in Mexico—conquer peace. I propose that we go to Washington, and beyond. I do not design to remain silent, supine, inactive—nay, fearful—until they gather their battalions and advance upon our borders or into our midst. I would meet them upon the threshold, and there, in the very hold of their power, in the very atmosphere of their treason, I would dictate the terms of peace. It may take thirty millions of dollars, it may take three hundred

millions—what then? We have it. Loyally, nobly, grandly do the merchants of New York respond to the appeals of the Government. It may cost us seven thousand men; it may cost us seventy-five thousand; it may cost us seven hundred and fifty thousand—what then? We have them. The blood of every loyal man is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care, they are all dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, Constitutional government demand it, let them all go.

I am not now to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of determined war; I speak in the Empire State, amid scenes of past suffering and past glory. The defenses of the Hudson above me, the battle-field of Long Island before me, and the statue of Washington in my very face; the battered and unconquered flag of Sumter is waving at my side, which I can imagine to be trembling again with the excitement of battle. And as I speak, I say my mission here to-day is to kindle the heart of New York for war—short, sudden, bold, determined, forward war. . . .

Let no man underrate the dangers of this conflict. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty, always fearful, always bloody. But, fellow citizens, there are yet worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and peril and bloodshed. Dishonor is worse. Anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing is worse. Secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out, to have stripe after stripe obscured, to have glory after glory dimmed, to have our women weep and our men blush for shame through generations to come; that and these are infinitely worse than blood. . . .

And [young men of New York] if, from the far Pacific, a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day. And if a man whose hair is gray, who



is well-nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion, and in such an audience, let me say as my last word that as amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York when they charged in contest on a foreign soil for the honor of the flag; so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored, not to fight for honor on a foreign field, but for country, for home, for law, for government, for Constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity—and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established.

#### AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

By ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL. Lawyer, Lecturer, Orator. Born in Dresden, N. Y., 1833; died in New York City, 1899.

From an address on "The Liberty of Man, Woman, and Child," Reprinted by permission of the publisher, from "Prose Poems and Selections from the Writings of Robert G. Ingersoll," copyright, 1895, by C. P. Farrell, New York City.

A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of black Egyptian marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon—I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris—I saw him at the head of the army of Italy—I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tricolor in his hand—I saw him in Egypt in the shadow of the Pyramids—I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo—at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves.



I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made—of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky—with my children upon my knees and their arms about me. I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder.

#### FOR EXPANSION

By JOSEPH C. SIBLEY, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania. 1893-95 and 1899—. Born in Friendship, N. Y., 1850.

From a speech made in the House of Representatives, February 1, 1900. See *Congressional Record* for February 1, 1900.

Shall we keep the Philippine Archipelago and Puerto Rico? Every foot! No nation on the globe has higher rights or better title to a rod of soil. We hold by a double claim—the right of conquest and the right of purchase. My belief is that where once our banner's shadow has fallen, there will survive a race of freemen. And I should hold Cuba until stability, order, the protection of life, property, and good government were assured.

And again I echo the President's query, "Who would haul down the flag?" Who planted it there? What Cabinet council? What warrior? What statesman? What Senator or Representative? What body of men framed any plan of conquest? The cries of suffering humanity, ground down beneath the iron heel of oppression, rang in our ears, and we stopped our ears. Their groans were heard, but we answered not. We saw them stripped and wounded on our way to Jericho, and like the priest and Levite passed by on the other side. Not unheard at the throne of heaven were those groans and prayers.

In order to awaken us from our torpor and almost criminal indifference the Almighty permitted the engines of His wrath to hurl their thunderbolts under the bows of the *Maine* lying peacefully at anchor in Habana Harbor. Nor keenest sighted statesman nor most daring warrior had even contemplated the possibility of gain, growth, or greatness to us as a nation to come out of the war of which the blowing up of the *Maine* was the first declaration.

These lands and people, unworthily ruled, were, in the wisdom of the Almighty, to pass from the house of Saul to that of David. God and the valor of American arms gave us this territory, not because we are a nation altogether free, altogether pure and blameless, but because working through human instrumentalities, He has given it to the boldest, freest, most progressive, most enlightened, and most Christian of all the nations of the present age. . . .

Should the Administration surrender this territory and the advantages it secures to America, the historian of the future will write it down as one of the most pusillanimous Administrations that ever had control of national events. Shall we eternally take council with our fears? Shall we play the rôle of opportunists in politics? Shall we act the part of politicians on issues of such tremendous consequence? No! No! Let us rather set our faces toward the morning and keep step with the forward progress of the world. No party

or individual will ever win success, or even deserve it, by any policy of mere negation. No man or party wins success, or should, by merely pointing out the mistakes of others.

We have forgotten the name of a single one of the horde of critics of *Paradise Lost*, but we remember well that its author was John Milton. We recall the fact that Watt invented the steam-engine. We have forgotten, or never cared to know, the names of the multitude of men who have wrecked steam-engines. Primitive man lived in caverns, clothed himself in skins, and ate his meat raw, and there has never occurred a change for the higher and better forms of life without arousing the hostility of some old mossback, conservative hunker, who will prate of those fairer and better days of old, when their grandfathers swung from the limbs of the trees in the wilds of the forest primeval.

Mr. Chairman, we have held up to us for warning the history of Persia and Greece, of Babylon and Rome. They have flourished and faded. They had their morning hour and their meridian and went out in the blackness of night. Rome expanded until, like a wheel, the spokes radiated from the hub through Europe, Asia, and Africa. The collapse of her power and of every empire of the past came, not from the weakness of the periphery of the wheel, but from the rottenness of the hub.

- "Rome fought for spoils and booty, and all the loot of war,  
The talons of her eagles ever left the cankering scar.  
Her consuls led her legions forth with sword, and scourge, and chain;  
And captives reel at the chariot wheel when home they come again.
- "Not for spoils and booty, not for the loot of war,  
Not for a train of captives chained to the conqueror's car.  
Our nation sends her legions forth, far out across the sea,  
With her starry emblem floating, proclaiming all men free."

We go forth with the plowshare and the pruning-hook; with the Bible and the spelling-book. From the jungle and the hilltops will float the banner of freedom over countless schoolhouses: we go to lift up cellar-burglars and let out

fetid poisons and miasmatic vapors; we go forth not to pillage temples, but to erect them; not to rifle liberty, but to give nobler ideals of liberty; not to force fetters, but to break them.

History finds man first in Asia, from which the human family have emigrated to the westward until they have circled the globe, and to-day the new civilization clasps hand at Manila with the ancient. . . .

Mr. Chairman, every dictate of prudence and of state-manship, every dictate of business sense and of commercial advantage, every dictate of reason, every prompting of humanity, and every obligation of applied Christianity unite in the demand that we go forward. We have a mission to perform, a destiny to accomplish; an example to be given of how nations may justly rule themselves, not in license but in liberty. Nor shall the mission be finished, or that destiny be fully accomplished, until—

“The war-drums beat no longer,  
And the battle-flags are furled  
In the parliament of man—  
The federation of the world.”

Shall we falter in our duty? Shall we haul down that flag whose waving stripes speak the white of purity and the red of sacrifice, and whose shining stars stand in the field of blue as an aspiration and inspiration for all that is noble in life and beneficent in government? No! Let it float! And under its shadows

“Shall brothers be knit in closer bands  
From the mountain's crest to the gray sea-sands,  
And the world be better, I ween.”

## THE PLUMED KNIGHT

By ROBERT GREEN INGERSOLL, Lawyer, Lecturer, Orator. Born in Dresden, N. Y., 1833; died in New York City, 1899.

From a speech made in the Republican National Convention at Cincinnati, June 15, 1870. Reprinted, by permission of the publisher, from "Prose Poems and Selections from the Writings of Robert G. Ingersoll," copyright, 1895, by C. P. Farrell, New York City.

The Republicans of the United States demand as their leader in the great contest of 1876 a man of intelligence, a man of integrity, a man of well-known and approved political opinions. They demand a statesman; they demand a reformer after, as well as before, the election. They demand a politician in the highest, broadest, and best sense—a man of superb moral courage. . . .

The Republicans of the United States demand a man who knows that prosperity and resumption, when they come, must come together; that when they come they will come hand in hand through the golden harvest fields; hand in hand by the whirling spindles and turning wheels; hand in hand past the open furnace-doors; hand in hand by the flaming forges; hand in hand by the chimneys filled with eager fire—greeted and grasped by the countless sons of toil. . . .

The Republicans of the United States want a man who knows that this Government should protect every citizen at home and abroad; who knows that any government that will not defend its defenders and protect its protectors is a disgrace to the map of the world. They demand a man who believes in the eternal separation and divorcement of church and school. . . . The man who has in full, heaped and rounded measure, all these splendid qualifications is the present grand and gallant leader of the Republican party—James G. Blaine.

Our country, crowned with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of

the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience, and brain beneath her flag. Such a man is James G. Blaine.

For the Republican host, led by this intrepid man, there can be no defeat.

This is a grand year; a year filled with the recollections of the Revolution, filled with proud and tender memories of the past; with the sacred legends of liberty; a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountains of enthusiasm; a year in which the people will call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; . . . for the man who, like an intellectual athlete, has stood in the arena of debate and challenged all comers, and who, up to the present moment, is a total stranger to defeat.

Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen foreheads of the defamers of his country and the maligners of his honor. For the Republicans to desert this gallant leader now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle.

James G. Blaine is now, and has been for years, the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republican party. I call it sacred, because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth, in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers dead upon the field of battle; and in the name of those who perished in the skeleton clutch of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose suffering he so vividly remembers, Illinois—Illinois nominates for the next Presi-

dent of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

## THE LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES

By EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTTON, Novelist, Playwright, Essayist, Poet, Statesman. Born in London, England, 1803; died in Torquay, England, 1873.

From the novel "Rienzi," published by George Routledge and Sons, London and New York.

Rienzi, the Roman Senator, was at the Capitol awaiting the mob. On they came, no longer in measured order, as stream after stream—from lane, from alley, from palace, and from hovel—the raging sea received new additions. On they came—their passions excited by their numbers—women and men, children and malignant age—in an awful array of aroused, released, unresisted physical strength and brutal wrath. "Death to the traitor—death to the tyrant—death to him who has taxed the people!"

Suddenly came a dead silence, and on the balcony above stood Rienzi—his head was bared and the morning sun shone over that lordly brow, and the hair grown gray before its time, in the service of that maddening multitude. Pale and erect he stood—neither fat, nor anger, nor menace—but compact and high resolve—upon his features. A momentary shame—a momentary awe seized the crowd.

He pointed to the Gonfalon, wrought with the Republican motto and arms of Rome, and thus he began:

"I too am a Roman and a citizen! hear me!"

"Hear him not! Hear him not! His false tongue can charm away our senses! Hear him not! down with the tyrant! Hear him not! death to the death-giver!"

From earth to heaven rose the roar—"Down with the tyrant—down with him who taxed the people!"

A shiver of stones rattled on the mail of the Senator, as he stirred not. No changing muscle betokened fear.



He stood collected in his own indignant but determined thoughts! Darts and arrows began to darken the air; and now a voice was heard shrieking, "Way for the torches!" Straw, and wood, and litter were piled hastily round the door of the Capitol, and the smoke curled suddenly up, beating back the rush of the assailants.

Rienzi was no longer visible; an arrow had pierced his hand—the right hand that supported the flag of Rome—the right hand that had given a constitution to the Republic. He retired from the storm into the desolate hall.

He sat down; and tears, springing from no weak and woman source, but tears from the loftiest fountain of emotion—tears that befit a warrior when his own troops desert him—a patriot when his countrymen rush to their own doom—a father when his children rebel against his love, tears such as these forced themselves from his eyes and relieved, but *they changed*, his heart!

"Enough, enough!" he said, rising and dashing the drops scornfully away; "I have risked, dared, toiled enough for this dastard and degenerate race. I renounce the thought of which they are so little worthy!—Let Rome perish!—I feel, at last, that I am nobler than my country!—she deserves not so high a sacrifice!"

Death lost all the nobleness of aspect it had before presented to him. His active mind ran over the chances of disguise—of escape; he left the hall—passed through the humbler rooms,—found in one of them a coarse working-garb—indued himself with it—placed upon his head some of the draperies and furniture of the palace, as if escaping with them. With that he awaited his occasion.

Meanwhile the flames burnt fierce and fast; the proud Capitol of the Cæsars was already tottering to its fall! Now was the time!—he passed the flaming door—the smoldering threshold; he passed the outer gate unscathed—he was in the middle of the crowd. The mob rushed past him—he went on—he gained the last stair descending into the open

streets—he was at the last gate— liberty and life were before him.

A soldier (one of his own) seized him. “Pass not—whither goest thou?”

“Beware lest the Senator escape disguised!” cried a voice behind.

“I *am* a Senator!” he said in a loud voice. “Who *dare* touch the representative of the people?”

The multitude were round him in an instant. Not led, but rather hurried and almost along, the Senator was borne to the Place of the Lion. There arrived, the crowd gave way, terrified by the greatness of their victim. The whole day had raged in the great city, and was passing the immense multitude. Down the long vista of the streets extended the bright light of the sun, and the crowd closed with the gleaming standards of the Colona—the *Legion of the Sun*. The great standards were marching into Rome! As the sound of their approaching horns and trumpets broke upon the burning air, the mob seemed to regain their courage. Rienzi prepared to speak; his first word was as the signal of his own death.

“Die, tyrant!” cried del Vecchio; and he plunged his dagger into the Senator’s breast.

“Die, executioner of Montreal!” muttered Villani; and his was the second stroke. Rienzi, without a word, without a groan, fell to the earth—as the roaring waves of the multitude closed over him.

A vast volume of smoke obscured the fires afar off; then came a dull crash, and the next moment, the towers of the Capitol had vanished from the scene, and one intense and suffocating smoke filled the air, and the smoke was making all Rome itself the funeral pile of the last of the Roman TRIBUNES.

## APPENDIX.

### PROPER NAMES FOUND IN THE PRECEDING SELECTIONS AND WORDS OFTEN MISPRO- NOUNCED.

#### KEY OF SIGNS AND DIACRITICAL MARKS.

fāte, āh, āll, care, āt, āsk, final; ēve, lēt, fērn, silent; ice, ill; ōld, ōrb, ōdd; ūse, ūp, ūrn; pitŷ; mōōn, bōōk; out, oil; chair; go; sing; t/en, thin; zh like z in azure.

#### A

abdomen—āb-dō'mēn, *not* āb'dō-  
mēn.  
abject—āb'jēkt, *not* āb-jēkt'.  
ablative—āb'lā-tiv, *not* āb'l-tiv.  
abstemious—āb-stē'mī-ūs, *not* āb-  
stēm'i-ūs.  
acclimate—āk-kli'māt, *not* āk'kli-  
māt.  
accouter—āk-kōō'tēr, *not* āk-  
kou'tēr.  
accurate—āk'kū-rāt, *not* āk'kēr-it.  
acquiesce—āk-kwī-ēs', *not* -ēsk.  
across—ā-kρός, *not* ā-krost'.  
acumen—ā-kū'mēn, *not* āk'ū-mēn.  
address (noun and verb)—ād-drēs'.  
adept (noun and adj.)—ā-dēpt'.  
Adonis—ā-dō'nīs.  
adult—ā-dūlt'.  
aerie—ē'ri or ā'ēr-I.  
again—ā-gēn', *not* ā-gān'.  
against—ā-gēns't'.  
aged (adj.)—ā-jed, *not* ājd.

albumen—āl'bū'mēn.  
Aldebaran—āl-dē-bā-rān' *or* āl-  
dēb'ā-rān.  
alien—āi'yen, *not* āl'i-ēn.  
allopathy—āl'ōp'āth-ŷ.  
alloy (noun and verb)—āl-loi'.  
ally—āl-li'.  
almond—ā'mūnd.  
almost—āl'mōst, *not* āl'mūst.  
Alpaca—āl-pāk'ā *not* āl-ā-pāk'ā.  
Alpine—āl'pīn *or* -pīn.  
alternate (noun and adj.)—āl-  
tēr'nāte, *not* āl-  
always—āl'wāz, *not* āl'wūz.  
amateur—ām'ā-tēr *or* ām'ā-tūr'.  
Amherst—ām'ērst, *not* ām'hērst.  
amenable—ā-mē'nā-b'l, *not* ā-  
mēn'-  
anarchist—ān'ār-kīst.  
anchovy—ān'ōv-ŷ.  
annunciate—ān-nūn'shī-āt.  
antarctic—ānt-ārkt'ik, *not* ānt-ār'  
tik.  
Antilles—ān tī'lēs.

antipede—*án-t'p'ók*, *not án-t'p'ók*.

applicable—*áp'p'ók-á-b'í*, *not áp'*.

appraiser—*áp'p'ók-á-b'í*, *not áp'*.

appreciate—*áp-pré-shí-át*, *not áp-pré-shí-át*.

Arab—*ár'áb*.

archangel—*árch-áng'el*.

archbishop—*árch-bish'óp*.

archipelago—*árch-í-p'e-lá-gó*.

arctic—*árk'tík*, *not ár-tík*.

arsenic—*ár-sén'ik*.

Asia—*á-shí-á*.

associate—*ás-só-shí-át*, *not -sí-át*.

athlete—*át'h'et*.

attorney—*át-tór'ny*, *not át-tór'ny*.

attribute—*át-trib'út*, *not át-trib'*.

audacious—*á-dá-shūs*, *not á-dásh'*.

autochthon—*á-tó-k'ón*.

Austerlitz—*á-s'tér-lítz*.

aversion—*á-vér-shún*, *not -shún*.

aye (always)—*á*.

## B

Basilus—*bá-sí-l'us*.

bade—*bád*.

baïssin—*bá-sín*.

Basil—*bá-sí*, *not bá-s'í*.

Basile—*bá-sí*, *not bá-s'í*.

because—*bé-ká'*, *not bé-kár'*.

been—*bín*, *been in England*, *not*.

Beethoven—*bé-t'ó-vén*.

believe—*bé-líev*.

beloved (adj.)—*bé-l'uv'éd*.

beloved (n.)—*bé-l'uv'*.

benevolent—*bé-né-v'él-ént*, *not bé-né-v'él-ént*.

Bengal—*béng'ál*.

Berlin—*bér-lín*.

Beyrout—*bé-í-rút*.

Birmingham—*bér-mín-g'ám*.

Bismarck—*bíz-márk*.

bitumen—*bít-ú-mén*.

bivouac—*bí-v'wak* or *bí-v'ók-ák*.

blithe—*bí-lít*, *not bí-lít*.

boisterous—*bois-tér'ús*, *not bois'-tér'ús*.

bomb—*bóm* or *búm*.

bombast—*bóm-bást* or *búm-bást*.

Bonhomme Richard—*bó-nóm' rí-shár*.

bouquet—*bó-é-k'et*.

bow legged—*bó-é-g'éd*.

bowsprit—*bó'sprít*, *not bó'sprít*.

bravado—*b'rá-vá-dó*.

breeches—*brič'čz*.

bronchitis—*bróng k'ítis*.

brooch—*b'rúč*.

bulwark—*bóol wárk* or *-wárk*.

buoy—*b'wóí* or *bóí*, *not bóí*.

butcher—*bóčh'čr*, *not bóčh'čr*.

## C

cabinet—*ká-bí-nét*.

Cassia—*kás-sí-á*.

canine—*ká-nín'*.

canon—*kán'yún*.

carbine—*kár'bín*.

carriesture—*kár'í-s'úr*.

cartridge—*kár'trij*, *not kár'tij*.

catch—*kách*, *not kách*.

Caucasus—*ká-kás-s'ús*, *not ká-kás-s'ús*.

cello—*chél'ló*.

cement (noun)—*sém'ént* or *sé-m'ént*.

cerement—*sér'mént*.

certain—*sér'tín*, *not sér'tán*.

Chaldeas—*chál'dé-ás*.

chap (jaw)—*chóp*.

Charlemagne—*chár'lé-mágn'*.

chary—*chár'y* or *chár'y*.

chastisement—*chás'tí-s'mént*.

Chayenne—*cháy-én'*.

Chicago—*chí-ká-gó*.

Chinese—*chín'í*.

circular—*sér'kú-lár*, *not sér'kér-lár*.

clapboard—klăb'bôrd (*not* klăp'-  
bôrd).

cleanly (adj.)—klĕn'l'y.

cleanly (adv.)—klĕn'l'y.

clique—klĕk, *not* klik.

coadjutor—kô'ăd jŭ'tĕr, *not* kô-  
ăd'jŭ-tĕr.

cocoa—kô'kô.

cognomen—kôg-nô'mĕn, *not* kôg'-  
nô-mĕn.

coigne—koin.

column—kôl'ŭm, *not* kôl'yŭm.

combatant—kôm'băt-ănt.

comely—kôm'l'y, *not* kôm'l'y.

Commodus—kôm'mô-dŭs.

comrade—kôm'răd *or* kôm'-răd.

concave—kon'kāv *or* kông'kāv.

condolence—kôn-dô'lĕns, *not* kôn'-  
dô-lĕns.

congeries—kôn-jĕ'rĭ-ĕz.

conjure (juggle)—kŭn'jŭr.

conjure (implore)—kôn-jŭre.

conscientious—kô'n-shĭ-ĕ'n'shŭs,  
*not* kôn-sĭ-ĕn'shŭs.

constitution—kôn-stĭ-tŭ'shŭn, *not*  
kôns-tŭ'shŭn.

contumacy—kôn'tŭ-mă-s'y. *not*  
kôn-tŭ'mă-s'y.

conversant—kôn'vĕr-sănt.

copse—kôps, *not* kôps.

corps—kôr, plural kôrz.

courier—kôô'rĭ-ĕr *or* kôô'rĭ-ĕr.

courtesy (civility) kŭr'tĕ-s'y; (salu-  
tation) kŭrt's'y.

courtier—kôrt'yĕr.

covetous—kŭv'ĕt-ŭs.

coyote—kĭ'ô-tĕ *or* kĭ'ô-t.

cupola—kŭ'pô-lă, *not* kŭ pâ-lô.

cursed (adj.)—kŭrs'ĕd.

curtain—kŭr'tĭn, *not* kŭr'tăn.

## D

dais—dă'is.

damage—dăm'ăj, *not* dăm'ĭj.

Daniel—dăn'ĭ-ĕl *or* dăn'yĕl.

daub—dăb, *not* dôb.

daunt—dănt.

deaf—dĕf *or* dĕf.

Decatur—dĕ-kă'tŭr.

decease—dĕ-ĕs'.

decorous—dĕ-kô'rŭs *or* dĕk'ô-rŭs.

decrepit—dĕ-krĕp'ĭt, *not* dĕ-krĕp'-  
ĭd.

deficit—dĕf'ĭ-sĭt, *not* dĕ-sĭs'ĭt.

demesne—dĕ-mĕn'.

denunciate—dĕ-nŭn'shĭ-ăt, *not*  
dĕ-nŭn'sĭ-ăt.

depot—dĕ'pô *or* dă-pĕ' *or* dĕp'ô,  
*not* dă pô.

depreciate—dĕ-prĕ'shĭ-ăt, *not* dĕ-  
prĕ'sĭ-ăt.

De Quincey—dĕ kwĭn'sĭ, *not* kwĭn'-  
zĭ.

Desaix—dĕ-să'.

despicable—dĕs'pĭk-ă-b'l, *not* dĕs-  
pĭk'ă-b'l.

desuetude—dĕs'wĕ-tŭd.

devil—dĕv'ĭl, *not* dĕv'ĭl.

different—dĭf'ĕr-ĕnt, *not* dĭf'rĕnt.

diphtheria—dĭf-thĕ'rĭ-ă *or* dĭp-

diphthong—dĭf'thŏng *or* dĭp-

direct—dĭ-rĕkt', *not* dĭ-rĕkt'.

discern—dĭz-zĕrn'.

disputant—dĭs'pŭ-tănt.

doth—dŭth.

draught—drăft.

drought—drou't.

drouth—drouth.

duty—dŭ'ty, *not* dōō'ty.

## E

economic—ĕ-kô-nô'm'ĭk *or* ĕk-ô-

Edinburgh—ĕd'ĭn-bŭr-ô, *not* ĕd'-  
ĭn-bŭrg.

education—ĕd-ŭ-kă'shŭn, *not* ĕj-  
ôô-kă'shŭn.

e'er—ar *or* ăr, *not* ĕr.

eh—ă *or* ĕ.

either—ĕ'ther *or* ĭ'ther.

El Caney—ăl kă'ney.

Elgin (Illinois)—ĕl'jĭn; (mar-  
bles)—ĕl'jĭn.

embroglio—ĕm-brô'l'yô.

English—ĭng'gĭsh, *not* ĕng'gĭsh.

enquiry—ĕnkwĕr'ĭ.

envelope—ĕn'vĕl-ôp *or* ăn'vel-ôp.

epitome—ĕ-pĭt'ô mĕ.

ere—ăr *or* ar.

Eretria—ĕ-rĕ'trĭ-ă

erysipelas—ĕrĭ-sĭp'ĕ-las, *not* ĕr-  
ĭ-sĭp'ĕ-las.

esoteric—ēs-ō-têr'ik.  
 Esquimaux—ēs'ki-mōz.  
 Esther—ēs'têr, *not* ês'thêr.  
 every—êv'êr-ÿ, *not* êv'rÿ.  
 evil—ê'vl, *not* ê'vil  
 exchequer—êks-chêk'êr.  
 extant—êks'tant.  
 eyrie—ā'rÿ *or* ē'rÿ.

## F

façade—fā-sād' *or* fä-säd'.  
 facile—fäs'il.  
 falcon—fā'k'n.  
 Faneuil—fān'êl.  
 faucet—fā'sêt.  
 fetich—fê'tish.  
 finale—fē-nā'lā.  
 financier—fin-ān-sēr'.  
 flaccid—flāk'sêd.  
 forensic—fō-rên'sik, *not* -z'ik.  
 forehead—fôr'êd.  
 fountain—foun'tin, *not* foun'tān.  
 Frances—frān'sêz.  
 Francis—frān'sis.  
 fungi—fūn'jī.

## G

Gaeta—gä-ā' tü.  
 gallant (brave)—gāl'lant.  
 gallant (chivalrous)—gāl-lānt'.  
 gamin—gām'in.  
 gamut—gām'üt.  
 gather—gāth'êr, *not* gēth'êr.  
 gauge—gāj.  
 gaunt—gānt.  
 Gaza—gā'zā.  
 Gellius—jêl'i-ūs.  
 Gennesaret—gên-nēs'ā-rêt.  
 Genoa—jên'ō-ā.  
 genuine—jên'ū-in.  
 gherkin—gêr'kin.  
 gibbet—jib'bêt.  
 gin (machine)—jīn.  
 glacier—glā'shêr *or* glās'i-êr.  
 Golgotha—gōl'gō-thā.  
 Grahame—grām.  
 Grève—grāv.  
 Grierson—grēr'sen.  
 Grosvenor—grōv'nêr.  
 Guido—gwē'dō.

guild—gīld.  
 gules—gūlz.  
 gums—gūmz, *not* gōōmz.  
 Gutenberg—gōō'tên-bêrg.

## H

harass—hār'as.  
 haunt—hānt.  
 hautboy—hō'boi.  
 Hawaii—hā-wī'ē.  
 Hayti—hā'ti.  
 hearth—hārth.  
 height—hīt, *not* hīth.  
 heinous—hā'nūs.  
 heraldic—hē-rāl'dik.  
 herb—êrb *or* hêrb.  
 Herculean—hêr-kū'lē-an.  
 Hervé Riel—êr-vā'rē-êl'.  
 hiccough—hik'kūp.  
 history—hīs'tō-rÿ.  
 homage—hōm'āj.  
 homœopathy—hō mē-ōp'ā-thÿ.  
 homogeneity—hō-mō-jē-nē'it-ÿ.  
 hoof—hōōf, *not* hōōf.  
 horizon—hō-ī'rīzōn.  
 hovel—hōv'êl.  
 hover—hūv'êr.  
 humble—hūm'b'l.  
 humor—hū'mêr *or* ū'mêr.  
 hyperbole—hī-pêr'bō-lē.  
 hypocrisy—hī-pōk'rī-sÿ.

## I

Icarus—ik'ā-rūs.  
 ideal—ī-dē'al, *not* ī'dē-al.  
 idyl—ī'dīl *or* īd'īl.  
 Ik Marvel—īk mār-vêl, *not* īk.  
 Illinois—īl-līn-oī' *or* īl-līn-oiz', *not* ěl.  
 illustrated—īl-lūs'trā-têd, *not* īl'-lūs-trā-têd.  
 imbroglio—īm-brōl'yō.  
 impious—īm'pī-ūs.  
 impotence—īm'pō-tens.  
 inaugurate—īn-āg'ū-rāt, *not* īn-āgūr-āt.  
 inchoate—īn-kō-āt.  
 incomparable—ī n-k ō m'pā-rā-b'l, *not* īn-kōm-pār'ā-b'l.  
 indict—īn-dīt'.

indisputable—în-dis'pū-tā-b'l.  
 indissoluble—în-dis'sō-lū-b'l.  
 infamous—în'fā-mūs.  
 Ingelow—în'jē-lō.  
 inquiry—în-kwī'rŷ, *not* în'kwir-ŷ.  
 integral—în'tē-gral, *not* în-tē'gral.  
 interested—în'têr-êst-êd, *not* în-têr-est'ed.  
 interlocutor—în-têr-lōk'yū-têr.  
 intrigue—în-trēg'.  
 inveigh—în-vā'.  
 inveigle—în-vē'g'l.  
 inventory—în'vên-tō-rŷ.  
 Iowa—ī'ō-wā, *not* ī'ō'wā.  
 irrefragable—īr-rēf'rā-jā-b'l.  
 irregular—īr-rēg'ū-lêr, *not* īr-rēg'êr-lêr.  
 irrevocable—īr-rēv'ō-kā-b'l, *not* īr-rē-vō'kā-b'l.  
 isolate—ī'sō-lāt *or* īs'ō-lāt.  
 Italian—ī-tāl'yan, *not* ī tāl'yan.  
 Ivory—īv'rŷ *or* ēv'rŷ.

## J

Jacob—jā'kōb, *not* jā'kūp.  
 Jairus—jā-ī'rūs.  
 January—jān'yū-ā-rŷ.  
 jaunty—jān'tŷ.  
 jocund—jōk'ūnd.  
 joust—jūst *or* jōōst.  
 jugular—jū'gū-lār.  
 Juliet—jū'li-êt.

## K

Kansas—kān'sās *or* zās.  
 kiln—kīl, *not* kīln.  
 Kossuth—kōsh'ōōt.

## L

label—lā'bēl, *not* lā'b'l.  
 laboratory—lāb'ō-rā-tō-rŷ, *not* lāb'rā-tō-rŷ.  
 laird—lārd.  
 lamentable—lām'ên-tā-b'l, *not* lā-mēnt'ā-b'l.  
 languor—lāng'gwêr.  
 Larmes—lārmoz.  
 larynx—lār'inks.  
 laugh—lāf.  
 launch—lānch.

launder—lān'dêr.  
 laundry—lān'drŷ.  
 learned—lêrn'êd.  
 leash—lēsh.  
 leave—lēv, *not* lēf.  
 legate—lēg'āt, *not* lē'gāt.  
 leisure—lē'zhūr *or* lēzh'ūr, *not* lā'zhūr.  
 Lentulus—lēnt'yū-lūs.  
 lethargy—lēth'ār-jŷ.  
 lever—lē'vêr *or* lēv'êr.  
 library—lī'brā-rŷ.  
 licorice—lik'ō-ris, *not* lik'ō-rish.  
 lief—lēf, *not* lēv.  
 literature—lī'têr-ā-tūr.  
 Lodi—lō'dē.  
 loggia—lōd'jā.  
 lower (threaten)—lou'êr.  
 Lucknow—lūk'now.  
 Luzon—lū-zōn' *or* zōn.  
 lyceum—lī-sē'ūm, *not* lī'sē-ūm.

## M

Madrid—mād-rīd'.  
 Magdala—māg'dā-lī.  
 Magdalen (college)—mōd'līn.  
 manœuvring—mā-nū vring, *not* mā-nū'vêr-ing.  
 manufactory—mān-yū-fāk'tō-rŷ, *not* mān-yū-fāk'chū rŷ.  
 Marseillaise—mār-sā-yāz'.  
 Massachusetts—mās-ā-chū'sēts.  
 Matanzas—mā-tān'zās.  
 matron—mā'trūn.  
 mausers—mou'zêrs.  
 mayoralty—mā'êr-āl-tŷ.  
 measure—mēzh'ūr, *not* mā'zhūr.  
 Melas—mā'lās.  
 memoir—mēm'wōr *or* mēm'.  
 memory—mēm'ō-rŷ, *not* mēm'rŷ.  
 Messala—mē-sā-lā.  
 Metz—mēts.  
 Michael—mī'kēl *or* mī kā-ēl.  
 microscopy—mī krōs'kō-pŷ.  
 Milan—mīl'ān *or* mīl-ān'.  
 Millet—mē-yā'.  
 mineralogy—mīn êr-āl'ō-jŷ, *not* ōl'ō-jŷ.  
 mischievous—mīs'chē-vūs, *not* mīs-chē vūs.



model—mōd'ēl, *not* mōd'l.  
 molecule—mōl'ē-kūl, *not* mōl'kūl.  
 Moultrie—mōō'trī *or* mōōl'trī.  
 Monroe—mūn-rō'.  
 mountain—moun'tīn, *not* moun'-  
 t'n *or* moun'tān.  
 Mozart—mō'zärt *or* mō'tsärt.  
 museum—mū-zē'ūm, *not* mū'zē-  
 ūm.  
 mustache—mūs-tāsh'.  
 mystery—mīs'tēr-ŷ, *not* mīs'trŷ.

## N

naivete—nä ēv-tā'.  
 naked—nā'kēd, *not* nēk'ēd.  
 nape—nāp, *not* nāp.  
 Napier—nā'pē-ēr.  
 nascent—nās'ent, *not* nā'sent.  
 ne'er—nār *or* nar, *not* nēr.  
 neither—nē'thēr *or* nī'thēr.  
 nephew—nēf'ū *or* nēv'ū.  
 neuralgia—nū-rāl'jī-a, *not* nū-  
 rāl'jā *or* nū-rāl'i-jŷ.  
 new—nū, *not* nōō.  
 New Orleans—ōr'lē-ānz, *not* ōr-  
 lēnz'.  
 Nicaragua—nē'cū-rā-gwā.  
 niche—nich.  
 nominative—nōm'i-nā-tīv, *not*  
 nōm'nā-tīv.  
 nonchalantly—nōn'shā-lānt-lŷ.  
 none—nūn, *not* nōne.  
 nothing—nūth'ing.

## O

oaths—ōthz, *not* ōths.  
 obeisance—ō-bē'sans *or* ō-bā'.  
 oblique—ōb-lēk' *or* -līk'.  
 often—ōf'n, *not* ōf'tēn.  
 only—ōn'lŷ.  
 orchid—ōi'kīd.  
 ordeal—ōr'dē-al, *not* ōr'dēl.  
 orgies—ōr'jīz.  
 oust—oust, *not* ōōst.

## P

pall mall—pēl mēl'.  
 palmistry—pāl'mīs-trŷ.  
 Palos pā'lōs *or* pā-lōs'.

pantomime—pān'tō-mīm, *not*  
 -mīn.  
 parachute—pār'a-shōōt.  
 parent—par'ent *or* pār'ent.  
 parliament—pār'li-ment.  
 participle—pār'tī-sī-p'l, *not* pārt'-  
 sīp'l.  
 partridge—pār'trīj, *not* pāt'.  
 Pheidippides—fī-dīp'pī-dēs.  
 Philadelphia—fī'l'a-dēl'fī-ā, *not*  
 fēl-.  
 phlegmatic—flēg-māt'ik.  
 Phocion—fō'shī ōn.  
 phthisic—tīz'ik.  
 phthisis—thī'sis.  
 physicist—fīz'ī-sist, *not* -kīst.  
 pianist—pī-ān'ist, *not* pē-ān-ist.  
 Pierre—pē-ār'.  
 Pizzarro—pī-zar'rō.  
 plagiarism—plā'jā-rīz'm, *not* plāg-  
 plague—plāg, *not* plēg-  
 plenipotentiary—plēn-i-pō-tēn'-  
 shī-ārŷ.  
 poetaster—pō'ēt-ās-tēr.  
 poignant—poin'ant.  
 portentous—pōr-tēnt'ūs.  
 prairie—prā'rī.  
 precedence—prē-sēd'ens.  
 precedent (noun)—prēs'ē-dent.  
 preferable—prēf'ēr-ā-b'l.  
 presbytery—prēz'bī-ēr-ŷ *or* prēs-  
 tēzh'.  
 pretence—prē-tēns', *not* prē'tēns.  
 pretty—prī'tŷ, *not* prēt'ŷ.  
 profile—prō'fil *or* -fēl.  
 protestation—prōt-ēs-tā'shūn, *not*  
 prō-.

pseudo—sū'dō.  
 pshaw—shā.  
 psychic—sī'kīk.  
 Ptolemy—tōl'ē-mŷ.  
 Puerto Rico—pwēr'tō rē'kō.  
 publicist—pūb'lī-sist, *not* -kīst.  
 pygmean—pīg-mē'an.

## Q

quay—kē.  
 querulous—kwēr'ū-lūs, *not* kwēr'-  
 ēr-lūs.  
 Quincy (Adams)—kwīn'zī.

## R

raillery—rāl'lêr-ÿ or rāl.  
 Raphael—rāf'ā-êl or rā'fā-êl.  
 rapine—rāp'in, *not* rā-pên'.  
 rather—rāth'êr or rāth'êr, *not* rūth'êr.  
 Ratisbon—rāt'iz-bôn.  
 real—rē'al, *not* rā'al.  
 realization—rē-al-iz-ā'shūn, *not* rē-al-iz-ā'shūn.  
 recess—rē-sēs'.  
 referable—rēf'êr-ā-b'l.  
 fluent—rēf'lū-ent.  
 refuse (noun)—rēf'ūs.  
 régime—rā-zhēm'.  
 regular—rēg'ū-lêr, *not* rēg'êr-lêr.  
 reparable—rēp'ā-rā-b'l.  
 representative—rēp-rē-zēnt'ā-tiv, *not* rēp-êr-zēnt'ā-tiv.  
 reputation—rēp'ū-tā'shūn, *not* rēp-êr.  
 research—rē-sērçh'.  
 resource—rē-sōrs'.  
 reveille—rē-vāl'yā. "*In the United States service commonly rēv'ā-lē'.*"—Webster.  
 revocable—rēv'ō-kā-b'l.  
 ridiculous—rī-dik'ū-lūs, *not* rī-dik'êr.  
 Rigel—rī'jêl or rē'jêl.  
 rinse—rīns, *not* rēns.  
 Rio Grande—rī'ō grānd or rē'ō grān'dā.  
 rise (noun)—rīs or rīz.  
 robust—rō-būst'.  
 Rodriguez—rō-drē'gēth.  
 roof—rōōf, *not* rōōf.  
 room—rōōm, *not* rōōm.  
 root—rōōt, *not* rōōt.  
 roseate—rō'zē-āt.  
 route—rōōt or rout.  
 routed—rout'ēd.  
 routine—rōō-tēn'.

## S

Saarbrück—sār'brück.  
 sachem—sā'chem.  
 Sadowa—sā dō'wā.  
 Sagasta—sā-gās'tā.  
 Samoa—sā-mō'ā.

St. Louis—sānt lōō'is or lōō'ī.  
 San Juan—sān hōō-ān'.  
 sanguine—sāng'gwīn.  
 Santiago—sān-tē-ā'gō.  
 satin—sāt'in, *not* sāt'n.  
 savage—sāv'āj, *not* sāv'ij.  
 schismatic—sīz-māt'ik.  
 Schurz—shōōrts.  
 secretary—sē k'r ē-tā-r ŷ, *not* sēk'êr.  
 Sedan—sē-dān'.  
 sergeant—sār'jent or sēr-.  
 sesame—sēs'ā-mē.  
 Sesostriis—sē-sōs'trīs.  
 sesterce—sēs'têrs.  
 several—sēv'êr-al, *not* sev'ral.  
 sheik—shēk.  
 shone—shōn or shōn.  
 shriek—shrēk, *not* scrēk.  
 shrill—shrīl, *not* scrīl.  
 since—sīns, *not* sēns.  
 sloth—slōth or slōth.  
 slough (cast-off skin)—slūf.  
 slough (pit)—slou.  
 Solferino—sōl-fê-rē'nō.  
 spoon—spōōn, *not* spōōn.  
 squalor—skwā'lōr or skwōl'êr.  
 St. Domingo—dō-mīng'gō.  
 stalwart—stōl'wêrt or stōl'wêrt, *not* stāl-.  
 steady—stēd'ÿ, *not* stīd'ÿ.  
 stint—stīnt, *not* stēnt.  
 strategic—strā-tē'jik or -tē'jik.  
 succinct—sūk-sīngkt', *not* sūs-.  
 superfluous—sū-pêr'flū-ūs, *not* sū-pêr-flū'ūs.

## T

tabernacle—tāb'êr-nā-k'l, *not* tāb'nā-k'l.  
 taunt—tānt.  
 tedious—tē'dī-ūs or tēd'yūs.  
 tenable—tēn'ā-b'l.  
 tenet—tēn'ēt.  
 tepid—tēp'id.  
 therefore—thar'fōr or thēr'fōr.  
 Thoreau—thō'rō or thō-rō'.  
 tiny—tī'nÿ.  
 tortoise—tōr'tīs or -tūs.  
 Toussaint L'Ouverture—tōō-sān' lōō-vêr-tūr'.

toward—tō'èrd.  
 Trafalgar—tráf-ál-gär'.  
 tranquil—träng'kwil.  
 Transvaal—träns-väl'.  
 travail—träv'äl.  
 tremor—trē'mör *or* trēm'ör.  
 troth—tröth.  
 trough—tröf, *not* tröth.  
 turbine—tûr'bîn.  
 Turin—tû'rîn.  
 turquoise—tûr-koiz' *or* -kēz'.

## U

ugh—öö.  
 umbrella — ūm-brēl'lā, *not* ūm-brīl'lā.  
 unguent—üng'gwënt.  
 usage—ūz'āj, *not* ūs'āj.  
 usurpation—ū-zûr-pā'shûn.  
 Utah—ū'tā *or* ū'tā.

## V

vagary—vā-gā'rÿ, *not* vā'gā-rÿ.  
 valet—vāl'ēt *or* vāl'ā.  
 valuable—vāl'u-ā-b'l, *not* vāl'ū-b'l.  
 vanquish—vāng'kwîsh.  
 Varinius—vā-rîn'î-ūs.  
 vase—vās *or* vāz.  
 vaudeville—vōd'vîl.  
 vaunt—vānt *or* vānt.  
 vehement—vē'hē-ment.  
 Vendée—vōn-dā'.  
 Versailles—vēr-sālz'.  
 vicar—vik'êr.  
 vignette—vîn-yēt' *or* vîn'yēt.

Vinicius—vî-nîsh'î-ūs.  
 Villagos—vē-lō-gōsh'.  
 viscount—vî'kount.  
 visor—vîz'êr, *not* vî'zêr.  
 Voltumnus—vōl-tûr'nūs.

## W

wan—wōn, *not* wān.  
 wary—wā'rÿ.  
 Waterloo—wâ-têr-lōō'.  
 Wellesley—wēlz'lÿ.  
 Weyler—wā'lêr.  
 wharf—hwārf, *not* wārf.  
 whene'er—hwēn-ār' *or* -ar, *not* hwēn-ēr'.  
 which—hwîch, *not* wîch.  
 whole—hōl.  
 whooping—hōōp'îng, *not* hōōp'îng.  
 wont (custom)—wūnt.  
 won't—wōnt.  
 Worcester—wōōs'têr.  
 wound—wōōnd *or* wound.  
 wreaths—rēthz, *not* rēths.

## Y

youths—yūths.

## Z

Zaccheus—zāk-ē'ūs.  
 zoology—zō-ōl'ō-jÿ, *not* zōō-ōl'ō-jÿ.  
 Zuyder Zee—zî'dèr zē.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

- ANONYMOUS, 73, 83, 149, 292, 296  
 BAKER, EDWARD DICKINSON, 332  
 BEECHER, HENRY WARD, 112, 116  
 BEVERIDGE, ALBERT JEREMIAH, 324  
 BLAINE, JAMES GILLESPIE, 142, 302  
 BOYSEN, HJALMAR HJORTH, 92  
 BRIGHT, JOHN, 205  
 BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT, 189, 208  
 BROWNING, ROBERT, 118, 309  
 BURRITT, ELIHU, 256  
 CARLETON, WILL, 172, 280  
 CHAMBERLAIN, JOSHUA LAWRENCE, 39  
 CHAPIN, EDWIN HUBBELL, 75, 239  
 CHATHAM, LORD, 91  
 CHILD, LYDIA MARIA, 120  
 CLAY, HENRY, 78  
 COPPÉE, FRANÇOIS, 153  
 COUDERT, FREDERIC RENÉ, 278  
 COUSINS, ROBERT G., 223  
 CURTIS, GEORGE WILLIAM, 136  
 DAVIS, RICHARD HARDING, 17, 228  
 DEPEW, CHAUNCEY MITCHELL, 166  
 DICKINSON, ANNA ELIZABETH, 220  
 DROMGOOLE, WILL ALLEN, 31  
 ELIOT, CHARLES WILLIAM, 263  
 FRYE, WILLIAM PIERCE, 5, 86, 145, 294  
 GOUGH, JOHN BARTHOLOMEW, 179  
 GRADY, HENRY WOODFEN, 248, 289, 313  
 GRANT, ROBERT, 48  
 GRATTAN, HENRY, 254  
 HALE, EDWARD EVERETT, 57  
 HAY, JOHN, 43, 322  
 HILLIS, NEWELL DWIGHT, 26  
 HOAR, GEORGE FRISBIE, 80, 88, 133, 185  
 HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 225  
 HOWELLS, WILLIAM DEAN, 199  
 HUGO, VICTOR MARIE, 69  
 HYDE, WILLIAM DEWITT, 98  
 INGERSOLL, ROBERT GREEN, 326, 335, 340  
 JOHNSON, HENRY U., 5  
 KELLOGG, ELIJAH, 299  
 KING, CHARLES, 1

- LINCOLN, ABRAHAM, 196  
 LIPPARD, GEORGE, 182, 275  
 LITTLEFIELD, CHARLES E., 114  
 LODGE, HENRY CABOT, 11, 36, 51,  
     170, 197, 246  
 LONG, JOHN DAVIS, 59, 124, 211,  
     273  
 LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH, 62  
 LOWELL, ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE,  
     243  
 LYTTON, LORD, 342  
  
 MCCLURE, ALEXANDER KELLY,  
     177  
 McDOWELL, JAMES, 214  
 MCKINLEY, WILLIAM, 20, 260, 306  
 MEAGHER, THOMAS FRANCIS, 304  
 MOORE, MAUDE, 7  
  
 NASON, EMMA HUNTINGTON, 262  
  
 PAGE, THOMAS NELSON, 108  
 PARKER, THEODORE, 158  
 PARKHURST, CHARLES HENRY,  
     146  
 PHILLIPS, WENDELL, 307  
 PORTER, HORACE, 206, 241  
  
 READ, THOMAS BUCHANAN, 163  
 READE, CHARLES, 38  
  
 REED, THOMAS BRACKETT, 152,  
     194  
 RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB, 127,  
     234  
 RUSSELL, WILLIAM EUSTIS, 232  
  
 SARGENT, EPES, 156  
 SCHURZ, CARL, 71  
 SIBLEY, JOSEPH C., 336  
 SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK, 316  
 SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, 103  
 SMITH, WILLIAM HAWLEY, 331  
 STOCKTON, ROBERT FIELD, 265  
 STORRS, RICHARD SALTER, 286  
  
 TAYLOR, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, 23  
 THOMPSON, MAURICE, 267  
 THURSTON, JOHN MELLEN, 28, 66,  
     105, 130, 187  
 TROWBRIDGE, JOHN TOWNSEND,  
     138  
  
 VAN DYKE, HENRY, 53, 217  
  
 WALLACE, LEW, 251  
 WASHINGTON, BOOKER TALIAFERRO, 122, 160, 271  
 WATTERSON, HENRY, 55, 96, 101  
 WEBSTER, DANIEL, 106  
 WELD, THEODORE DWIGHT, 328  
 WHITMAN, WALT, 181  
 WOLCOTT, EDWARD OLIVER, 15

## INDEX OF TITLES

|                                              | PAGE                             |
|----------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| AGAINST EXPANSION .....                      | Henry U. Johnson..... 45         |
| AGAINST FLOGGING IN THE NAVY...              | Robert Field Stockton..... 265   |
| AGAINST IMPERIALISM.....                     | George Frisbie Hoar..... 185     |
| AGAINST THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE LAW.              | Theodore Parker..... 158         |
| AGAINST THE SPOILS SYSTEM.....               | Henry van Dyke ..... 53          |
| AGENCIES IN OUR NATIONAL PROG-<br>RESS.....  | Alexander Kelly McClure.... 177  |
| AMERICAN BATTLE-FLAGS.....                   | Carl Schurz..... 71              |
| AMERICA'S MISSION.....                       | Albert Jeremiah Beveridge... 324 |
| APPEAL TO THE PEOPLE, AN.....                | John Bright..... 205             |
| AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON .....                | Robert Green Ingersoll.... 335   |
| ASSAULT ON FORT WAGNER.....                  | Anna Elizabeth Dickinson.... 220 |
|                                              |                                  |
| BANTY TIM.....                               | John Hay..... 43                 |
| BELL-RINGER OF '76, THE.....                 | Anonymous ..... 73               |
| BENEDICTION, THE.....                        | François Coppeé..... 153         |
| BIBLE, THE .....                             | Newell Dwight Hillis..... 26     |
| BLUE AND THE GRAY, THE.....                  | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 246       |
| BOAT-RACE, THE.....                          | Robert Grant..... 48             |
| BRIER-ROSE.....                              | Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.... 92    |
|                                              |                                  |
| CHARIOT-RACE, THE.....                       | Lew Wallace..... 251             |
| CHARLES SUMNER .....                         | George William Curtis..... 136   |
| CITIZEN'S RESPONSIBILITY, A.....             | William McKinley..... 306        |
| CITY OF NEW YORK, THE.....                   | Frederic René Coudert ..... 278  |
| CLAUDIUS AND CYNTHIA.....                    | Maurice Thompson..... 267        |
| COLUMBIAN ORATION.....                       | Chauncey Mitchell Depew.... 166  |
| COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHU-<br>SETTS, THE..... | William Eustis Russell..... 232  |
| CUBA.....                                    | William Pierce Frye..... 145     |
|                                              |                                  |
| DANGEROUS LEGISLATION.....                   | James McDowell..... 214          |
| DANIEL WEBSTER.....                          | George Frisbie Hoar..... 88      |
| DEATH BRIDGE OF THE TAY, THE...              | Will Carleton..... 172           |

|                                                        | PAGE                             |
|--------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| DEATH OF CHARLES THE NINTH.....                        | Maude Moore ..... 7              |
| DEATH OF GARFIELD, THE.....                            | James Gillespie Blaine ..... 142 |
| DEATH OF RODRIGUEZ.....                                | Richard Harding Davis..... 228   |
| DEATH PENALTY, THE.....                                | Victor Marie Hugo ..... 69       |
| DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEME-<br>TERY, THE.....       | Abraham Lincoln..... 196         |
| EVANGELINE, FROM.....                                  | Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 62    |
| FIGHT OFF SANTIAGO.....                                | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 36        |
| FIRST SETTLER'S STORY.....                             | Will Carleton..... 280           |
| FOOL'S PRAYER, THE.....                                | Edward Rowland Sill..... 103     |
| FOREFATHERS' DAY.....                                  | John Davis Long..... 211         |
| FOR EXPANSION. ....                                    | Joseph C. Sibley .. 336          |
| GRANT.....                                             | William McKinley..... 260        |
| GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA.....                         | Edwin Oliver Wolcott ..... 15    |
| GREEK REVOLUTION, THE.....                             | Henry Clay..... 78               |
| HEART OF OLD HICKORY, THE.....                         | Will Allen Dromgoole ..... 31    |
| HERVÉ RIEL.....                                        | Robert Browning..... 189         |
| HORACE GREELEY.....                                    | Henry Ward Beecher..... 116      |
| INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP....                        | Robert Browning. .... 118        |
| INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF WEN-<br>DELL PHILLIPS, AN..... | Theodore D. Weld..... 328        |
| JIM BLUDSO.....                                        | John Hay..... 322                |
| KNEE-DEEP IN JUNE.....                                 | James Whitcomb Riley ..... 127   |
| LARK, THE.....                                         | Charles Reade..... 38            |
| LAST OF THE ROMAN TRIBUNES, THE..                      | Lord Lytton..... 342             |
| LET US HAVE PEACE.....                                 | Henry Watterson. .... 96         |
| LIBERTY AND UNION.....                                 | Daniel Webster..... 106          |
| LINCOLN: A MAN CALLED OF GOD..                         | John Mellen Thurston..... 130    |
| MAIDEN MARTYR, THE.....                                | Anonymous..... 83                |
| MAINE AT GETTYSBURG.....                               | Joshua Lawrence Chamberlain 39   |
| MAN WHO WEARS THE BUTTON,<br>THE.. ..                  | John Mellen Thurston ..... 105   |
| MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY, THE....                         | Edward Everett Hale..... 57      |
| MASSACHUSETTS.....                                     | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 170       |
| MEAGHER'S DEFENSE.....                                 | Thomas Francis Meagher.... 304   |
| MESSAGE FROM THE SOUTH, A.....                         | Booker Taliaferro Washington 160 |



# INDEX OF TITLES

357

PAGE

|                                                                                      |     |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| MISSION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL, THE. William DeWitt Hyde.....                          | 98  |
| MONROE DOCTRINE, THE..... John Mellen Thurston.....                                  | 66  |
| MOTHER AND POET..... Elizabeth Barrett Browning..                                    | 208 |
| MR. TRAVERS'S FIRST HUNT..... Richard Harding Davis.....                             | 17  |
| NEW AMERICANISM..... Henry Watterson.....                                            | 55  |
| NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER..... James Gillespie Blaine.....                               | 302 |
| NEW ENGLAND CIVILIZATION..... William Pierce Frye.....                               | 5   |
| NEW SOUTH, THE..... Henry Woodfen Grady.....                                         | 313 |
| NOT GUILTY..... Anonymous.....                                                       | 296 |
| O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!..... Walt Whitman.....                                        | 181 |
| ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST..... Elihu Burritt.....                                        | 256 |
| ON RECEIVING THE MASTER'S DE-<br>GREE FROM HARVARD..... Booker Taliaferro Washington | 271 |
| ON THE OTHER TRAIN..... Anonymous.....                                               | 149 |
| OPPORTUNITY TO LABOR, THE..... Thomas Brackett Reed.....                             | 152 |
| OTHER FELLOW, THE]..... William Hawley Smith.....                                    | 331 |
| OUR DUTY TO THE PHILIPPINES..... William McKinley.....                               | 20  |
| OUR NATIONAL FLAG..... Henry Ward Beecher.....                                       | 112 |
| OUR PLEDGE TO PUERTO RICO..... Charles E. Littlefield.....                           | 114 |
| OUR RICH HERITAGE..... John Mellen Thurston.....                                     | 187 |
| OXFORD COUNTY..... John Davis Long.....                                              | 59  |
| PATH OF DUTY, THE..... George Frisbie Hoar.....                                      | 80  |
| PHEIDIPIDES..... Robert Browning.....                                                | 309 |
| PIETY AND CIVIC VIRTUE..... Charles Henry Parkhurst....                              | 146 |
| PILOT'S STORY, THE..... William Dean Howells.....                                    | 199 |
| PLEA FOR CUBA, A..... John Mellen Thurston.....                                      | 28  |
| PLUMED KNIGHT, THE..... Robert Green Ingersoll.....                                  | 340 |
| POWER OF HABIT, THE..... John Bartholomew Gough....                                  | 179 |
| PROTECTION OF AMERICANS IN AR-<br>MENIA..... William Pierce Frye.....                | 294 |
| PURITAN SABBATH, THE..... Henry van Dyke.....                                        | 217 |
| PURITAN SPIRIT, THE..... Richard Salter Storrs.....                                  | 286 |
| RAY'S RIDE..... Charles King.....                                                    | 1   |
| RELIEF OF LUCKNOW..... Robert Traill Spence Lowell..                                 | 243 |
| REPLY TO MR. CORRY..... Henry Grattan.....                                           | 254 |
| RESCUE OF LYGIA, THE..... Henryk Sienkiewicz.....                                    | 316 |
| REVERENCE FOR THE FLAG..... Horace Porter.....                                       | 241 |
| REVOLUTIONARY RISING, THE..... Thomas Buchanan Read.....                             | 163 |
| RIDER OF THE BLACK HORSE, THE..... George Lippard.....                               | 182 |

|                                  | PAGE                             |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES OF OUR      |                                  |
| COUNTRY, THE.....                | Charles William Eliot..... 263   |
| SECRET OF LINCOLN'S POWER, THE.. | Henry Watterson..... 101         |
| SIGNIFICANCE OF THE SPANISH WAR, |                                  |
| THE.....                         | John Davis Long..... 124         |
| SOLDIER BOY, THE.....            | John Davis Long..... 273         |
| SOLDIER OF THE EMPIRE, A.....    | Thomas Nelson Page..... 108      |
| SOLDIER'S FAITH, THE.....        | Oliver Wendell Holmes..... 225   |
| SOLUTION OF THE SOUTHERN PROB-   |                                  |
| LEM, THE.....                    | Booker Taliaferro Washington 122 |
| SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS, THE...   | Henry Woodfen Grady..... 289     |
| SOUTHERN NEGRO, THE.....         | Henry Woodfen Grady..... 248     |
| SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS...   | Elijah Kellogg..... 299          |
| SPARTACUS TO THE ROMAN ENVOYS.   | Epes Sargent..... 156            |
| STATE OF MAINE, THE.....         | William Pierce Frye..... 86      |
| STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE, THE.. | Benjamin Franklin Taylor... 23   |
| SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS .. | Lydia Maria Child..... 120       |
| TO THE GRAND ARMY OF THE RE-     |                                  |
| PUBLIC.....                      | Thomas Brackett Reed..... 194    |
| TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.. . . .    | Wendell Phillips..... 307        |
| TO YOUNG MEN OF NEW YORK....     | Edward Dickinson Baker..... 332  |
| TRADITIONS OF MASSACHUSETTS.     |                                  |
| THE.....                         | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 12        |
| TRAVELER'S STORY, THE.....       | James Whitcomb Riley..... 234    |
| TRIBUTE TO GEN. SHERMAN, A.....  | Horace Porter..... 206           |
| TRIBUTE TO THE MEN OF THE        |                                  |
| MAINE, A.....                    | Robert G. Cousins..... 223       |
| TRIUMPH OF PEACE, THE.....       | Edwin Hubbell Chapin..... 75     |
| TRUE AMERICANISM... . . . .      | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 197       |
| TRUE POWER OF A NATION, THE...   | Edwin Hubbell Chapin..... 239    |
| TRUE WAR SPIRIT, THE.....        | George Frisbie Hoar..... 133     |
| UNKNOWN SPEAKER, THE.....        | George Lippard..... 275          |
| UNTER DEN LINDEN.....            | Emma Huntington Nason... 262     |
| VAGABONDS, THE.....              | John Townsend Trowbridge.. 138   |
| VICTOR OF MARENGO, THE.....      | Anonymous..... 292               |
| VISION OF WAR, A.....            | Robert Green Ingersoll..... 326  |
| WAR WITH AMERICA, THE.....       | Lord Chatham..... 91             |
| WHAT THE FLAG MEANS.....         | Henry Cabot Lodge..... 51        |



















